AN ANARCHIST JOURNAL

THE MATCH!

ANARCHISM— The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

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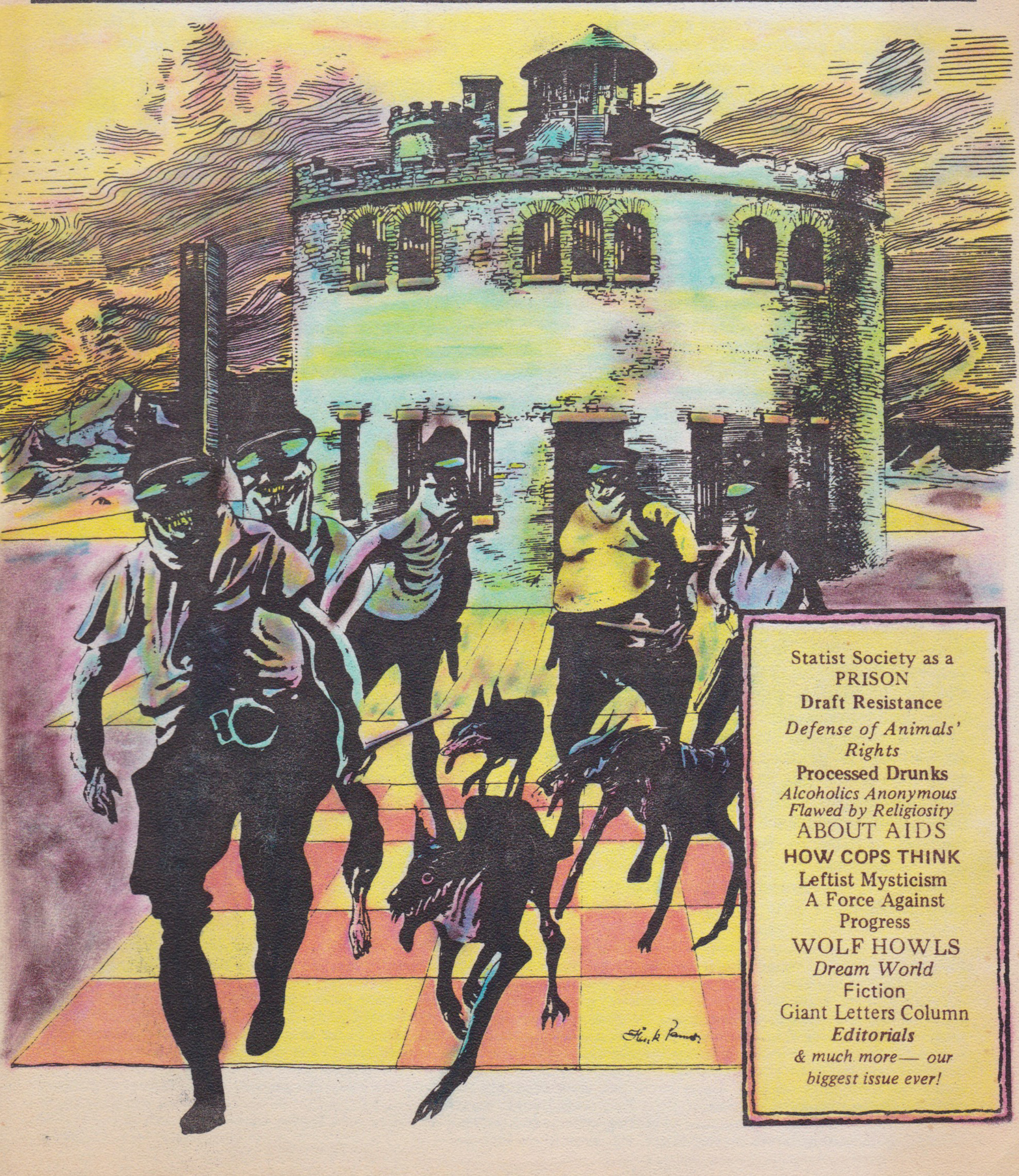

Statist Society as a
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FROM THE EDITOR

MOST OF US have gone through some sort of "student protester" phase, and those whose experience was in the days of the Vietnam war will clearly recall the issues and contentions. People tended to join movements and demonstrations for their own highly personal reasons, not out of any deep, narrowly investigated ideology (when you're 18 or 20 years old you don't have any ideology, only opinions, thank goodness). If you're like me you remember a time of exhilaration at the beginning, when you were excited to discover that there were many other people who seemed to share your ideals. Then came a period of disillusionment when mounting evidence began to prove that a number of your fellow protesters were actually hypnotized by some form of authoritarian statism—often Communism. More forms of dictatorial society were just what you didn't want, so you began to put a little distance between you and them. At last you might have seen that despite some superficial agreements (such as in opposing the war), you were light-years away from membership in the "New Left".

New Left true-believers, it always seemed to me, were a bizarre type on the whole: they were very rigid people often locked into extremely set attitudes and poses. One fellow I remember, who was a scion of some Communist sect, tried to dress and look exactly like Trotsky. He carried a briefcase everywhere he went and at opportune moments would extract some important-looking documents and pretend utter absorption in their contents. Once I got a look at the headings on a couple of sheets of paper, but they didn't mean anything to me. About two years later the guy was going through the same pose and I sidled around so I could peer over his shoulder again—yes, it was still the same old stuff he was lugging all over the place as part of his Leftist Intellectual disguise.

Then there were the Cantrells. They always showed up in paint-spattered boots and looked as if they'd just put in a hard day in some construction project that never ended. They liked to launch into long speeches that were incredibly exhausting to listen to, full of words like "workers" and "bourgeoisie", the "role" of some or other "class". I finally found out that they touched up their boots from time to time by sticking an old toothbrush in a two-ounce can of model paint and flicking the bristles so that drops landed on their apparel. They weren't painters or indeed any kind of workers; their income came from a trust fund and they lived in the foothills in a house with a swimming pool. (Nowadays, I hear, they're stockbrokers.)

The "New Left" wasn't the protest movement, it was a theatrical appendage to it, and I could go on with stories (some humorous, some not) of the stagey behavior of some of those people of long ago. But let's get to the present.

This past fall there've been several retrospectives on what is becoming known as "the sixties", and they're changing history right from the start by moving all protest into the period 1960-69, whereas it really occurred from about 1964 to 1973. Usually these public class-reunions are sponsored by some organization that is basically inimical to the best ideals of the old Movement, and the people invited to speak at them are a careful blend of apostates and yuppies whose latest attention-seeking pose is to beat their breasts and bemoan how mistaken they were, back in those distortedly-remembered times.

In October, Washington DC was host to a propagandistic agenda as the former editors of *Ramparts* magazine, David Horowitz and Peter Collier, convened what they called the Second Thoughts Conference, attended by about thirty ex-"radicals" who were almost all, except for a couple of tokens, willing to bleat that they'd been wrong and that the New Left had been a self-aggrandizing conglomeration of deluded Commie statists. And they'd be right, if that's as far as they went, but they go beyond admitting their own mistakes; they try to make it seem that their authoritarian attitudes and radical postures back then were in fact the entire "movement".

Consider *Ramparts* magazine, for instance. In the years of its publication it spoke glowingly of

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THE MATCH! is published as often as we can get around to it (one to four times a year), and exists solely for the following purpose: to criticize authoritarian society and religion in order to show the many humane advantages of freedom and rationality. THE MATCH is affiliated with no groups or organizations, and is purely an independent periodical. Typographical work and editorial antics are by Fred Woodworth, Post Office Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona USA 85722. To subscribe and receive four mailings (including our pamphlet issuances), send $6.00 in cash, check, or money-order ($10 equivalent in local currency preferred for overseas subscriptions), or, if you haven't got the money, fill out form 3792 in quadruplicate giving us your complete life history—or wait, that's what the State does, not us. If you can't afford the paltry, measely price we ask, let us know and we'll probably send you the magazine anyway, figuring that conditions must be worse than even we had thought they were. Note: we are hard-up too, but under no conditions will paid advertising ever be accepted. Submissions of stories, articles and letters from readers are always welcome, except in the case of religious nuts, authoritarian creepo types, etc. (you know who you are). This is issue number eighty-two, Nov. 11, 1987.

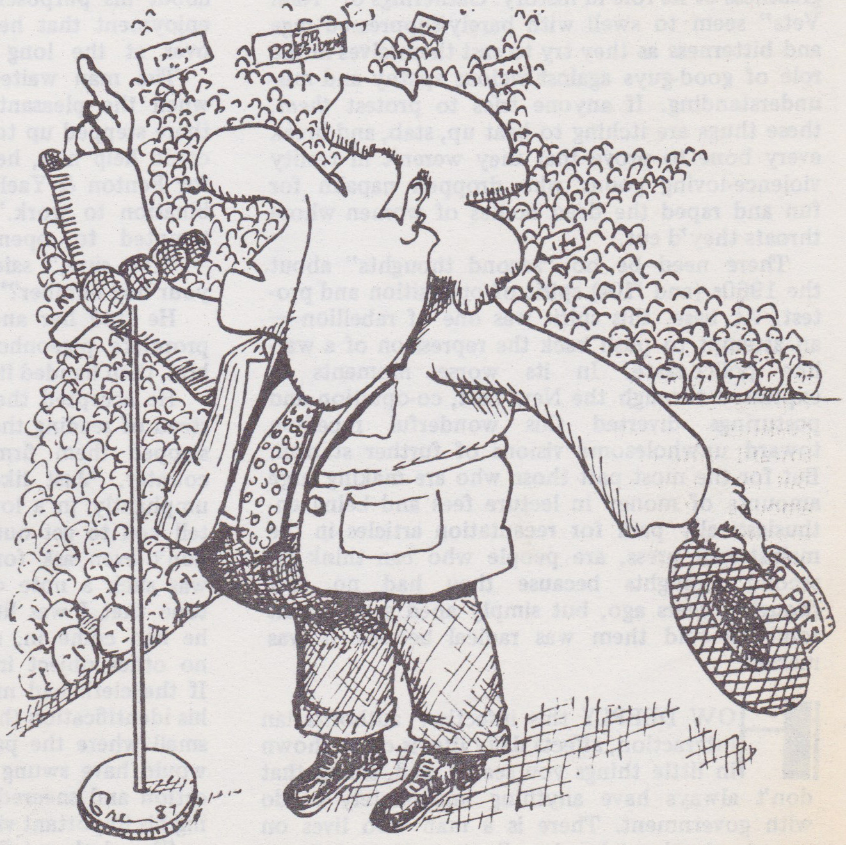
all sorts of national liberation movements but never questioned the matrix of ideology in which these were embedded—the implicit assumption that any successful movement of the type would of course set up its own government and state apparatus. While *Ramparts* certainly attacked the United States' particular statist operations, it only did so because the government was performing actions at odds with what the editors and writers thought proper governments should actually do. They missed completely the whole concept of freedom versus authoritarianism that animates Anarchism, almost as if the publishers had sailed obliviously by an entire continent with their eyes fixed on the discovery elsewhere of a tiny island.

More recently, Collier and Horowitz have proudly announced that they voted for Ronald Reagan, while utilizing the of course eagerly-proffered forum of the Washington Post to condemn leftism across the board. Once again, this would be well and good (except for the voting for this incredible senile psychotic and religious loon who threatens human existence with his war-frenzied christian fundamentalism) if only they had come to understand that the leftism they condemn is wrong because of its authoritarian content, but blithely they turn around and support yet another statist regime—that of the United States— thinking that they have discovered something altogether different.

(Interestingly enough, writer-lecturer Murray Bookchin stated only last year that the existence of Anarchism in the U.S. was precarious ever since the demise of the "Anarchist" periodicals, *Ramparts*, *Liberation*, and *Win*. In fact, none of these magazines was ever in the slightest anarchistic, aside from the popular confusion of New Leftism with Anarchism. But that's my *opinion*, of course, though if I may, I'll back it up by inquiring: could actual Anarchist publishers, if that's what Horowitz and Collier were, have made such a long journey from anti-statism to railing about "hypocritical, self-dramatizing anti-Americanism," as they did in their Post article, or standing before television cameras as Horowitz recently did as he named "Communist sympathizers in Congress" and termed Sandinista-supporters "traitors"? Isn't that, to be realistic here, a bit too large of a swing for actual anti-statists to have made?)

Other speakers at the Second Thoughts Conference continued proving that none of them has actually had second thoughts at all, but that they have remained firmly anchored to their old rock of statism: panelists went on record supporting higher taxes, feminism, strong military "defense". Ronald Radosh revised his old opinion and publicly stated that he thought the Rosenberg's had been guilty after all. But none of this is surprising, as the conference was, while convened by Collier and Horowitz, nominally, actually financed by Jeremiah Denton's ultra-right wing National Forum Foundation. Denton, a religious nut and Vietnam Veteran, former prisoner of war held by the North Vietnamese, paid the pipers and very clearly called the tune.

Still another conference recently held fea-



"...And if elected I promise government by the people, of the people, for the people, in the people, over, around, through, above, behind, below, after, with and without the people."

tured Tom Hayden, who is now a California senator, and naturally he and his buddies too had had much to think about regarding their old role. Mostly they thought they oughtn't have opposed the war in Vietnam at all, since their opposition "prolonged" it. If refusing to cooperate, hindering and impeding at every turn and denouncing in every public forum available, is actually a way of advancing something, you'd think Anarchism would be the most popular and well-known item in philosophy today. In truth, Hayden and his cohorts are spouting just so much bunk. Now that they are governmentalists, it scares them to think of people spontaneously taking "the law", i.e., the affairs of society, into their own hands. Hayden, et al, would far prefer that these affairs remain in *their* hands.

Meanwhile, outside some of the conferences, a very ominous sign was seen: Vietnam veterans, shouting and carrying signs, denounced even these week-kneed ex-protesters as traitors. Of all the factions from those old times, the faction of the organized killers and perpetrators of atrocities on civilian populations, has had absolutely no regrets and is more militant than ever before about the greatness of its role in history. Gatherings of "Nam Vets" seem to swell with barely-suppressed rage and bitterness as they try to cast themselves in the role of good-guys against vicious apathy and misunderstanding. If anyone tries to protest *them*, these thugs are itching to beat up, stab, and break every bone to prove that they weren't in reality violence-loving goons who dropped napalm for fun and raped the dead bodies of women whose throats they'd cut.

There need be no "second thoughts" about the 1960s (and '70s) spirit of opposition and protest. At base, this spirit was one of rebellion— an attempt to push back the repression of a warlike police-state. In its worse moments as expressed through the New Left, co-optation and posturings diverted this wonderful rebellion toward unwholesome visions of further statism. But for the most part those who are making large amounts of money in lecture fees and being enthusiastically paid for recantation articles in the mainstream press, are people who can think no second thoughts because they had no first thoughts years ago, but simply aped a pose that someone told them was radical because it was marxist.

HOW DEEPLY this infection authoritarian interaction, affects daily life, is often shown in little things you see or read, things that don't always have anything immediately to do with government. There is a man who lives on my street who takes inordinate notice of everyone passing by or working quietly in their own yards: he will shout at a person to get their attention, then begin hurling orders as if he were a personal overlord, "Hey! You! Hey, buddy! You gonna clean up that driveway? And keep your dog away from my yard, understand? Hey! You! I'm talking to you!" Once when some passers-by accidentally spilled a drink in the street, he came hurriedly out his front door where he keeps watch and started yelling for them to come back and wipe up the "mess" in the street, using language like "Didn't you hear me? I told you to get back here and..." etc. (They glanced coolly at him and walked on.) Conjecture is that he is a prison guard or policeman, since it is thought that hardly anyone else could attain such a depth of nastiness and bullying. People seem to recognize a link between this kind of behavior and some variety of officialdom.

Some time ago I witnessed another incident involving still another of this sort of person, and realized once again that before there can be a free, anarchistic society, considerable re-working is going to have to be done to whatever training procedure it is that creates such personalities. I was reading the morning mail in the tiny postoffice that I habituate, when a man about 35 years old came in and went to the window. Something about his purposeful stride and an aura of grim enjoyment that he had made me look up from over at the long table where I was standing.

The man waited briefly at the window and when the pleasant middle-aged woman working there stepped up to the other side and asked if she could help him, he said, "I'd like to get the mail for Fenton & Yaeli, but I can't get the box combination to work." I realized he hadn't even attempted to open the combination lock-box.

"Oh, sure," said the clerk, politely. "What's your box-number?"

He told her and she stepped over to the appropriate pigeonhole and retrieved his mail for him, then handed it through the window.

He accepted the small group of letters but instead of reading them or even looking at them, he slapped them firmly several times against the counter. "Just like that, huh?" he asserted triumphantly in a loud voice. "All I have to do is tell you to get out the mail and you do it. You don't even ask for my I.D. or anything." There was such a note of smug self-satisfaction in his tone that I was literally appalled, and could see he had come in, strange as it may sound, with no other object in mind than to cause trouble. If the clerk had met his request by asking to see his identification (hardly necessary in an office that small where the patrons are known by sight), he would have swung his bullying in a different direction and sneered at the clerk for not recognizing his important visage at a glance.

The clerk got flustered and didn't really know how to respond to him, and he dragged out the encounter for another minute or two as he uttered remarks in that peculiar, macho not-quitestrident but loud-enough for everyone to hear tone that marks the habitual bully. Uninvolved as I was, I took the opportunity to watch this man's face as it flitted through a number of transient expressions: gloating, joy, contempt. It was extremely plain that he derived some kind of pleasure from this fleeting chance to push another human being with his words.

Somewhat later I realized that the company name he had given was that of an extremely hard-nosed realty company that owns numerous rental units in the area, and is known among tenants as a high-handed, unsympathetic, gouging landlord.

Increasingly it seems to me that the attainment of a free society is going to involve much less economic restructuring than anybody has ever thought, and far more revamping of dominant modes of human behavior. I believe (although without any knowledge of formal studies that might back me up here) that children raised among polite, respectful adults must tend to become at least courteous and possibly non-authoritarian as they themselves grow older. Children raised among abusive, sneering adults will probably go one way or the other—becoming exactly like their elders or hating and dreading such behavior so much that they turn into rabid anti-authoritarians (this latter is, incidentally, my own case). Children raised in a more or less neutral mixture of the two tendencies develop randomly.

In other words, not only is there some possible action that can be taken, if we are ever going to have a free, peaceful society, those in a position to do so are going to have to take it. I see no other way to get rid of the traits that lead to the brutal cop, the bastard neighbor, the snotty boss—the person, in fact, who props up the whole boss-police-bastard system in all its pushy, exploitive, domineering ramifications.

BEDRAGGLED as it sometimes appears, Anarchism still is, as we see it, a major force in the world. How can that be, you ask? After all, its ideas are never debated in public; few have heard of them, its periodicals and books reach a limited audience. All that is true, but what is also true is that you don't have to know anything about formal Anarchism to yearn for freedom. The fact that the modern, almost all-encompassing State still meets some resistance here or there, the fact that the majority of people today fear the State and disregard its orders whenever they can, and the fact that mutual assistance, cooperation, and private free interaction have not even been wiped out by law and all its terrible effects, is proof that an immense reservoir of untapped, unorganized anti-Statism still persists even in the present harsh political climate.

However, there is no question but that a free society without government is a long way off, perhaps centuries. One hundred years ago the Anarchists in Chicago were hung as a deliberate tactic to halt the spread of this philosophy, and while, in a way, the executions did serve to draw the attention of thinking people to the injustice of the law-system, the passage of time, the blanket of oblivion thrown over this event by the usual cartel of official history writers, and the emergence of the modern technological State with its almost infinite powers to manipulate, have unquestionably brought Anarchism to a lower ebb in the year 1987 than possibly ever before.

Strangely enough the road to that ghastly kind of utter chaos that is mistakenly called Anarchy, is just around the corner, courtesy of government's "defense" which has now placed civilization in a danger of being shattered. Thus the chances are greater than they've been in a thousand years that coercive States will lose their power everywhere at once, while at the same time the chances are minimal that a free society could come out of it because it's unlikely that any society at all would be able to survive the blow to the environment, to animal and plant life, and to the ability of human beings to interact in any cooperative or rational way.

Hemmed in at every turn, people have placed themselves, and allowed others to place them, in a huge prison. While conditions may be better or worse in some countries than others, it's just a case of the prison varying between extremes of medium and maximum security.

Our suggestions about how to confront the menace of legality-run-amok, are necessarily quite general, since the era we live in is one that demands building the foundation of Anarchy, not the top floor. First, never willingly cooperate with the State in any way. Make known your attitudes and reasons for them as you go about your life. Oppose encroaching statism wherever you can; be active against the many vicious laws that go into effect all the time. Abandon religion utterly and permanently, since it is the major justification for busybodyism—religious attitudes, not economics, are the primal force of authoritarianism.

Finally, concern yourself with the condition of animals. They are even worse off than human beings, at the hands of human beings, and the viciousness of behavior toward them corrupts behavior of persons toward each other.

There's not much else anyone can do in this primitive and barbaric era.

HOW P

By Don Holbrook

WHAT the force of the State comes down to is police. Without police, most abuses of the populace couldn't take place at all—tax confiscation, the draft, enforcement of sex-and-morality laws, censorship, abuse of tenants at the behest of landlords, and many others. It's no accident that when we hear the latest news from Poland, South Africa, or Washington DC, the crowds of people raging for their rights are always being torn at viciously by well-funded, well-armed, numerous armies of—cops. Police are the bully-boys for every government, whether leftist or Nazi, monarchical or "democratic".

Police like to think of themselves as, and to promote their own image of being, "a thin, blue line" that stands between the citizenry and chaos. A more apt simile is police as *a thick gray wall* that serves as prison to human beings all over the earth. The policeman is the unelected, insured (and therefore unassailable legally), computer-informed spy and dictator who thrives on telling others what to do.

Yet some people may wonder, especially if they have not yet had the experience of being abused by police, if cops really are as bad as they sometimes look. To find out what goes on in the mind behind the badge, we delved into one of the standard texts of law enforcement, *Patrol Procedure*, by George T. Payton, fifth edition.

Early in the book the author ruefully quotes the classic assessment of police by A. L. Cornelius, who wrote back in the 1920s: "Policemen as a class are usually not well educated, skilled mechanically or industrious. They are men above the average in physical strength and appearance who have lacked sufficient persistence to acquire an education or learn a trade. Their contacts with the criminal element tend to make them suspicious of human nature. They are daily engaged in the prosecution of others and, of course, in defending their own acts. Their entire attention is focused upon the derelections of mankind. Therefore it naturally follows that where a person is charged with a crime, the officer is naturally predisposed toward belief in his guilt."

Continuing with this blistering assessment, Cornelius wrote: "A policeman's duty also tends to make him officious, dictatorial and arbitrary toward individuals. Policemen as a class are inclined to be vain and somewhat egotistical." While the present author is at pains to laugh off this portrait or claim that if so once it no longer is now, many will recognize this old description as some of the most apt lines that have been penned in the English language. Let's see whether suspicion, arrogance, bullying and predisposition toward belief in guilt characterize the modern cop as trained by the current textbook.

Modern police technique is supposed to date from 1929. In that year Sir Robert Peel in England set up a police force and gave them a code of ethics. This code, which is pretendedly in force today, is certainly honored more in the breaking of it than in earnest observance. Who, for instance, has ever heard of a (constable) who is "civil and obliging to all people of every rank and class"? To point out immediately the prejudgment against certain persons, we note statements such as this one: "Another danger is that of the officer's personal morals. [He] spends a great deal of time dealing with moral degenerates and persons of little conscience. ...Female offenders ...are often willing to offer their bodies to police officers in hopes of receiving leniency... Since most officers work nights, they come in contact with women who also work nights, such as car hops, cafe waitresses, bar maids... and similar occupations. Many women in these fields have the reputation of being promiscuous."

Meanwhile, the following "rank and class" of people "should be developed as contacts and possible informants": "Service station attendants, custodians, window washers, newspaper vendors, deaf mutes, delivery men." (p. 89).

Under the heading of Suspiciousness we might place the following recommendations: "Suspicion

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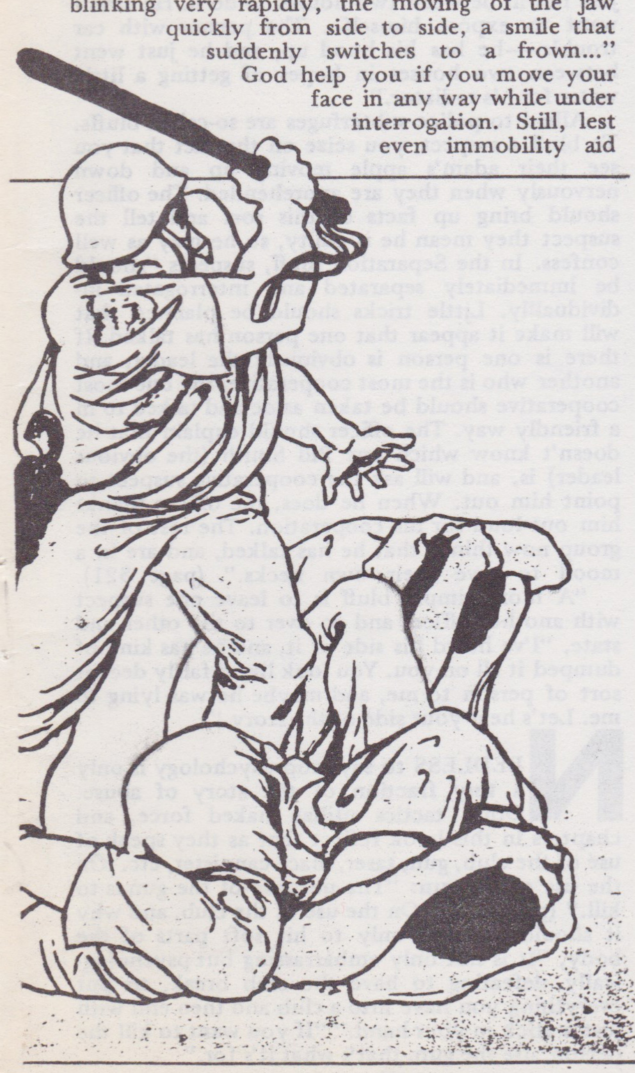
The man—or woman—
behind the badge
is armed and can be
extremely dangerous.
Here is a guide to the attitudes of such people,
as exhibited in one
of the standard texts for
those entering a career
of law enforcement.

OLICE THINK

arousers—Cars parked with occupants. It may be a stakeout, or for purposes of illegal sex, such as adultery, rape, oral copulation and sodomy." (All of those at once?) "When preliminary observation indicates only one person in the car, but on driving closer, another head pops up, this should arouse suspicion of an act of oral copulation. To confirm this suspicion, the officer should mmediately use his flashlight to determine whether there are any zippers undone, or any obvious bulges in the trousers that would indicate a penis erection." (Page 209)

Further remarks in this same category come on page 301: "Deception and Lying: ...The following are some of the signs to watch for—eyes blinking very rapidly, the moving of the jaw quickly from side to side, a smile that suddenly switches to a frown..." God help you if you move your face in any way while under interrogation. Still, lest even immobility aid your escape, police are enjoined to remember that an *expressionless* face is likewise a giveaway to "criminal" *thoughts*, since "[Ex-convicts] assume poker faces whenever they assume something is happening or whenever they try to hide some emotion." "It can be quite noticeable when a police officer passes this person on the street. Where other people will at least give the officer a glance, the ex-con will walk by as though the police officer were not even there. His effort to conceal his concern will actually give him away." Give him away as what? As an ex-con? Somebody to be hassled? Then where is the vaunted respect for all ranks of people? Where is the respect for law itself, which decrees no further punishment after completion of a sentence?



Citizens of the free land must prove themselves un-guilty to the judge, jury, and executioner in uniform. When interrogating someone who is thought to be guilty of drunk driving, you may do any or all of the following: (1) Have suspect count fingers, by placing thumb first on index finger, then middle finger, then on ring finger and lastly on the little finger. Then go backwards and repeat on both hands. (2) Ask him to recite the alphabet. (3) Ask him to tell you when 15 seconds are up after you slap your hands together. (4) Have the suspect write his name or draw a circle or triangle (his performance can be compared against evidence taken the next day). (5) Make the suspect walk a straight chalk line (if not a member of the Flying Wallendas or other circus act, this may cause difficulty, but any hesitation whatsoever is ipso-facto evidence of guilt and intoxication). (6) The Suspect should be made to stand with feet together and eyes closed, then made to tilt his head back, first with his arms extended for balance, then with hands at his side. (7) The subject should be made to pick up objects off the pavement or floor. And it goes on and on, the number of circus-monkey tricks the free citizen can be put through limited neither by time nor variety, but only the inventiveness and maliciousness of the uniformed bully.

Little known is the fact that officers have the "right" in many states to obtain blood samples by force, to prove intoxication. "The law is quite clear on the right of the officer to forcibly take blood from a suspect, but most district attorneys advise against it on grounds that it will prejudice the jury against the officers." But again, psychology and subterfuge come to the rescue: "The officer should not ask for permission to take blood. He should approach the subject with the attitude that it is just a routine matter and show surprise that the subject even objects. The officer might use a little subterfuge by referring to the technician as the 'doctor'. This will ease [the subject's] fear somewhat. The officer can appeal to the subject's manliness by stating, 'You mean that a big strong man like you is afraid of a little needle? Boy, what is the world coming to? Heck, we had a little old lady here an hour ago, and she wasn't the least bit afraid.' But this should be done only if he objects. Otherwise the officer should try to make as little of the matter as possible. He might just casually mention that a small blood sample is now going to be taken for his own protection. ...If the subject refuses to give blood, the officer should try to obtain a urine sample." (Page 480).

Also, an officer must be alert to appearances: "An officer arresting a drunk woman should be constantly aware of public relations. The public can be fooled by appearances. If the officer smiles and talks to her gently, even though he is nearly breaking her arm, the public will accept the action with approval." (Page 469).

CONTINUING in this line we come to the prescribed attitude of cops toward gay people: "Patrol officers should know the 'overt' practicing homosexuals on their beats. Because they sometimes have connections or associations with criminals, they make good informants." "Homosexuals will often hide servicemen who are AWOL or deserters in return for sexual favors. This is a reason why servicemen with known homosexuals should be stopped and their passes checked."

The ideal cop begins to sound like Governor Mecham with his variety of prejudices. Others include: protesters and demonstrators ("the officer can pick out the stooges from the professionals who are Communist trained or oriented by the terms they use. ...For example, the Socialist or Communist will seldom use the term 'Russia', but will refer to it as the 'Soviet Union'... He will use the term 'vested interests' for power politics, and will often use such words as 'exploit'.") (Page 305).

How well-respected are the law and the citizenry among police is seen by the many listed examples of "subterfuges" the procedural manual recommends throughout. One subterfuge concerns extraction of confessions: "Minimize the crime. If...minimized, it will be easier for the subject to admit it. This works quite well with juveniles. To a young kid...if an officer tells him he has done $100 worth of damage, the kid will be so scared that his mouth will shut like a clam. How much easier for the kid to admit it if the officer states he doesn't know exactly how much the damage was, but he was sure it wasn't much. Once the kid admits the act, the... exact damage can be brought out."

"The sex offender...will be more prone to admitting his acts if he is told that it is quite common and that some very prominent people have done the same thing. By ...pretending to show a little understanding the officer can create the confidence that is necessary for a sex offender to reveal his offenses." In a later paragraph the cop is lectured to "Avoid discussing punishment. ..If asked, he should say, 'I'm glad you asked that, because it shows me that bla, bla, bla,' and he talks on and on but does not answer the question. If he did, it might cool the chances of obtaining the confession." (page 320).

> *'An officer arresting a drunk woman should be constantly aware of public relations. The public can be fooled by appearances. If the officer smiles and talks to her gently, even though he is nearly breaking her arm, the public will accept the action with approval.'*
>
> *–Patrol Procedure*

Perhaps in part due to the cop's readiness to use such trickery himself, he is predisposed to think that others are utilizing similar subterfuges. Page 439 contains a listing of "excuses" that so-called "prowlers" are likely to come up with when seized by police: "The dog walker—the dog gets away from him and he has to chase it between houses. The Jogger—he had to take a leak real bad, so he just ran in between two houses to do it. He didn't want to expose himself... The person with car trouble—he has his hood up, and he just went between two houses in hopes of getting a little water for his radiator."

Allied to police subterfuges are so-called bluffs. To bluff a suspect, you seize on the fact that you see their adam's apple moving up and down nervously when they are apprehended. The officer should bring up facts of this sort and tell the suspect they mean he is guilty, so he may as well confess. In the Separation Bluff, suspects "should be immediately separated and interrogated individuallly. Little tricks should be planned that will make it appear that one person has talked. If there is one person is obviously the leader, and another who is the most cooperative, the one most cooperative should be taken aside and talked to in a friendly way. The officer should explain that he doesn't know which one Bill Smith (the obvious leader) is, and will ask the cooperative suspect to point him out. When he does, the officer thanks him out loud for his cooperation. The rest of the group now thinks that he has talked, and are in a mood to save their own necks." (page 321).

"A more simple bluff is to leave one suspect with another officer and go over to the other and state, "I've heard his side of it, and he has kind of dumped it all on you. You look like a fairly decent sort of person to me, and maybe he was lying to me. Let's hear your side of the story."

NEEDLESS to say, cop psychology is only a tiny fraction of the story of abuse. Other tactics utilize naked force, and chapters in this book reflect that as they speak of use of the club, gun, taser, mace cannister, etc. On the use of the gun: "The purpose of the gun is to kill." (page 361). On the use of the club, and why it should be used only to hit soft parts of the body, "It is not only embarrassing but psychologically defeating to have the club break, to put everything you have into a club and then end with just a stick in your hand." "If you want to kill the person, use the gun, that's what it's for."

Other choice recommendations are found in the section on "The Wall Search", or how to stand citizens up against a wall. "Move his feet back until he is off balance and must rely on the wall for support... If he refuses to move his feet back, kick his feet back. ...You might loosen his belt and allow his trousers to fall. This would both immobilize and embarrass him." (Page 346).

But of course the officer is a gentleman. While he may be squeamish at feeling men's bodies, he will go ahead and do it anyway, not neglecting to grasp the privates. Women, however, are a different story, and they're liable to complain besides. So don't touch their bodies with your hands, use your club. "If an officer feels hesitant about grabbing or feeling a woman during a search, he may use his club to tap the suspected areas..." (page 348).

HOWEVER, we certainly wouldn't want to lend the impression here that cops treat women with anything but the undeviating spirit of democratic equality that they accord to men, so we'll copy out some of the philosophy on page 457: "Forcible rape is often falsely reported. ...In our society, we have a double standard in relation to sex. It is all right for the man to run around, but not the woman. Yet, women are human beings as well as men." Oh, good. "Occasionally a situation will arise, aided by the use of alcohol, where a woman will find herself compromising a man who is not her husband." Poor, tragic fellow. "If she has had a proper upbringing, she will be ashamed of her actions afterwards, and will start to rationalize. If she is remorseful enough, she can actually convince

HOW COPS GET THAT WAY

Police training systematically introduces the concept that it is right to force others to obey orders—a notion that "democratic" society pretends to abhor, but which in fact it quietly fosters at every turn.

At the same time, individuals who become police are subjected to a slow and almost imperceptible change in themselves, which like the movement of the hands on a clock or the passage of the seasons, is hard to see at any particular point. A man or woman who is only moderately authoritarian at the time of first entering the police force, soon begins to accelerate on the racetrack to savagery. Perhaps the first time he or she witnesses fellow officers beating up a suspect with flashlights, and then charging the hapless victim with aggravated battery later on to cover up, the new recruit is horrified and astounded. But he or she says nothing because so many officers with greater experience are involved. The second time it happens, the new recruit looks the other way and feels terribly upset. The third time, he or she looks the other way and thinks, "Oh, no, this cruelty again." By the twentieth or fiftieth time, the rookie cop is used to seeing citizens kicked, punched, rapped, and thrown into walls. After eight years on the force, the man or woman thinks nothing of performing such acts—but nowhere along the line could the cop see himself or herself turning into a bully.

Tragically, human understanding of events and the passage of time is deeply flawed. Attention span is short; public memory is even shorter. When the Social Security Act was instituted in the 1930s, numbers were assigned to working citizens with the specific proviso that these were not for identification purposes—today, a half-century later, one must provide the number at every turn to banks, driver's licensing bureaus, landlords, employers, passport office, the Internal Revenue "Service", auto registration agencies, and many other arms of the government and economy. When the Census was ordered by Congress in the late 1700s, it was to be a count of the people conducted every ten years—now, two centuries later, the Census Office can send you to prison for refusing to answer forms that include dozens of questions, the least of which is how many of you there are. The agency has slowly acquired the power to demand information on your religion, income, education, race, living conditions, and even the number of toilets there are in your house. Yet, nowhere along the line was any particular gain in power perceptible to the average person.

Police and indeed all manifestations of authority are unstable in the direction of increasing power. It is a fact of statist society that should come to be recognized just as we understand the unswerving motion of the planets. Authority is a DISEASE, and it never gets better.

herself," that it was rape. "After her fling, she becomes concerned about ...becoming pregnant or of contracting a venereal disease. This weighs heavily on her mind, and when the husband returns home, he senses that something is wrong. He keeps after her until she feels she must tell him something. It is natural for her to justify the situation by sobbingly telling her husband that she was raped. He immediately calls the police." (Pages 457-8).

In this whole area of sex-crime, the police are characterized by profound knowledge of mankind. "When molesters hang around children, they often have their hands in their pockets, so they can play with their own private parts while watching the children. They are quite prone to carrying [sic] obscene pictures in their pockets or wallet, which they use as a means of exciting curiosity or stimulation of their victims. Because they often masturbate, it is common for their handkerchief to be stiff with dried semen. They often have holes in their pockets." (Page 453).

On "homosexuality": "It is not against the law to be a homosexual. A person usually cannot help being a homosexual. They do, however, have control over their overt sexual actions and it is these actions that are illegal." How fortunate that we can "be" anything we like as long as we do nothing about it. Further wisdom, flatfoot style: "The modern professional police officer must look at the homosexual as a human being, a person who can and does contribute to the society in which he lives. Not all homosexuals are effeminate... Homosexuals have been with man throughout recorded history..." (A little unconscious humor here; they certainly have not been with woman.) "So far we have not been able to arrive at any solution or cure for this perversion... The active homosexual will argue that he has as much of a right to practice his own form of sex as we heterosexuals have to practice ours. The argument sounds good if the question of morals is not brought in." (Page 454).

"Covering the beat," the patrol officer should keep a sharp eye out for the dreaded homos. "Parked cars containing only men should be checked."

So that the smart officer will have all facts at his disposal, the text lists varieties of sexual perversion, including such everyday acts as koprolagnia, urolagnia, frottage, and anthropophagy. Ever alert for evidence of heinous offenses, cops on the beat should do everything possible to arrest people who possess obscene materials or pictures "especially those depicting abnormal sex acts, which are indicative that the possessor might be a sexual criminal." "Pictures showing sadistic tendencies... should indicate to the officer that the subject could be a very dangerous person to society. Any excuse should be used to book this person, and a search warrant should be obtained for his room where further evidence may be found." Are you sure that isn't where evidence WILL be found?

Other paraphernalia that can be used in a variety of crimes, not necessarily sexual, should be checked for when "suspects" are stopped on the street. Wires in possession may indicate car-theft activity ("hot-wiring"). Chewing gum wrapped in tinfoil, screwdrivers, or alligator clips, may also indicate a potential car thief.

In other words, the officer should hold the Law so high that the tiniest fact might point to an infraction, and in that case the perpetrator needs to receive the full weight of punishment and "justice". However, let's not go too far with this. We wouldn't want to respect rights of "bums" or "transients" even when as very seldom happens those rights are upheld by the courts: "We see a person who is obviously a bum or hobo in a very high class district or residential area. When there was a vagrancy law in effect, it was simply a matter of telling the subject that if he didn't leave the area, he would be booked for vagrancy. But with this law declared unconstitutional, the officer must use other means."

Note how easily and naturally those words flow—no moral crisis here, no fierce determination to uphold law as proclaimed by societal mechanism, as previously. No, when other law is perceived as deficient, police law takes over. "As a safety measure, the officer should transport him away from the area." (Page 293).

Ultimately, the attitude of law-enforcement is best expressed by the avidity and regret heard in these words from a chapter near the beginning of the textbook: "An officer can't stop everyone on

Don't

By Robert W. Zeuner,

"Good morning! My name is investigator Holmes. Do you mind answering a few simple questions?" If you open your door one day and are greeted with those words, *stop and think!* Whether it is the local police or the FBI at your door, you have certain legal rights of which you ought to be aware before you proceed any further.

In the first place, when the law enforcement authorities come to see you, there are no "simple questions". Unless they are investigating a traffic accident, you can be sure that they want information about somebody. And that somebody may be you!

Rule Number One to remember when confronted by the authorities is that there is no law requiring you to talk with the police, the FBI, or the representative of any other investigative agency. Even the simplest questions may be loaded and the seemingly harmless bits of information which you volunteer may later become vital links in a chain of circumstantial evidence against you or a friend.

Do not invite the investigator into your home!

Such an invitation not only gives him the

GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT: A FASCIST POLICE STATE

In any public-opinion forum you can hear ordinary people robotically chanting their demand for more police... stiffer penalties...

This paranoid mistrust is producing a totalitarian state. It is very difficult to drive a car, cash a check, or buy a can of beer unless you have your "papers".

Whether it's the witch-hunt for drunk drivers, or the fear-mongering search for drug dealers, the police will use any excuse to set up roadblocks and try to intimidate people. You can't get into a courthouse or onto an airplane without being magnetically scanned, you can't use an automatic teller machine or even go into a bank without being photographed, and you can't make a long distance phone call that is sure of being free of FBI/CIA/NSA eavesdropping.

Totalitarianism is increasing in the workplace––you must speak, act, gesture, smile, think, work, dress, groom, and live in a prescribed manner. That's not too much to ask in return for four or five dollars an hour, is it?

–Rick Harrison, (The Orlando Indicator, no return address, subscription by invitation only)

the street to determine whether they might be up to something. Yet,...there are many who bear checking or watching."

Being watched and checked is the lot of everyone who lives in an authoritarian society. Police have immense authority and power, and are ever eager to get more. While they may prevent some exceedingly few crimes, and arrest someone as guilty in a rather larger number, it is in their interest, ultimately, to see to it that crime does persist, and if no one committed any offenses, police would lobby to have other acts outlawed so as to have somebody to apprehend. It is in their interest to preserve laws against "homosexual" behavior, and it serves their insecure egos to imagine that society is a jungle patrolled and protected by themselves alone. Their abuse of ordinary people whom they harrass at all hours and places constitutes a crime in itself, and even if the underlying social causes of theft, rape, and murder were left intact so that these crimes still occurred, abolishing the police would at least eliminate the institutional category of bullying that they represent. The fact is that they have not stopped crime and can never do so, and their existence is itself a crime and outrage to all who love freedom. ●

Talk to Cops!

Member of the New York State Bar

opportunity to look around for clues to your lifestyle, friends, reading material, etc., but also tends to prolong the conversation. And the longer the conversation, the more chance there is for a skilled investigator to find out what he wants to know.

Many times a police officer will ask you to accompany him to the police station to answer a few questions.

In that case, simply thank him for the invitation and indicate that you are not disposed to accept it at that time. Often the authorities simply want to photograph a person for identification purposes, a procedure which is easily accomplished by placing him in a private room with a two-way mirror at the station, asking him a few innocent questions, and then releasing him.

If the investigator becomes angry at your failure to cooperate and threatens you with arrest, stand firm. He cannot legally place you under arrest or enter your home without a warrant signed by a judge.

If he indicates that he has such a warrant, ask to see it. A person under arrest or located on premises to be searched, generally must be shown a warrant if he requests it and must be given a chance to read it.

Without a warrant, an officer depends solely upon your helpfulness to obtain the information he wants. So, unless you are quite sure of yourself, don't be helpful.

Probably the wisest approach to take to a persistent investigator is simply to say: "I'm quite busy now. If you have any questions that you feel I can answer, I'd be happy to listen to them in my lawyer's office. Goodbye!"

Talk is cheap, but when that talk involves the law enforcement authorities, it may cost you, or someone close to you, dearly.

(Editor's note: This information has been printed many times over the years in a variety of publications. If you would like a large-size copy suitable for posting, please send a stamped, addressed envelope to me at Post Office Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona 85722, and I'll send you as many copies as possible for the postage.)

THE grossly authoritarian concept that human beings exist to serve the state is invariably the logical conclusion to which the philosophy of governmentalism is pushed, even in liberal democracies where the whole business starts out as the "noble" ideal of the state existing to serve individuals. Whether or not the United States ever possessed an intendedly freedom-serving government, it certainly does not now, and evidence for such a view is seen in the severe protectionism that infects governmental society in current years. Anything a person might do is regarded as fair territory for regulation—"the public interest" serving as constant excuse.

Do you drive a car? You "have to be regulated" for the protection of "the public", and you must be compelled to buy expensive insurance so that any harm you may accidentally inflict on anybody can be compensated at enormously inflated statist prices. Do you inhale the smoke of some harmless weed? You need to be outlawed and persecuted because, after all, in some mind-altered state you might inadvertently provoke a catastrophe and *endanger the public*! It never stops, and we expect in a few years to be writing about mandatory pedestrian insurance (you might stumble on the sidewalk and harm someone), or dietary statutes that dictate your intake of approved vitamins and minerals (your state of health is the business of society at large!), because YOU are coming to be regarded as nothing but PROPERTY OF THE STATE.

The

Here are recent developments in the move toward conscription and the determined battle against it:

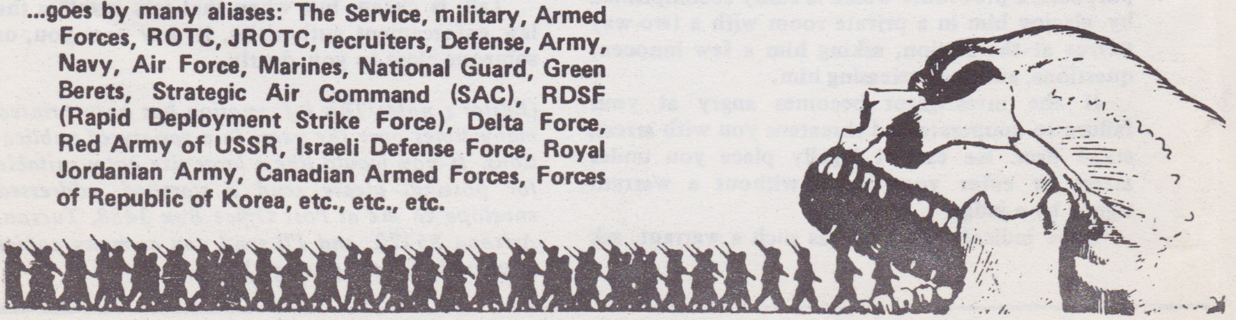
Washington—Some kind of national service, military or otherwise, should be required of all Americans as the price for freedom, says former Virginia Governor Charles Robb. Robb, who took over early in 1986 as chairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, stated, "We seem to ask so little of our citizens." That's right, we only ask them to give up 80% of their work-effort to support the ponderous state apparatus, while we enforce an ever-burgeoning array of arbitrary laws and decrees upon them so that they can scarcely get a job, deposit money in the bank, travel anywhere without producing "I.D.", or even have sexual relations in any but strictly-approved

ALERT! DANGEROUS MOLESTERS IN SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC PLACES

BEWARE OF WEIRD CULT WHICH

...uses promises of money, jobs, and other favors to recruit people
...indoctrinates beginners in an armed camp until they're thoroughly brainwashed
...employs terror, assassination, murder, and threats thereof
...is particularly interested in the young and those who follow orders without question
...holds against their will members who wish to leave
...goes by many aliases: The Service, military, Armed Forces, ROTC, JROTC, recruiters, Defense, Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, National Guard, Green Berets, Strategic Air Command (SAC), RDSF (Rapid Deployment Strike Force), Delta Force, Red Army of USSR, Israeli Defense Force, Royal Jordanian Army, Canadian Armed Forces, Forces of Republic of Korea, etc., etc., etc.

Keep a sharp lookout for "recruiters" or "draft boards" who might attempt to entice or force you into one of these sinister branches of the cult. They've been seen in YOUR neighborhood.



Draft

Recent Developments

manners. From the recent Supreme Court "sodomy ruling" to the invasions and snooping and seizures of the Internal Revenue "Service" and harrassment stops on the street by local police, the plight of freedom in the United States is extremely serious. Nonetheless, political hacks are urging for such horrors as military impressment as a further "price of freedom".

Meanwhile, posters on subways and "public service" announcements on radio and television proddingly urge, "Selective Service registration: It's quick; it's easy; it's the LAW." Refusal to obey this law has already cost resisters such as Paul Jacob terms in prison. Jacob served five months and was released to 4½ years probation and two years of community service, but millions of other youths who chose merely to quietly fail to register have remained unmolested, and whether it serves the cause of freedom to wind up actually in forms of impressment and conscription (prison, community "service") after loudly proclaiming refusal to register, is so far as we're concerned an open question.

Several publications and organizations exist to battle conscriptive servitude. The National Resistance Committee, Box 42488, San Francisco, Ca. 94142, publishes *Resistance News*, a tabloid compendium of news and articles of interest to intended victims of this form of imposed slavery. Practical advice such as how to find out who's on a draft board judging other people, is listed along with case histories of action by various resisters.

Unfortunately, most of the organizations attacking the draft do so from sheerly liberal political ideology, which often reaches dangerous levels of stupidity, and one issue of a resistance paper contains such bunk as the following: "Martin Luther King Jr. wrote, 'One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its

KNOW YOUR DRAFT BOARD

With over 2,500 local draft boards now set up across the country, there's probably one near you. The boards provide an opportunity to generate good press for the draft resistance movement, and to stir up interest. The boards were set up rather quietly, so it's a good bet that your local media and most local peace activists don't even know such boards exist.

How to find out who's on a board: Selective Service doesn't like to give out the names of draft board members. You will probably need to direct a Freedom of Information Act request to the SS National Headquarters. Selective Service probably won't give you their addresses or telephone numbers. To make the FOIA request, simply type a letter (preferably on an organization's letterhead) and state what you want, being sure to mention the Freedom of Information Act (5 U.S.C. 522). The address is: Selective Service System, National Headquarters, Washington, DC 20435. It is clearly illegal for them to refuse to give out the board members' names, although they may simply ignore the law. The SS will probably charge you for photocopying costs.

Once you have the members' names, their telephone numbers and addresses can be obtained for subsequent publication simply by looking in the phone book or city directory (available in your local public library). Voter registration lists are also public record; simply go to the county government building and ask about the names you have.

Now what? You may want to make personal contact with some or all of the members. Reasons might include a desire to convince them of the wrongness of their ways. Draft counselors might want to meet the board and find out which members seem especially hostile or supportive toward anyone who might apply for deferment. Interviews with board members might also turn up political or racial prejudices that will need to be confronted if the draft returns. Documenting these prejudices might help registrants win appeals, and could provide ammunition for future local protests.

—*Resistance News*

injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law.”

Such a stance, of course, makes a mockery of individual rights, and assumes that even in resistance to injustice one owes allegiance to the perpetrator of the injustice— typical muddled thinking of Martin Luther King, Jr. Fortunately, low points such as that are relatively rare, but they do illustrate the pitfalls of relying on liberal organizations for consistency. The truth is, nobody ought to respect usurped authority in the least, and certainly not by willingly exposing oneself to prosecution. Far better to avoid, lie, trick or swindle the state so as to remain exempt from its pushiness.

A little less obnoxiously liberal is the organization known as CARD (Committee Against Registration and the Draft). CARD encourages people affected by conscription law to think about various options, only one of which is proclaiming resistance to authorities directly and thereby almost certainly drawing their fire. For those who have already bowed to pressure and have registered, only to have second thoughts later, CARD provides “Un-registration cards” that order Selective Service to take the signers' names off its computer rolls—which, of course, it is not likely to do. Still the act of demonstrating disrespect for “law” can probably have some positive effect. CARD points out that while Republicans are widely suspected of fascism, prominent Democrats such as Gary Hart, Bruce Babbitt and others have called for a draft in order to win pro-defense establishment votes.

“Widespread anti-draft sentiment coupled with a high level of non-compliance have forestalled a serious discussion of a return to the draft for seven years. Now, with non-registration rates dropping and key Democrats pushing for renewed conscription, the anti-draft movement is about to face its toughest challenge.” That statement is from Gillam Kerley, the only American in prison today for resisting draft registration. He received a three-year sentence to Leavenworth in what has been called one judge's vendetta and attempt to create a political example. As a result of the selective prosecution, Gillam's supporters have applied to Amnesty International and the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, urging recognition of his status as a prisoner of conscience.

How did Kerley come to be prosecuted? He was the executive director of CARD.

What this again shows is the impotence of the state to take action unless one provides them with sufficient information to do so. Effective means, therefore, for casting sand into the gears of conscription, consist more of mis-registration (registration or refused registration under bogus names that tie up time and funds in fruitless investigations) than of actual martyr-like resistance of the sort favored by liberaldom.

How far the prevailing liberal disorder is likely to go in shoving compulsory service down the throats of millions of people, is illustrated by remarks some time ago by Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, one of Robert F. Kennedy's daughters (her automatic access to the media comes as a result of the hereditary political aristocracy in this country; Joe Schmoe couldn't get onto the United Press wire if he chose to proclaim his remarks): “The feminist movement needs uniforms—Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine uniforms,” said Ms. Kennedy Townsend. And one way to get them is “to reinstate the draft for men and women alike.”

However, the individual—the true, thinking individual who upholds the highest traditions of self-respect and intelligence—will reject any notions of owed subservience. The only thing free people owe to anybody is the debt they owe to themselves to remain free by the use of their wits and strength.

—Match editor.

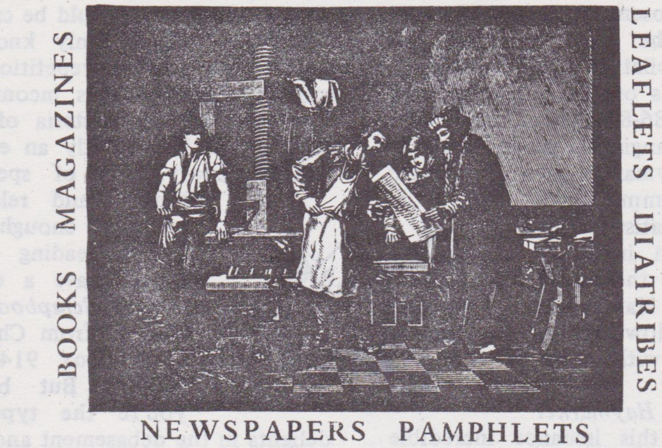
THE MATCH
HISTORIC REPRINT SERIES

The second issuance in our Historic Reprint Series is now available and was mailed last summer to all subscribers of The Match. The publication is a special anthology of the Anarchist periodical, THE RETORT, which was originally published in the years 1942-51 by Holley R. Cantine, Jr. Our edition is 64 pages, completely retypeset and beautifully printed, and is available for $2.00. Includes brochure introduction and special reprint of the fantasy story, “Double, Double, Toil and Trouble”, by Cantine—an engrossing bit of Anarchist fiction that will someday be regarded as a classic.

If you haven't seen this anthology yet, order yours now. Our first issuance in the reprint series, the November, 1907 issue of Emma Goldman's “Mother Earth Magazine” with supplemental brochure, is also still available for $2 from THE MATCH, P. O. Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona 85722.

Reviewer: Don Holbrook

BELIEVE it or not, there are 234 periodicals published for every man, woman, and child in the United States. It matters not that only one-twentieth of all the men, women, and children in the country know how to read sufficiently well to be able to understand a magazine or newspaper article, nor that of that select group only another .005% actually does read anything as a matter of choice, rather than getting its entertainment and information from audiovisual sources that have the depth of a mud puddle. What matters is that when you shovel out most of the avalanche of useless crap such as publications devoted to "jesus"—or to movie stars, how to make a fast buck on the stock market, astrology, "exercise", extrasensory perception, "holistic" medicine and other cretin topics, the number shrinks to about .0000000000024 periodicals per person, whereupon we can only hope that some fraction of those will somehow get into the hands of that tiny number of people who can read, understand, and think.



Bad as this situation is, a still further fact that you're probably not aware of is that by federal law all periodicals devoted to a dissident point of view are required to be as ugly and unreadable as it is possible to make them, and real experts, believe me, are operating in this field. You've probably wondered why it is that magazines and newspapers expressing any popinion to the left of Adolph Eichmann are almost invariably typewritten, poorly photocopied, laid out in a confusing manner, etc., and this littleknown statute is of course the reason. The law specifically provides, I think, for bonuses in certain cases that must include: starting an article on the front page and making it jump to page six where it still does not end so that it has to jump further to pages nine and then twelve; placing headings, paragraphs, pictures and so forth at various angles so the reader gets an impression of hopeless, drooling stupidity; and, almost needless to add, such publications MUST be set in typewriter-type complete with strike-overs and lines crossed out in felt-tip pen. Penalties for violating any of these rules vary, but will include sanctions such as postal harrassment and misdelivery, refusal of other periodicals to review your issuances, and denunciations by overnight-created "movement heavies" who ALWAYS turn up to speak at widely separated demonstrations and events.

A very few periodicals, as you might expect, do not follow the rules. But who cares about them? Into this category we must place virtually everything produced by publishers such as Freedom Press and the Charles H. Kerr Co., both of whom have shamelessly flouted the canons of mass taste and legality by printing books and pamphlets that are attractive and readable, informative, and of good sense. Surely evil and animosity shall follow them all the days of their lives.

From Freedom Press (84 B Whitechapel High Street, London E 1 England) comes an 88-page, 8½ x 11-dimension book entitled *Freedom– A Hundred Years*, essays on a century of revolutionary propaganda and on Anarchism today. The book celebrates ten decades of publishing work devoted to the ideal of a governmentless and free society. Chapters include Barbara Smoker's vital essay, "Anarchism Implies Atheism", the title of which should in fact be engraved in bronze and set up as a headstone for hideous and decaying "new age" corpses such as *Fifth Estate* and the *SRAF Bulletin*. Other writers describe the operation of this Anarchist publisher in various eras, Vernon Richards reminiscing on Premises We Have Had and Printers We Have Known. Opinion pieces such as Joe Kelly's contrasting the ballyhoo of the shuttle disaster with the quiet desperation of ordinary people who die sans publicity, turn the historical work into the very item it describes: anti-authority propaganda. Unfortunately such opinion gives way to tendentious vaporings and empty rhetoric such as the essay on pages 70-71, "Class War", signed by "A comrade of the Class War Federation"—precisely the sort of bunk this movement, if it is one, could handily do without. Equally regrettable, for different reasons, is the inclusion of an essay by one Bob Black. He has nothing whatsoever to do with Freedom Press, but he attempts to write a witty column (and almost brings it off, only reverting to his late mode of gibbering in the last two paragraphs, the latter of which is utterly nonsensical). Probably *Freedom's* editors were unaware of Black's reputation among

Anarchists in the United States, but if they deal with him very much they will almost certainly discover for themselves what it is, and if so we expect he'll be submitting to organs even farther away from home next, perhaps in Mongolia or Tahiti. Still we suggest you order this centenary volume from *Freedom*. Cost is, as far as we can discover, about $5.

From the Kerr Company lately comes a variety of high-quality books, outstanding among which is the *Haymarket Scrapbook*, edited by Dave Roediger and Franklin Rosemont. In its 255 pages this volume presents the most complete, interesting, attractive compilation of facts, speculation, poetry and pictures on the subject of the Haymarket events of 1886-87 that culminated in the judicial murder by hanging of several Anarchists and Socialists. Haymarket was the tragic injustice that inspired Emma Goldman to a career of anti-Statist action. Haymarket exerted such influence that even in the 1960's the police statue in Chicago's Haymarket Square was repeatedly blown off its pedestal by protesters with dynamite.

The editors of the *Haymarket Scrapbook* have given this issuance incredible attention—the book is packed with history and analysis, to such a point that no matter how long one has interested himself in Anarchist affairs, a reading will throw new light on these old events. Editor Dave Roediger has written for numerous journals and reviews of a historical kind, and Franklin Rosemont is familiar to most Anarchists for his articles on Surrealism and on lesser-known historical personages.

Section One describes the movement and the men who subsequently became the victims of legality run amok; Section Two, the legal and public defense, the executions, the later campaign for amnesty for the remaining imprisoned Anarchists; Section Three, The Heritage—how Haymarket influenced virtually the whole Western Hemisphere. As journalist Art Young comments in his reprinted 1928 essay in these pages, "The speaking and writing of these men called Anarchists... in behalf of the unity of labor and the eight-hour day was ended. But now the eight-hour day is taken for granted. Organization of labor goes on, and every year meetings are held in many parts of the world in commemoration of these martyrs who fell victims to that worst mob of all—respectable legalized vengeance."

The most compelling effect of the *Scrapbook* is its *immediacy*. Instead of reading history, one becomes immersed in events that might have just taken place, and which can readily be understood as capable of taking place again at any time. The unfairness of "justice" and the press, the bloodthirsty mentality that still infects "democratic" societies, the ravings and rantings of religionists who are unfailingly granted a public forum for their anti-progressive and insane mouthings—all sound exactly like the present. Yet, the simple human dimension of the individual confronting a monster array of irresistible forces, comes through too—five men were deprived of their lives by the crazy panic of law-and-order following a police riot. Not only could it happen again, the very same contending forces would react the same, and anybody who was self-respecting and of progressive sentiments would be crushed and silenced exactly as before. Only knowledge can short-circuit this endless repetition of sadness and tragedy. Haymarket is incontrovertibly a demonstration of the hysteria of state power, and therefore it is primarily an event not solely of radical history, but of specifically Anarchist history and relevance. If you're interested enough in ideas and events to be reading *The Match!*, you should have a copy of *The Haymarket Scrapbook* in your home. ($14.95 from Charles H. Kerr Co., P. O. Box 914, Chicago, Illinois 60690.) But be forewarned: if you're the type of person who delights in the debasement and degradation of the printed word, the Kerr productions will definitely annoy you because they're in fact beautiful, thoughtfully produced, excellent—the exact antithesis of the disheartening trend we see in most publications by and about Anarchists. So if you're "into" the SRAF Bulletin or the incredible exercise in awfulness called Bayou LaRose, just stay away; you're hopeless anyhow.

NOW, I started this column with a few cautionary references to the Federal Ugliness in Radical Periodicals Act, and slowly but surely I'm working my way down to the section of the pile where this statute is obeyed with incredible severity. There are, however, a couple of outfits left that take their fate into their own hands and dare to be different. They apparently have the strange attitude that radical readers ought to receive attractive periodicals for their money. Moreover, they obviously think that some attention to typographical design makes it more likely that they will be able to convince ordinary people in mainstream society that radical ideas are worth listening to. I think we need a scale of values here, so let's invent one, the SRAF/Freedom Coherence and Beauty Evaluation. On the high end, with a rating of 100, are the usual publications of Freedom Press in England, which for a hundred years has maintained a fairly consistent standard that respects the intelligence and esthetic sense of the readers. On the other end of the scale, with a rating of absolutely zero, are the moron productions of the bulletin of the so-called Social Revolutionary Anarchist Federation (all 42 members put together haven't got as much esthetic sense as my dog.). This bulletin for years has presented the ugliest possible, most ludicrous and valueless issuances that perhaps have ever sprung from what is nominally Anarchist sentiments. The more like Freedom Press, the more thoughtful and inspiring the material, the more a pleasure to read. The closer you approach to the abysmal sewer of SRAF, the less edifying, the less pleasing, stimulating, philosophical—the less everything, until you reach that bulletin itself, which is utterly devoid of any intellectual or artistic worth.

So let us now consider the newest entry on the bill of Anarchist fare, *Acrata– a journal of arts and opinion*. Acrata, with an accent mark over the first letter, means Anarchist in Spanish, but has somewhat the same relation to the ordinary word for Anarchist that Anticrat might have in English, if such a word existed (I just made it up). *Acrata* doesn't exactly call itself an Anarchist magazine, but the closest thing to an editorial in the first issue is an article by the editor, Chaz Bufe, entitled "Anarchism This Century", being a sort of afterthought to his effective pamphlet on prevailing nuttiness called *Listen, Anarchist!* There's also a translation of an old essay by Ricardo Flores Magon on order and disorder, as well as a piece attacking the Immigration & Naturalization Service from a fairly Anarchistic standpoint, and pages 24-26 even contain an interview with *Match!* editor Fred Woodworth. So, certainly this is an Anarchist periodical in intent, but that isn't clear from the cover or even the first few pages. The subtitle, "a journal of arts and opinion" sounds awfully like the already-existing *Black Star's* (see below) "Quarterly Journal of Arts and Anarchist Opinion." Frankly, we wonder how much the world of "arts" really can withstand having Anarchism impressed onto it. This is not an attack or even necessarily a disagreement; we just are getting a little nervous about the possibility of Anarchism turning into a subject proper for the Cafe Ole coffeehouse, or for Channel 6. Even so, I guess that *Acrata* merits a content-rating of around 80, since editor Bufe's anti-mystic, anti-authoritarian, and anti-stupid-rhetoric position draws the magazine upward (a few other tendencies tend to draw it downward, and I'll get to those in a second.) Rated for appearance, however, my newly invented scale quickly shows its own inadequacies, since the magazine belongs to a category of overdone layout that I must admit I have never before encountered.

In terms of slick typography, *Acrata* has outdone everyone, and maybe it has even outdone itself. Frankly, I don't care for the layout—it looks too much like a perfume ad, and there is empty space galore, pages and pages of artsy and uninformative stuff (for instance a quarter-page photo of a church, another quarter-pager that looks like a view of the same church foyer from the inside, and the other two quarters of the page "blank", or rather filled in with a pebble pattern of screen). That's in one of the eight pages devoted entirely to photographs from artists. And while –sure– I'm in favor of integrating Anarchism with artistic sensibility, I question what some of this material is doing in the magazine. On the other hand, it's a first issue, and whenever has anybody's first issue possessed particular cogency? (One photo, in my opinion, is almost a suicidal act for a radical magazine: on page 18 a shot of a nude woman in handcuffs is coupled with a statement by one Charles Williams, photographer, "age 23", who states, "I use photography to generate a concrete response in the viewer. My images tend to be large, tense, and saturated in real or implied pathos and/or violence. These are extremes, but I believe that extremes are necessary in this medium to jar an otherwise complacent audience. If the work provokes, then I've generated a real emotion regarding the issues portrayed.")

What this implies is that there is some innate

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The God Pestilence . . . .by Johann Most
A classic Anarchist essay, by one of the greatest anti-statists in history. 20 pages, 50 cents.

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Simple common sense applied to a realm too often ignored by it. 8 pages, 25 cents.

Rent: An Injustice . . . . by I. R. Ybarra
Non-ownership of property by those who pay perpetually for it, is exposed as a legal crime. The practice is destructive to pride, privacy, and the dignity on which a free society must rest. 18 pages, 50 cents.

Listen, Anarchist! . . . . . .by Chaz Bufe
The definitive criticism of stupidity and irresponsibility INSIDE the realm of Anarchism. Extremely important commentary, stressing the belief that if Anarchism is ever to be a real force in society, it must be based on ethical behavior. 24 pages, $1.00.

ORDER FROM THE MATCH, POST OFFICE BOX 3488, TUCSON, ARIZONA 85722.

meaning in emotion, and that experiencing it is somehow productive. Meanwhile, photographer Williams' glib and easy-to-produce image gets the magazine into hot water before it even has an issue fairly out yet, or any editorial point of view established.

I hope the publishers of *Acrata* learn soon the difference between Art and artsy-fartsy; the former has everything to do with human freedom and therefore Anarchism, while the latter has only to do with intellectual poses and leather patches lovingly sewn on to sport-coat elbows. And solidly in the camp of the latter effete tendency is the page-layout of *Acrata*. Starting out the magazine in pages 2, 3, 4, and 5 are nicely typeset news clippings that exhibit very neatly what I'm objecting to. Despite the typesetting, someone (probably Art Director Chad Williams) saw fit to overprint the copy with collages of newspaper page-sections in a grayish-purple ink. As a result one has to decipher, rather than read, the news columns. When, oh when, will alternative publishers learn not to overprint? Such "cleverness" makes it highly unlikely that readers will bother to search out any meaning on the affected pages.

The art-direction attitude that underlies this tendency is also evident elsewhere in the magazine: copy—the words, the meaning, the REASON why the magazine is being printed in the first place—is quite obviously regarded as of slight importance by a layout man who is infatuated with showing off. Headlines in particular are treated with a peculiar disdain that seriously affects the ability of the reader to comfortably peruse the text itself; for instance when an otherwise good article entitled "Abolish the INS" has the words "Abolish the" printed in orange OVER the columns of the article. Another example: "Bible Quotes on Sex", printed as a light area in a black strip, with the words "On Sex" at a slant over the words "Bible Quotes"—in other words a reverse on top of a reverse, both in green, on black. Yow! At several other junctures the same color-mad tendency prevails, as words are printed over and in between lines of text. None of this color is effective in the least.

One cannot help feeling, while looking at *Acrata's* pages, that the layout has been the work of someone who does not appreciate the value of money and resources. Anytime a magazine uses a gigantic two-page centerspread to introduce a short story that is only ONE page long—and the graphics don't add in any way to our understanding or appreciation of the story—it is just a case of wasting funds. But don't get me wrong, I'm not against use of color or sophisticated production. I'm merely expressing my belief (in a productive way, I hope) that Anarchist publications should do what they have to do to persist, and squandering precious resources on lavish but ineffectual open layouts and weird, cluttering uses of color, is a sure road to oblivion. So is the devoting of page after page to the marginally worthless works of freelance photographers who (let's face it) aren't at all interested in Anarchism, as is undeniably the case with the materials reproduced on pages 15, 16, 17, 18, 33, 34, 35, and 36, (not to mention the inside front and back covers which are left completely blank).

Acrata may evolve into a damn good magazine, but to do it there'll need to be a point of view on life, art, propaganda and Anarchism that is missing now. I'll say this: it's the best-PRINTED Anarchist magazine I've seen in a long time. Now if they can only print stuff that's a little less like Vogue Magazine or the local college yearbook, and zero in on the Anarchist tendency that Bufe represents in his sections of the effort... To get your copy, send $10 for four issues to P. O. Box 6118, San Francisco, California 94101, and be sure to tell 'em that that terrible reviewer at *The Match!* sent you.

FOUR other pamphlets have recently been issued by Acrata Press. *Astrology—Fraud or Superstition* is an expanded reprint of the essay by Chaz Bufe that appeared in issue 81 of *The Match!* Sad but true, modern populations have largely reverted to superstition, and probably in a few years it will be necessary for Anarchists to deny that there are unicorns. At present the fools are in full force, concomitant with the power of the suppressive state, giving bitter truth to the reflection of Johann Most who said: "The more man clings to religion, the more he believes. The more he believes, the less he knows. The less he knows, the more stupid he is, and the more stupid, the easier he may be governed. The easier to govern, the better he may be exploited. The more exploited, the poorer he gets, and the poorer he gets, the richer and mightier the domineering classes get, the more riches and power they amass, the heavier their yoke upon the neck of the people."

In *The Heretic's Guide to the Bible*, also from Acrata Press, crazy and self-contradictory verbiage is allowed to ooze out of that stinking ceptic tank of written crap that an appalling number of the earth's people apparently hold in devotion. Quotes on women (Be in subjection!), quotes on sex (Die, unclean lust!), quotes on slavery (Submit! Obey! —It hardly matters what!), quotes on the end of the world (It's at hand!), and contradictions, absurdities and atrocities round out this badly-needed pamphlet. It's a temptation to quote these quotes, but I'll just reproduce the two lines of "jeez-us" that are juxtaposed in the pamphlet: "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true," followed by "I am one that bear witness of myself." (Before overdosing on nails the raving loon seems to have been afflicted by Reagan's syndrome.)

In *The Meaning of Atheism*, Acrata reproduces an old essay by Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, publisher of the famous Little Blue Book series of pamphlets. Before he was hounded to death by the IRS in 1951, E.H-J issued an astounding quantity of works by famous scientists and philosophers, in the belief that knowledge would dispel the weird ghosts and phantasms of religion and its spawned superstitions. Had he had a longer life and more circulation, who knows but that Haldeman-Julius might have succeeded, at least amongst the American-speaking world (though an effort of a like kind to the nth power would probably be necessary to stamp out the idiocies that are Roman Catholicism's heir in the Spanish-speaking countries). Very regrettably, however, the present pamphlet on Atheism contains a note from the publisher to the effect that original H-J publications are available still from Michael E. Coughlin, whose address is thereupon listed. This fellow is a so-called "Libertarian" and has behaved in the snotty, arrogant way so typical of that breed, so we want to object here to anyone's regarding him as a usable source of anti-authoritarian materials. Not a dime to right-wingism!

In the fourth Acrata pamphlet issuance, *The Irrational In Politics*, by Maurice Brinton, the relationship of sex and rebellion to authority are discussed in a challenging way. Brinton asserts that managing one's own sex life is of equal importance to managing one's own work and economic life—and that doing either and especially both is a sure method for causing usurped authority to crumble. While the essay does lean to some degree on the writings of Wilhelm Reich, they are the products of the man's brain before whatever senescence set in later that caused him to ludicrously champion certain odd superstitions and pseudo-scientific "phenomena". Where Reich had opinions to impart on the nature of sex, the sexual act and individual human experience, he was nearly always right on the mark. No thinking person's library of radical literature ought to be lacking this and the other three pamphlet productions of Acrata's, just mentioned. A five-dollar bill to the above-listed address will secure all of them for your reading and edification.

THE last of the readable, specifically Anarchist periodicals we have for review is *Black Star*, edited by Jeff Gallagher and produced from Tucson (P. O. Box 3506, 85722). Now at Vol. 5, No. 2, this tabloid has been going for a while. It has wandered through a couple of blind alleys of format (once being known by the title of *Revista X*, and the editor had toyed with the idea of giving EVERY issue a different name—I liked his planned *Anarchy Illustrated* the best, but he reverted to *Black Star*). Once again it is worth mentioning that this magazine has nothing whatsoever to do with the execrable, hideously produced, inaccurate, dishonest publication for morons that was once known by the same title; that one was published, of course, by SRAF, and lived up to that organization's "standards" in every imaginable way.

Black Star goes in for a fierce variety of journalism, blasting in particular his ass-holiness the "pope", along with an assortment of kook nuns with hatchets, cannibal kings, sex-snoop sheriffs and weaseling, mealy-mouthed liberals. In addition to the shit-kicking there are insightful articles such as Pat Murtagh on Oscar Wilde, a well-researched article on Makhno andAnarchist actions of long ago, a critical essay on prisoner-support by Anarchist prisoner Avi Naftel, and Fred Woodworth on the unreliable nature of the "straight" press, which he illustrates with a number of examples from personal experience.

However, *Black Star* gives us a clear look, in one way, at the fundamental failing of the Anarchist movement—here is an excellent newspaper, well-written and clearly printed, typeset, etc., and it even comes out on schedule. But does the "movement" support it? No way! The movement is too scattered with ego-tripping Bookchinites and Libertarians desperately working to pervert antistatism into a confused mass of electoral politics and reformism. After all its hard-won issues, Black Star may have to fold up if a few hundred subscriptions don't come through. Think of it—trying to change the world, one languishes in dire need of a few *hundred* more readers!

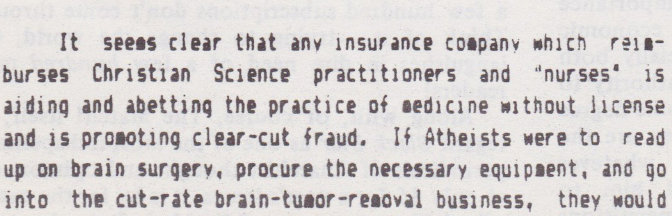
Along with, of course, The Match! itself, we regard *Black Star* as one of the most indispensable periodicals of Anarchist thought and opinion, and at only $5 for a year's issues, it is by far the easiest affordable newspaper of its kind. It is about the same size and format as the old tabloid *Match!* used to be before the printers forced us to take time out and get our own press, and it's just as hard-hitting as we ever were as a newspaper.

At this point I run out of really well-produced Anarchist books, pamphlets, and periodicals, and turn to items that suffer terribly because not enough care is taken in putting them together. Probably the clearest example of the sort is *Smurfs In Hell*, which we have mentioned before as the first two issues came to our attention. We've recommended this small satire magazine, and continue to do so. It's hard-hitting and provokes a lot of laughter and enjoyment—so just think how great it could be if it didn't follow the Federal Ugliness in Radical Publications Act! But it is scrupulous about adhering to the letter of the law: typesetting is by crummy, irregular, nylon-ribbon typewriter; reproduction is by photocopier. "But—but, *I can't afford typesetting and printing!*" This is the sad misconception of those who: (1) wind up reproducing by some method 32 pages of material which, when typeset, would have cut the length to only 20 pages; (2) run 65 copies on a Xerox machine for seven cents apiece, double-sided, and end up with a tiny number of magazines when for a much lower cost per copy they could have had printed hundreds of copies; (3) pay all the wasted first-class postage on their product rather than get a bulk-mailing permit that enables them to mail for about 11 cents a copy with a minimum mailing of 200 ("But *I don't have 200 readers!*"—and never will because they aren't even printing 200 copies.) (4) Hand over all incoming money from donations and subscriptions to commercial collators and insty-print shops because these publishers are afraid of taking the jump of acquiring means of production of their own—even simple typesetting—at the same time that they talk much about a society that's different from now in that people do do things for themselves, on their own.

Smurfs is set up as phoney advertisements for a variety of products ("Seven out of 10 Indians agree: when they're dying for a smoke, they reach for... Bhopal Mall 2500's."). Also "advertised" are an array of post-nuclear war soaps and shampoos, aping the Madison Avenue style of magnifying trivialities while minimizing or neglecting horrifying truths, as Radiation Burn soap in grim parody treats the hell-world of tomorrow as just one more practical joke or pimple. Great material— I enjoyed reading it, and its points were well-made and sometimes surprisingly profound. *So why not go the extra step and make the goddamn stuff visually attractive?* Typewritten and drawn copy is crap, no matter how well conceived or brilliantly written. We like this publication and hope it continues; we do want you to read it, and think you should hightail it to the letterdrop to mail off your check to editor Robert Carr, 2210 N. 9th Street, Boise Idaho 83702. But we hope he will get annoyed enough after reading these remarks to take some action toward visual improvement. If it's worth blasting the status quo, it's worth doing right.

As an example of a periodical that loses 90% of its effect because of its appearance, we turn to *The Central Ohio Atheist*, published by Frank Zindler for the local chapter of American Atheists, Box 8457, Columbus 43201. Someone sold Zindler a bill of goods on a personal computer with alleged typesetting capability, and how bad the copy looks is difficult to describe. Rather than try, I'll see if we can reproduce a little of it near this column. Notice how the letters all occupy exactly the same amount of space? Notice how spotty the coverage is? Notice how the justified right-hand margin only heightens the pathetic appearance of the generated copy? Investment in a $50 IBM Executive typewriter with proportional spacing would have allowed every issue of this little newsletter to look like a masterpiece of fine printing... but no, the computer world and the computer mind and the (mainly the) computer *salesmen* won't let that happen. Ergo, another

Below is a sample of what we mean by bad (i.e., unreadable) typography. It's from "The Central Ohio Atheist", and was composed on a personal computer. At right is the same material properly typeset—notice how much less space it occupies. PC "typesetting", pushed hard by the computer industry, is ruining small dissident periodicals.



It seems clear that any insurance company which reimburses Christian Science practitioners and "nurses" is aiding and abetting the practice of medicine without license and is promoting clear-cut fraud. If Atheists were to read up on brain surgery, procure the necessary equipment, and go into the cut-rate brain-tumor-removal business, they would quickly be apprehended and thrown in the clink -- even if their work was done perfectly.

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publication reduced to looking like dreck—and obeying the aforementioned Federal Ugliness Act. Is the home computer suitable for typesetting copy for publication? You decide, but while you're at it you should remember that none of the companies advertising PC "typesetting" typesets its own ads on the equipment being touted. The whole deal is just a scam, I'm convinced, to palm off on the small publisher an array of overpriced junk that he won't get good results from, can't get rid of, and which he'll be told is "state of the art" so he'll hypnotize himself into thinking the results look good. All the while this junk will serve to keep his ideas locked in the ghetto of unreadability so they won't influence society at large.

To push this point just a little farther, and to make, at the same time, a saddening but necessary observation on the condition of Atheism, note in the reprinted sample at left below that when you pick through the unattractive computer version, you get the sense of it but you don't linger. In the composed version to the right of it, your eye races through the copy at higher speed, but at the same time a highly debatable idea suddenly leaps out at you: these Atheists are in fact in league with the notion of the state—the passage in reality supports mandatory licensing, a practice that anti-authoritarian people abhor (we prefer to fight religion in a way that does not bolster statism). In other words a PROPER reading of the sample suddenly leads to all sorts of questions, whereas the painful decipherment of the original text virtually deadens critical response in the reader.

(And the statism expressed is, I'm sorry to have to add, an intrinsic feature of most present Atheist organizations in the U.S. Atheism without anti-authoritarianism is just as horrifying in its results as Anarchism without anti-mysticism.)

At any rate, remember this, everyone: putting out a periodical or booklet "typeset" on a personal computer is exactly like showing up in public for a debate on the merits of your ideas, and not bathing or shaving for three weeks beforehand. There is more to a publication than what it says.

Here's another one that came in in the mail: *Alternative Fiction & Poetry*. This magazine is 36 pages long, and is comprised of sheets of paper 11 x 17 folded over. Each sheet thus creates room for four pages and the magazine is therefore made up of 9 sheets of paper, printed by offset lithography. Using typewriter-generated copy, punkzine layout (which makes it look like a photocopy) and extremely low copy density, this publisher paid, by my estimation, a little over $250 for 300 copies. Had he typeset the magazine, it might've occupied one-third of that space and cost correspondingly less—likewise less to mail and it would have had more impact on readers so it would have generated more support. For the life of me I'll never understand why such publishers willingly eviscerate their own work. In case you want to see how they did it, contact 'em at 7783 Kensington Lane, Hanover Park, Illinois 60103.

WITH the latter mag, of course, we have moved out of the region of Anarchist publishing and into the general stream of alternative media. And now as we snorkel through the dim waters where float the doomed products of literary culture in a society that has turned to television, we'll see that quality mostly improves the farther away we get from Anarchism, for some sorry reason. Once in the mainstream of publishing we'd see slick, bright, colorful, well-designed magazines and newspapers that say nothing whatsoever, lie shamelessly, and foster myths and misconceptions. But before we drift that far we'll arrive at a Sargasso of special interest publications, non-Anarchist radical works, etc.

American Atheist, which ought to be the best of these since it has the best ideas to work with, not to mention the fact that it owns its own production facilities and can typeset in almost any modern style of print and can reproduce its pages in full color on nice-quality paper, has been disappointing us lately. First of all, this magazine, so worthwhile in concept, has been convinced by somebody (probably some religionist in disguise) to typeset everything that will ever come off its press in a style called Souvenir. It is the ugliest, most unreadable style of type ever designed, but in the American Atheist there is nothing—not one headline, not one picture caption, not one contents-page entry or one single column of remarks—that is not inexorably set in Souvenir. The stuff entirely discourages anybody from reading it. The letters in the Souvenir alphabet don't sit closely together to make words; they are just there by themselves so that a column of type looks not like a solid entity with a purpose and structure, but like an aggregation of gravel that is ready to slide and fall into an amorphous heap at any instant.

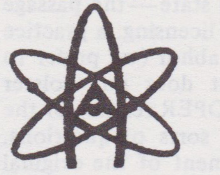
Then there's the art-direction of the magazine: *it's terrible!* Here's what I mean by terrible—last year Acrata Press had *The Match!* print a line of satirical Christmas cards, and the selected design was of Santa Claus on a cross with the ironic message, "Season's Greetings" nearby in an off-shade of green. Now that had some impact. But later the idea showed up on a cover for *American Atheist*: only now the magazine's title is printed at the top of the sheet in heavy red, the new and "improved" cartoon is below in a pale gray-green, and it consists of an agonizing Santa backed by two anemic elves also undergoing crucifixion, while below, a half-dozen children extract wrapped gifts from a large bag. What a totally lackluster—sadistic, even—concept! This is the work of an artist who felt absolutely nothing, and worked only to fulfill an assignment. Okay, that's one cover, but there have been others that were worse. To me the whole graphic failing of the magazine is summed up in the so-called Atheist symbol, which I personally happen to detest, an atom (at least as atoms used to be depicted in the 1950's) with a tiny 'A' in the middle of it, for Atheist. But the bottom loop of the atom's electron is cut off so that the symbol appears truncated and untenable. Graphically, this is probably the worst symbol or logotype that any movement in the history of the modern world has ever come up with. But American Atheists are stuck with it and one doubts that they would change it. Its ubiquitousness on all their literature is depressing and imparts, frankly, an amateurish look, which is truly a tragedy of a fate when you consider that only the attack on religious superstition is capable of setting the stage for an increase in human freedom that might lead to, ultimately, Anarchy. If you agree with this evaluation, you might write to American Atheists at Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768 and perhaps some improvements will result.

More stuff that isn't Anarchist but which we do think is highly important and which we're always excited to receive in the mail: *Samisdat*, a title taken from the Russian phrase "I give of myself", which has come to mean something like "self publishing". From Box 129 Richford Vermont 05476, Samisdatist Merritt Clifton produces all sorts of pamphlets, poetry chapbooks and manuals, paperback books, and material that I can't classify. I'm not enthusiastic about the poetry, not this poetry or any poetry, as far as that goes. As a child I went through a phase of reading some poetry books on an adult level that I got hold of someplace, and as I grew up I kept a kindly feeling for the stuff although I never read it anymore. I even defended it against the slanders and slurs of macho literati I ran into from time to time, and imagined I was fighting a noble battle by denying that poetry was effete, de-energizing, a weakling of the printed genre. But returning to a consideration of poetry in maturity, I find it to be at best a celebration of unfocused sentences, huge space devoted to very little meaning. Oh, sure, it can "suggest" much, but it conveys little. Patterns in a plaster wall, as Leonardo da Vinci noted, suggest much too, and so do clouds. There may be excellent poetry still being written today, though I know not where it lurks; but I must say I tend to regard all poets, until I have specific individual reason to come to think otherwise, as being featherweight thinkers. Thus I am not impressed with Samisdat's poetry "chapbooks" (even the word 'chapbooks' sounds wimpy).

But maybe you like poetry, and maybe there's some intrinsic reason that I can't fathom for why this verbiage can't be set down as coherent sentences with punctuation so that it sounds like ordinary people talking instead of some elevated and masterly artsy-fartsism. Believe me, you can have it, and Samisdat's got plenty of it. It's not that it's bad, per se, it's just that it is so sparse, like a meal of one green bean. In the chapbook, "Postcards From Home" by David Brion McCoy, I open to a randomly-chosen sample, the following poem, "28 July":

Again this morning
they were there,
those two doves
perched side-by-side
on the phone line—
complacent,
cooing to one another
as if to mock me
in your absence.

Right. Okay. We can get the picture; the guy regrets his lost love. But let me ask you this: What if you picked up a book and you started reading and the text ran like this. "Again this morning they were there. Those two doves, perched side-by-side on the phone line. Complacent, cooing to one another, as if to mock me in your absence." Sounds like a good opening, doesn't it? *For a novel.* For a *book*. As a writer, how can you get by with a flimsy little bite like that? That two lines' worth on a page, not a page as it is in poetry "chapbooks". Most writers I know would turn out some sentences like those just quoted and they would then be exactly 35 seconds into the four hours before noon, another 8,000 lines to go before their book was finished. But enough about poetry (well, with this final note): for some reason—I must hate poetry so much—I can't even type the word 'poetry' without slowing 'way down. I always type 'peotry', even though I must have batted this word out a million times. Peotry—it sounds like some kind of unnatural act. Anyway, let me get this out of my system, okay? Peotry! Peotry! PEOTRY! Bah!



Symbol for Atheists?

One of the Samisdat volumes (vol. 48, No. 1, 189th release) contains a story by David Curran, "Spanish By Fear", which is a knockout. It's tense, it's inspiring, it's haunting. It's not a fucking peom. Request the book from Merritt Clifton. Read the story.

Samisdat's major opus, however, is its current updated edition of "The Samisdat Method, a do-it-yourself guide to printing"—56 pages of no-joke solid info for those who are determined not to remain in the backwater of two-copy editions of 48-word leaflets handwritten and circulated to friends who won't read them. "The Samisdat Method" tells you how to find, understand, and print with various old junk machinery that'll come your way if you look hard. If Fred Woodworth of *The Match!* had had this book in 1977 he would never have had to suspend publication for a while after getting the royal shaft from the printing trade. One thing the book doesn't tell you: printers are the godawfullest bunch of censors, bigots, COWARDS, and in general timid, anti-boat-rocking little creeps you are likely to ever meet up with. Some of Woodworth's experience, particularly relating to the Multilith 85 and the Multigraph letterpress, Gestetner Silk Screen Duplicator, etc., is quoted in this pamphlet, but most of the information comes from Merritt Clifton, who knows a hell of a lot about small-press operations. Now my question is, why doesn't he use his knowledge himself? "The Samisdat Method", for all its vital utility, is ...not well printed. But on the plus side, he got it out, and it contains information we've seen nowhere else. If you are thinking about getting into the act yourself with some railing rhetoric against systematic stupidity, you're sure going to need what's written in this little book, and even if you have to squint a little here or there, it is worth the five bucks. We literally can't go far enough in recommending this volume.

BOY, we are in the ghetto now. *The Sweet Ride*, number 6 for summer, 1987, is professional-quality writing and commentary buried down in a heap of partially readable typewriter that one can be sure almost no other human eye has seen. B. Traven once recommended (in "The Night Visitor") that everybody should sometime write a long book and then tear it up or burn it before anybody else ever got to read it. The present pamphlet is the next best thing: this guy Eugene Sprucewood doesn't just hide his light under a basket, he's got junk

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE RAG, or THE TAR-TATTERED FUTURE OF FREEDOM.

In honor of my recent failure to attend the Future of Freedom Conference, for the eleventh consecutive year, it seems fitting to mark the occasion by considering the question: What is the future of freedom in America?

In a word, bleak.

But once upon a time, they tell me, things were different here. As I've heard the legend, people took care of themselves and their own, without expecting their leaders to supply subsidies and safety standards, without making other men their masters. They say the government was tiny then, the people were honest, the nation had potential to be great and free.

But I wasn't born yesterday or the day before, so I don't believe all those wide-eyed stories. I can only believe what I've seen for myself: a nation of people spending foodstamps, nay, demanding, that laws be enacted to solve their every minor dispute and discomfort, asserting their "right" to disallow the peaceful preferences of others, and never noticing that every government action they endorse washes away the remembrance of what might have been. We're living in the land of restriction, home of the bureaucrat, from sea to shining sea.

This country isn't great, except to comparison to the Russias and Polands of our future. America is a memory at most. And the people who live here are Americans, an insulting word if there ever was one. Ask an American about America, and you'll hear a rote recitation about "the greatest nation on god's earth". Then ask what it all means. It usually takes about three seconds for the eyes to glaze over.

Ask an American about the issues—"That'll teach the Libyans to kill innocent people." "It's God's punishment, and it's just what those queers deserve." "I'm all for prayer in public schools." "I don't like nuclear power; let's just stick with electricity."

Look around you; these are the voices of America. Half these people haven't a hint what makes an airplane fly, or a shuttle explode. They can't tell the time off a clock with hands. They can't name the main vegetable in a french fry. They don't read books; TV GUIDE is their best-selling periodical.

About ten percent aren't sure what month it is.

Americans understand mathematics, so long as the batteries work. And science, if it comes cable-ready. Americans are craftsmen, they know their work, and meticulously search out others to do it for them. Without doubt, American industry builds the finest cars in Detroit.

Americans are moral, so long as it's convenient; honest, so long as it doesn't get in the way of a fast buck. Americans are proud, without hesitation and without reason.

Yes, these are the Americans, at the mall, at the tavern, at the office. These are the "heirs of liberty" the "vanguard of virtue for coming generations". These are the Americans, and the future of freedom rests upon their shoulders.

I've seen enough.

Meet me in the mountains.

—By Brick Pillow

piled so high you can hardly find his light with a goddamn infrared detector. His readership of 13 people, however, gets to hear some comments that are certainly far enough off the beaten track to be interesting, such as his movie and TV commentaries: "I see two commercials IN A ROW about things NOT working... Ricoh Copiers saying theirs work while others break down. AT&T saying pretty much the same thing. This is what they're advertising? Things that work like they're supposed to? So I guess the NORM is things breaking down!" He quotes the following from Miami Vice (TV program): "Calderone murdered my son. And my woman. She was Calderone's sister. I killed their father. He was a major drug dealer. He killed my brother..." Anyway, you can probably still find a copy of this tiny magazine at T.B.S. Publications, 5414 Columbus Ave., Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

As I sort through these publications I feel a

A DAY OF ARMY LIFE

(Editor's note: the following is by no means an Anarchist article, but we reprint it as an example of the kind of worthwhile and thought-provoking material that often lies buried in almost unreadable tiny periodicals. We're committed to the idea of a REAL alternative press, and hope to use this series of reviews and examples to prod some publications into taking themselves a little more seriously. The text below is from "Never Over Five".)

Greetings: The valiant Mr. S. has coerced this tale of dread from me, a strange and twisted saga of life in the army. Please understand that this reflects one individual's thoughts, experiences and feelings—thus, someone else's may be different from mine. So take this as one man's description and not law written in stone as "the way it is all the time everywhere in the army."

I'm in a General Supply Company and I operate crane and work in a motor pool. As a private I live in the barracks and follow the B.S. army routine: up at 5:00 a.m., Phys. Training on Monday, Wednesday, Friday; inspections on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The basics, right? We support the imperialist war machine, while others do the actual killing. Many are motivated by dangerous ideas of patriotism and such feelings as that the Soviet Union is evil (it's just more state-capitalism and imperialism)—which demonstrates that the establishment's indoctrination machine works well. But let's not confuse things; these people I work with and know are human beings, not terrifying, mindless automatons who respond only to commands. Folks here are good and bad like people everywhere. I've met a few honest, hardworking individuals who exemplify the good in the human spirit. There are also lousy individuals who cause problems in town and generally make the rest of us look like bums.

The army is an enormous bureaucracy and I can hardly understand how it continues to function. Don't take at face falue the commercials on TV about this organization—the army can do whatever it wants with you. Materially, we are not treated too badly; I have a nice room in a brand-new barracks, and we're permitted to have stereos, TVs and VCRs, refrigerators, etc., in our rooms. Think of a cell in which material goods are allowed, an opulent jail. Big Brother reigns, not in the form of constant observation but as mandatory urine tests—for pot, mainly. LSD is a popular alternative, non-detectable in urine. Folks drink liquor, too, as it is relaxing and numbs reality for a while. There are, however, educational opportunities here, and the main library has some surprising stuff for an army library (although the most militant periodical they stock is only The Nation.) Outside of the military reservation is the parasite town whose sole existence relates to the military base in terms of employment and cash flow to the local economy: whores, drugs, bars, and con artists of all colors inhabit the surrounding area.

Lofty ideals are not really thought, not in my company, anyway. If a war occurred I think many here would be jolted— 'A war? Shit! I forgot that's what we were here for.' People just want to do their job and not be bothered.

The typical GI seems to be white and from the country, along with inner-city blacks. There is a lack of interest in heavy matters such as philosophy, politics, literature, fine art. In the pop let's-live-fast culture and with the shallow amerikkan type, understanding is lacking. The officers are an aristocratic, predominantly white clique. I am surprised, however, at the black high-ranking officers who disprove the notion of an all white -male officer corps.

On a typical day I get up at 5:00, staggering around a bit. I turn on my desk lamp, make the bed to stupid specifications—wrinkle-free and tight (they don't bounce quarters off it). I put on a uniform with the woodland camoflage pattern that southern racist hicks are fond of and tuck the pants into sadistic black boots—polished highly or else. Polishing of boots is an interesting army ritual: creams, polishes, sprays, sponges, cloth diapers, brushes—one guy even rubs lighter fluid great sadness—sorrow that writing that is thoughtful and even important is basically lost to the world through the ministrations of the incompetent alternative press. As I pick up the tiny mag that is on the bottom of the pile, one with a zero or even sub-SRAF rating on appearance, I find myself turning it over and over trying to find the front and the title page. The mailing and address-label information page is otherwise blank, but if you open up from there the next pages are upside down. If you turn the magazine over and hold it upright with pages facing right to open, that page is upside down too, and only right-side up if the magazine is held backwards. There's text going every which way, and it's almost illegible, completely unreadable, ugly, partially handwritten, spottily reproduced, and replete with misspellings, deletions and strikeovers. It's *Never Over Five* (probably referring to its circulation), and I think (as far as I can gather) that it's pro-

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onto them for a nice shine, but I'm lazy and only work like this for inspections. Next it's downstairs for morning information and mess hall. The Special Warfare School is down the street and their mess hall is the best so I go there instead of to the odd nautically decorated spam palace next door. The legends of nasty army grub are mostly false today; imagine eating in a nice school lunchroom all the time.

Next I'll go to the motor pool and get in touch with the squad leader (a boss) and find out what's up for today. My crane is having a new engine put in it so I'll help out with another squad member's tasks. Then I'll check out the crane thoroughly looking for defects, then start it up and drive around. It's enjoyable to work with a machine that is "yours"—army axiom is, you signed for it, it's yours (your responsibility). Don't smash it up through negligence or doom sets in.

In my squad we have 250,000 lb. container-handlers. The containers look like semi-truck trailers and vary in size from twenty to forty feet, and the container handler is a huge forklift. Its tires are taller than a man. All this equipment is fun to use because of its size, power and capabilities, and it's enjoyable but at times monotonous work. Highlights are weekends and paydays. An exploited private like myself makes a base pay of around $700 a month but depending on such things as GI bills or allotments sees more or less than this. My last check was $400 more than a guy two pay grades higher; he just had payments and other things to take care of. The workday is variable in the morning until 5:00 p.m. weekdays.

Military people seem to feel superior to civilians whom they perceive as an unruly mob that needs a haircut. But at the same time they're eager for their term to end. Still, many enjoy it and reenlist, something I can understand but at the same time one hates the bullshit: get your hands out of your pockets, salute, shine boots, get in formations at odd hours, stand in ever-present lines, do paper work constantly...

There are folks from my company in Honduras, two from my squad, and our Commanding Officer is down there too. I'm increasingly resenting the U.S. position there. Down there it's oxdrawn wooden carts, wooden shovels, people scrounging in dumps. Here I look around and see a bloated mess hall where food waste is the norm, people have private cars, rooms, sinks, toilets, running water in each room, heat, electricity, street lights, shopping areas, material goods as a measure of success.

We're decadent legions of the empire, rich and bloated with conquest, converting an independent nation into a puppet state. We have robbed those Hondurans to support "our way of life". A democracy would assist fledgling nations and people desirous of self-determination, with friendship, goodwill and aid, not guns. U.S.-sponsored wars in Central America only keep the people fighting amongst themselves so that they won't notice that they could cooperate and build themselves up free from exploitation by outsiders. Such a realization is what the U.S. seeks to prevent. And in the whole business there's much waste in daily operation—confusion, ineptitude, lackadaisical attitude all being commonplace. The army system slugs along like an amoeba.

A saying in the army is "shit rolls downhill". So the task is shunted down the ladder to be completed by a mess of lower enlisted, while higher-ups are credited for doing good jobs. There are regulations and forms for everything, with every part or item having a number and a title, all labeled on the actual thing or in a manual someplace.

Our supply room has condoms that come in a cardboard box with a code number and description. Military-issue condoms? No, they're not green or camoflaged...

People will be people, too. Men and women in our company fall in love and some get married; the essential human factors are not crushed, they're just below the surface. Friends help each other, and strong bonds of friendship are formed. Trust is essential but you can't trust everyone. Having what is called a buddy provides someone on whom you can rely a lot. Keeping on good terms with everyone is important—you may get in a position where you need something from them, from cleaning supplies to a ride, so if they have memories of you screwing them over they will make life tough for you. It's too bad that things are vindictive and petty at times but oh well, it will all fall eventually. I feel all right. It's an experience.

--Joe.

duced by Bobby Sweet in St. Louis (Box 4570. 63108). But just to show what can be buried in such odd and tangled corners, I'll include a little of one article, printed herewith so that it can comfortably be read. And when you read it, remember that when good writing is buried, inaccessible, unread, something's wrong.

And it's only wrong to a somewhat greater extent with the tiny and cluttered xerox-zines, because in America no publication of any kind except utterly lying and reactionary is read by any appreciable number of people.

If every one of the hundreds of alternative papers could improve its appearance, cooperate with its fellows, and work toward a common goal of making society freer and more enlightened, something could possibly be accomplished. But as it is, the periodicals reviewed here, as well as this very periodical itself that I write in, never can gain the kind of world they want because they remain disconnected shards of a possible whole—fragile, blowing, wayward atoms.

P.S. Just as I finished this review column, the new packet came in from *Samisdat*. Maybe I was wrong about poetry—one of the pamphlets gave a page to the following powerful piece. It deserves more than a page in the consciousness of anyone who values life. —D.H.

THE FOXES

Near Gloucester,
on a range 1200 metres
above the sea,
hunters capsized a winter morning:
flayed a live dog fox.

I took a club to end the last of his pain,
heard a car rev to the west,
rifle shots on stony slopes
that chew a tire's meat—
looked at shelled eyes
the color of apricots,
tail scraped clean as a parsnip,
shape knuckled against a riverbank,
the ripe oranges of the skin gone.

Just as the club broke the skull
the ruined body arched itself,
legs drawn up
to protect nakedness.

I smelt the delicate scent
of male sex glands,
saw the blur of a vixen
redden the frost.

—John Millett

REVIEWS

(Continued)

UNZIPPED—The Popes Bare All, by Arthur F. Ide. American Atheist Press, 1987, 189 pages, $6.00. "A Frank Study of Sex and Corruption in the Vatican."

WHEN I first saw this book I was excited. Accurate histories of the popes and their sordid lifestyles are rare, and I was sure American Atheists would publish a much needed book about Vatican vice and papal perversion. Boy was I wrong because this book is lousy.

Author Ide rushes through papal history with barely a paragraph for each pontiff. At such a dizzying rate of historical narration the reader quickly becomes "motion sick" and wants to puke. After reading about a few popes fucking their way to infamy, boredom sets in just like in a porno movie where characters are one dimensional and the story line confused. Although the book is generously footnoted as it tries for respectability through academic pomposity, it can't help being superficial. The story of the popes as cunning, ruthless leaders of a powerful religious institution and all the accompanying political intrigue is far beyond the scope of this puny endeavor.

The worst aspects of this book are its numerous errors, both historical and grammatical. For example Ide writes the following about Alexander VI buying the papacy: "Not only did [Alexander] have to spend approxinately $12 million, but took a fifteen-year-old mistress, Guila Fornese, by whom he had a daughter he named Laura to ensure his election...." Ide would have us believe the ridiculous notion that papal succession hung on the choice of a child's name. This book is peppered with these historical lunacies and it only takes a couple before Ide's work becomes a joke. In truth the choice of popes is governed through polictical maneuverings and extreme Machiavellian actions.

Author Ide has a penchant for misusing words. One particularly disturbing example of this was when he claimed early Christians were labeled anarchists. He doesn't grasp the meaning of the word and deludes himself into thinking that because early Christians opposed the state in some way, they were thought of as anarchists. The word anarchism and its beliefs didn't sprout until the 18th century, so writing that early Christians (circa 200 A.D.) were labeled anarchists is like writing that early Christians in order to escape sped away in a Cadillac with the radio blasting. Actually the words Anarchism and Christian are mutually exclusive. The anarchist believes in no authority—human or divine— and bases his life on logic, while a Christian accepts and worships authority and basess his life on superstition.

Another example to be lamented is Ide's repeated misuse of the word "pornocracy". He describes papal rule as a "pornocracy" but in reality he wants to say it was licentious. A pornocracy is a government of whores which is something different. For an author who at times pretentiously footnotes in ancient Greek and Latin to show off his scholasticism, it's surprising he doesn't know what the word means.

Am I nitpicking? Maybe. But when small errors continue to crop up and combine with major historical stupidities like the one I described earlier, a book purported to be factual becomes suspected of being half-baked fantasy and comes crashing down with a thud.

It's not only what this book says that makes it bad, but also what it doesn't say. It fails to discuss the Vatican during this century which makes the reader think that the author is wholly ignorant of Catholicisms "pornographic" relationship with fascism. Also for example when the book describes Innocent III (1198-1216), the initiator of the Inquisition, it fails to mention tidbits such as that ol' Innocent, while in failing health, took only nurishment directly from the breasts of young women and was given blood transfusions from young boys, three of whom died as a result of such blood sucking. How can a book which purports to be a "frank study of sex and corruption in the Vatican" overlook such facts? The answer is the author is poorly informed as to what he's writing about.

Allow me one last shot and then I'll let this corpse of a book rest in peace. The back cover has a photo of Ide and he looks to be in his forties. The blurb boasts that he's "authored more than 200 books" which quite frankly I can't believe. Even if he's been writing for 25 years, he's got to write a book every six weeks to hit 200. Once again something is not right with this book.

All I can say is don't waste your time and money on this book. American Atheists should have taken a stronger editorial stance to ensure better quality. Worst of all is that the religious community will have no difficulty dismissing this book as a fraud, and their deceitful reconstruction of papal history will continue unaffected.

—*Jeff Gallagher*

BRICK PILLOW, no. 55, 4320 196th SW,B, Lynnwood, Washington 98036.

Reviewed by F.W.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, one of the most mind-engaging periodicals we've run across lately is an unprepossessing-looking set of stapled photocopies sent out by a guy who lives in his van and umpires baseball games for a living in Lynnwood, Washington. "Brick Pillow" is the name or alias of both the guy and his publication; apparently he's been writing these papers since high school and is now up to issue 55, a more than respectable length of time for any kind of alternative medium to exist.

BP is a sort of correspondence exchange— the readers mail in their comments and arguments, BP publishes them with his own responses (when so moved), and these editorial remarks are so far as I'm concerned some of the best material I've ever read—cogent, precise, occasionally sarcastic, and thoroughly animated by an odd, rare, far off the beaten track personality quirk: *love of freedom.*

In America, love of freedom shows up about as often as full eclipses of the sun. Every day I throw down the newspaper in disgust as another "mature", "thoughtful" columnist speaks of every imaginable aspect of an issue except how it relates to the one thing everybody needs the most and is commonly deprived of the most often—the simple right to do as they will and to be left alone. If there's a debate going on about whether to require everyone to wear seatbelts, motorcycle helmets, support hose or purple toenail polish, you can bet they'll look at every facet of the matter but one: how does any organization have the right to order compliance? Instead they'll swat up statistics proving the advantage of this or that, *advantage*, or *safety* being all they need to conclude their demonstration with the usual stern call for another LAW.

I get very tired of reading such stuff. Even when I pick up Anarchist material anymore I tend to see a lot of blather about "workers" this and "councils" that, huffy talk about "deep ecology" (whatever that is), "struggle", "sexism" and similar buzzwords. That's why I liked *Brick Pillow*—the fellow's an Anarchist who has little contact with the Anarchist "movement" (and jeezus is he ever better off for it). He's uncorrupted by slogans and timely-toy-topics of febrile leftism. He starts off an issue exulting in how great it's been lately to get a good night's sleep in the new place where he's parking his truck; only three cop hassles in recent months, and he's gotten rid of his handgun, following an incident with a prowler in which he was within an ace of the psychological point of wasting a fellow human being.

His readers are a different breed. Most of them seem to possess that strange dedication that I see so often (it must be endemic to the American people) to totally dishearten anyone who cherishes a love of liberty. It's not enough they don't want it for themselves; they aren't content until they scratch out the eyes of those who CAN see the sky. One reader launches off with some mumbo-jumbo about respect for human life, but winds up supporting the death penalty as a "sign of respect" for criminals. Typical "libertarian" bunk, padded out by resorts to cobwebbed canards of philosophy and obscurantism—and Brick cuts them apart like a straight-razor through cobwebs. When the libertarian starts his spiel about "moral men" and "we're not talking about killing innocent people," the Brick comes crashing through with the following eminent good-sense, which, you will notice, does NOT babble about "Kantian imperatives", "philosophical utilitarianism" or any other smoky adulterations: "Of course we're talking [regarding the death penalty] about killing innocent people. We're not infallible; we're human. So long as there are prisons, innocent men will be locked away with the guilty. So long as there is execution, innocent men will be killed with the guilty."

When the libertarian ends up sniveling that "To kill Manson is an act of respect to him," BP inquires, "...Does Manson want your respect? Probably not. Your strange use of words is frightening. Do me a favor: don't respect me. I want to live." If only there was more of this in such debate—not phoney deference but just a simple notification to the babblers that their language is utterly void of sense. Such a pinprick would burst the entire bubble of religion and most statism and other authoritarianism besides.

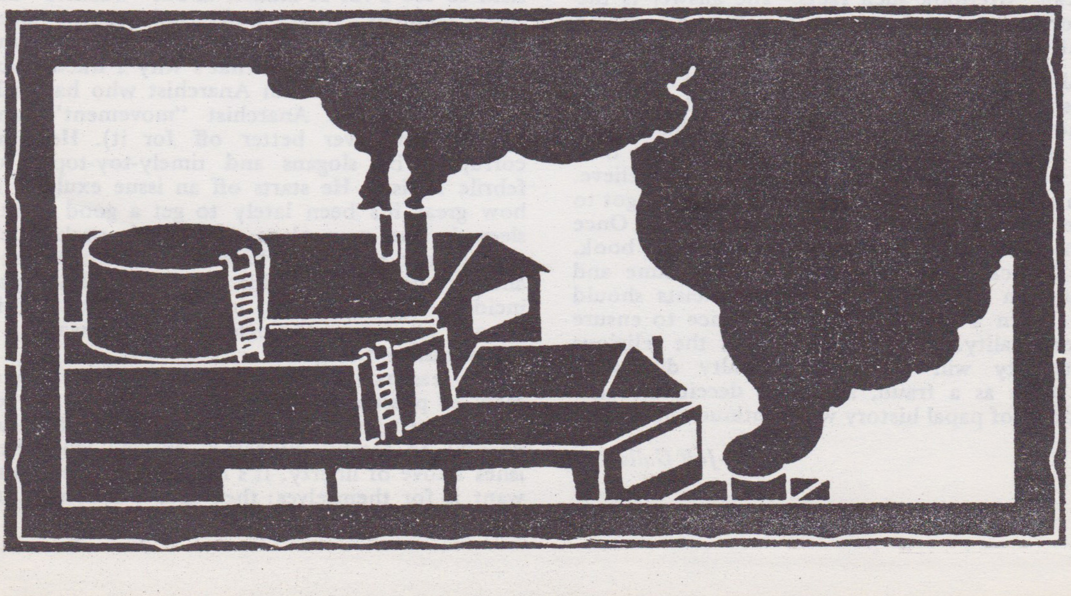
One of the most horrifying "libertarians" I've seen in a long while pops up in BP's current issue, a character named Owens who writes in to try to point out, allegedly from a far superior position of thought and experience, all the errors and pitfalls of real anti-authoritarians' thinking. He makes statements like, "I was a liberal/left criminals-are-victims-of-society type when I moved into the first neighborhood [where "law enforcement" had "broken down"], and a firebreathing, law-and-order, hang-'em-high-and-grind-'em-for-dogmeat type when I moved out of the last. It was an educational experience; it taught me a lot about the need for law." From this he extrapolates to horrors such as the essential decency (as he perceives it) of the Reagan Administration's policy toward Libya: "When Reagan bombs Libya to show those smelly barbarians we can and will punish them for attacking us, that's marvelous—makes me feel like dancing in the streets."

Brick replies: "Can't you see past your nationalism? What do you figure a Libyan's reaction will be? They will be angry, David, understandably angry. They'll come to hate Americans even more when they hear that you're dancing in the streets. Perhaps some of these angry people will lash out at their only handy target, and kill some innocent Americans, and if they do you can bet the Libyans will be dancing in *their* streets, as deliriously happy as you were when innocent Libyans were being killed. Death goes on, nationalism at its best. Putrid stuff.

"And all I get from this," Brick continues, "is that you like the status quo. If they bomb us, we bomb them, never mind asking why. Keep throwing stones back and forth, don't ask who threw the first stone, or who'll throw the last... Balderdash! ...When [America] stops meddling in every corner of the world... terrorism won't be a problem for Americans."

Simple good sense. His colossally authoritarian correspondent also comes up with, of course, a justification for the most heinous form of statist abuse of all—conscription ("You want to live in a free society, but you don't want to do anything which would be necessary to create or sustain that society.") The editor's response: "I not only want to, I have done many things which fit that definition, though my primary goal, as you surmise, is my own comfort. What I'm unwilling to do is to lay down my life in the service of a cause I don't believe in. ...What you seem to find so repugnant is that I'm not willing to fight for what YOU believe in." The response cuts to the heart of authoritarians' rhetoric.

In a noble effort to match the unethicality of the preceding correspondents, Robert Black, attorney-at-law, brings up the interesting subject of



myself, as he coyly notes the "rumor" (started by him) that I'm a "police agent". I guess I must now reveal the truth after many years of fooling everyone: My name is not really Fred Woodworth. It's J. Edgar Woodworth. Officially I'm Agent X-9, though they'll have my badge for this. Meanwhile, it's a funny thing about Black: he was a resident of California but now lists his address as P. O. Box 431, Boston, Massachusetts—having moved in a big hurry after what were formerly his closest associates also turned, at his whim, into cops, "rich marxists", "goons," etc. Almost anyone Black knows of who fails to knuckle under to his bullying, is a Police Agent. Black has one of those minds like Marcus Graham's—foggy with delusions of persecution, spreading hatred and suspicion wherever he goes. What keeps such people from ever seeing themselves for what they are, is a self-protective barrier like the skunk's, which makes him immune to a sense of how nauseatingly he stinks. Black's view of himself comes through in the first part of his letter in *Brick Pillow* as remarks that 'Myth of Mental Illness' Szaz should be "relished as an epigrammatist and polemicist in the Kraus/Mencken/Black tradition, but we guys don't *prove* our points, we just *say* them better than other people can." True, Black doesn't prove his points; in fact he's mentally incapable of it. His comparison of himself with H. L. Mencken, who would have squashed him like a bug, shows where he's at on the Pompous Scale, and if he gets any farther out in space he'll have to use Pioneer XI to relay his signals.

Still another BP correspondent professes his "worry" over Brick's lifestyle, and remarks that "While I still like your magazine, I'm not so sure when I really think I'm getting a lunatic letter from somebody who has crossed the fine line between sanity and insanity." Apparently it is Brick's living in his truck that bothers this reader, leading us to reflect that this is the nature of things in this strange, utopian milieu of ours: people can earnestly debate the restructuring of the entire world, but become aghast at a man who lives in a truck.

Brick Pillow's hassle with the Post Office is one that should concern the general body of readers and mail-recipients in the United States. It seems he'd been getting his mail at a private establishment known as Mail America. When that outfit went out of business, the Post Office refused to honor changes of address and returned all mail to senders.

This has been standard operating procedure for the postal bureaucrats, and here at *The Match!* we have had some subscribers vanish permanently when their magazines were returned to us with this notation. Everyone who uses private mail outlets should be aware that this could happen to them. I mail a fair amount of material from a local business called the Letter Box, and have become known to the proprietors so that they're always urging me to transfer my own address to their store. It would certainly be more convenient, but if the Letter Box went out of business it would be catastrophic; huge quantities of mail would be lost irretrievably by being sent back marked "unforwardable." Brick prints a letter from the Post Office stating, "Our obligation was to deliver the mail to Mail America—period. Any forwarding, or returning of mail was the *sole* responsibility of Mail America, not the Postal Service. ...Regulations require that we return ALL mail addressed to Mail America, to sender. We are unable to honor your change of address card." Later, after vigorous complaint from Brick, he gets a very slight concession in this letter from the Post Office: "Dear Mr. Pillow: It seems to me that, since Mail America closed suddenly and without advance warning, you unknowingly were penalized for their actions. Therefore, in an effort to get your mail to you, we are sending what mail we have, up to today's, this one time. From tomorrow on, we will be returning ALL mail to sender. ...We realize the inconvenience this may have caused you, but hopefully you will realize that we have 'bent' the rules a little just to get this mail to you."

Truly incredible. "Inconvenience" is a mild word for the calamity involved to a periodical when readers' mail never reaches it. Would they do this to Time Magazine? Of course not.

Brick Pillow, the publication, shows the constant evolution of its namesake editor. And I like that. His magazine is just typewritten and photocopied, but it could evolve into something widely read, with a little attention to the nuts and bolts of printing; it has the solid idea base for it. As Brick writes "I'm delighted with where my life has taken me and with what lies ahead."

ARRESTED! NOW WHAT? –A self-help guide to the criminal justice system, by Stephen Blake. Published by Self-Counsel Press, 1303 N. Northgate Way, Seattle, Wash. 98133. 133 pages, $7.95.

Reviewed by I. R. Ybarra

JUSTICE: one's set of associations with this word is liable to vary between reverence and bitterness in accord with how much personal experience one has had with the formal version of Justice in one's particular country. Blake's purpose is by no means to preach, but the lessons of his close knowledge of at least the American system of justice, come through louder than any political harangue. The book takes us through the steps of criminal "justice" chronologically, starting with arrest and finishing with a look at what happens post-trial, from repercussions with employers to civil lawsuits.

Stephen Blake knows what he's talking about, and while he is by no means any Anarchist (and would probably react with alarm and derision at the bare prospect of our advocating a stateless society), he has had considerable experience with law and its operations. This has led him to view "the system" with the trial-lawyer's typical lack of naive illusions.

The likelihood of arrest is growing. Consider these statistics as reported by United Press International on March 1, 1987: in a study of 240,000 men of age 18 years in 1974 through the age of

29 in 1985, 35.4%—just over one-third—suffered arrest at some point. Nearly half of those arrested once were arrested again. And that's only part of the story—looking at the ethnic sections of the studied group it was found whereas 33.9% of white or hispanic men were arrested during the time span, 65.5% of black men were taken into custody. Significantly, the legal research consultant with the University of California, Robert Tillman, who conducted the study, said it included only men because more of them are arrested than women.

If one extrapolates the ten-year period over a lifetime, it's apparent that the odds of being arrested are very great indeed. Coming out of an arrest with your life relatively intact is largely a matter of chance, not guilt or innocence of crime, and author Blake regards the survival of arrest as a matter of strategy. Here's an example of how he reveals the arbitrariness of the system: bail—a consequence of the presumption of innocence—is written into the Constitution: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." Yet there is a value-judgment contained in that sentence, and it is the word 'excessive'. Who decides what is excessive? This is the point where random factors enter the picture.

If the judge has a severe headache one day, bail may be demanded that is higher than that on another day. The author points out, without commenting on, the "changing attitude toward bail," which is really an almost-complete erosion of the very concept: In earlier times, 'excessive' bail was stopped by reference to a fixed amount of bail that was demanded for any given crime. By the 1960s, 'excessive' came to relate to an individual's personal resources. With the Bail Reform Act of 1984, which came into being following a huge outcry over police statistics showing that released defendants tended to commit further crimes during the time awaiting trial, "preventive detention" was authorized, thus denying bail to anyone arrested for a crime of violence, anyone arrested for a capital crime, anyone arrested for a drug offense for which the maximum sentence is more than ten years, and certain other groups ("dangerous" ones, ones who "might flee", etc.)

CIVIL RIGHTS VS. THE NEW RIGHT

Well organized and financed pressure from the far right has dealt serious blows lately to what we see, read, hear and ultimately think.

Libraries and textbooks are under new attacks at school. Many gifted artists now face McCarthy-era blackballing. Urinalysis and even lie-detector tests at work are being actively promoted by the Reagan administration under the excuse of a drug scare.

Attorney-General Edwin Meese has used a wildly contrived study of pornography as the first step in a personal crusade to widen the crackdown on free speech. His commission has threatened magazine retailers through letters under the table, while Meese strives with Reagan to pack the federal court system with avowed enemies of liberty.

People once viewed as dangerous right-wing extremists have succeeded in casting themselves as spokesmen of the American mainstream.

In their world, music and literature can be judged harmful yet Star Wars is considered perfectly safe.

—No More Censorship

As Blake points out, "this is a large group, one that conceivably includes every defendant." And, as we know, the Justice Department has lately held that when the Constitution bans "excessive bail", it doesn't actually require that there be ANY bail—a form of jesuitical reasoning that underscores the futility of depending on any piece of paper for the enunciation of our rights.

Realizing that you can, upon arrest, spend time locked up awaiting trial or be free to assist in the preparation of your own defense during the same period, all of which hinges upon being granted bail, certain efforts should be exerted to swing the arbitrariness of the bail system in your favor. His portrait of bail-bondsmen is horrifying but realistic: "The bondsman is an insurance agent ...selling insurance against risks. You promise to show up for court... if you don't show up, your bail is forfeited and the bondsman has to pay. The word bondsman conjures up images of money-grubbing, cruel men who take advantage of the weak and destitute by extracting fees and concessions. That is not universally true but there have been enough stories of abuse to support the image." (Lawyerese, meaning: the image is completely true.)

He continues by outlining how bondsmen can post $1000 bond for you if you don't have the thousand yourself; they get 10% of the sum, $100, as a fee. If you have the $1000, therefore, it makes sense to post your own bond unless, and this is one aspect Blake does not touch on, you are up on any sort of political charge (demonstrating, burning the flag, etc.), because in those cases the government almost always keeps your bond money by the expedient of sentencing you to a jail term AND a fine—a fine that just happens in most cases to be the exact amount you had posted for bail. (This is done not only to punish the "offender" but his or her associates and friends who may have helped post the bond—a devious means of enforcing guilt and punishment by association.)

Bondsmen can and do inquire deeply into all aspects of your personal and economic life, so that the coercion of being under arrest and naturally wanting to get out of custody forces you to give up all kinds of rights to privacy. "Bondsmen," Blake notes, "are private jailers with little court control."

In subsequent chapters the author examines the defense system—how to deal with an attorney, what kind of arrangements to have with him or her, He tells how to evaluate an attorney, and how to help in preparation of your own defense. At this point it's rather obvious that for a person who exists in a so-called presumption of innocence, you are being subjected to a rather enormous amount of expense (removal of your property from your ownership) and hassle (subjection of yourself to tension, threat, and control), again proving that constitutional guarantees don't actually give you much.

Blake's book is valuable in two ways: it gives a person information on how to behave, how to dress, talk, and act so as to minimize threat of punishment. At the same time it is, frankly, what I would call valuable propaganda for the premise that the legal system is one of the most unjust contrivances of man.

I was once arrested. Though found not guilty I temporarily lost my health, permanently lost my job and my reputation in the community, lost hundreds of dollars in legal fees. None of this was restored by the finding of 'not guilty' (and that wasn't just a finding; I really wasn't guilty and was only accused out of police maliciousness). The criminal justice system is an alarming threat to our rights—perhaps a bigger threat than the criminal actions it purports to halt, but does not. Predations of criminals AND the criminal justice system add up to a quantity of victimization that makes it almost a certainty that sometime in your life you will suffer from one or the other. Blake's book won't insulate you from these chance circumstances, but it will direct your steps toward some kind of positive response in case you are arrested, and, I hope, some kind of social criticism and awareness even if you aren't.

The Handmaid's Tale, by Margaret Atwood (Fawcett Crest, 1987, 395 pages, $4.95)

–Reviewed by Neal Wilgus

WHEN I say that *The Handmaid's Tale* is the feminist's *1984*, the feminists will no doubt take offense, but I mean the remark in the best and most objective sense. After all, Orwell didn't invent the dystopia, he just perfected it—so much so that almost everyone knows that 1984 is shorthand for the ultimate in totalitarianism, or your favorite nightmare come true. Being a leftist, Orwell's nightmare was a rightwing dystopia called Ingsoc, but everybody's 1984 features its own theme and furniture.

In *The Handmaid's Tale* the dystopia is run by and for the right-wing fundamentalist christian. The story is the narrow experience of its narrator, Offred, and consequently most of the social and political happenings are offstage. We do learn that the President and Congress of the old USA were killed during a religious revolution, that all pleasures (including reading) are forbidden, that there's a war going on somewhere—but mainly we see what Offred sees, which is little and close to home.

Offred is the Handmaid, of course, which means that her sole purpose is to conceive a child for the Commander, her master and one of the leaders of the new Republic of Gilead. But in the rigid and ritualized practices of this religious police state all romance and emotion are strictly suppressed and the sex act itself is carefully prescribed, monitored—and boring. Offred, and her companion Ofglen,

1968—a book of stories and poems by Jim Martin

Jim Martin is a printer with the Red Star Black Rose Printing & Graphics collective in Oakland, California; and he has organized Flatland Distribution, a company that handles Anarchist and other suppressed literature for bookstores and mail orders. His small book is an example of modern alternative publishing at its best—the new style of "underground" work that departs from previous modes in every way. He not only does not depend on commercial publishers, who often censor and change an author's material before they allow it to get into print, but he doesn't even subject his work to the vicissitudes of commercial printers, preferring to do the necessary work himself. The result is a book that is actually quite rare in modern times—a book completely in the manner the author desired.

Much of the material in "1968" is autobiographical, ranging from the title story to the ending poem on "The Press", which is partially in the style of Poe's clanging celebration, "The Bells". One story, "The Battle for Bali", is a snapshot of war that portrays the individual as helpless in the grasp of an army—compelling reason to avoid being ensnared by such organizations as youth so often are. Jim is asking for $3.00 a copy, and it isn't a waste of your money if you want to own and read an actual product of a writer who is going his own way, rather than fobbing off on the public the diluted products of editorial groupthink and timidity.

—K.W.

spend much of their time walking to and from market, which gives them a chance to begin expressing their real thoughts about their hated lives—but just as they are on the verge of contacting an underground network a series of events disrupts everything and brings the rather slow-moving story to an abrupt end.

Margaret Atwood is a "mainstream" writer who says she doesn't write science fiction, but this is obviously SF—in the same sense that 1984 is, along with countless other utopian and speculative works by writers who don't otherwise inhabit the SF universe. Again, like *1984, The Handmaid's Tale* is told from an intensely personal point of view, and the emphasis is on the detailed description of the characters and their surroundings, rather than swift action or new ideas. But *The Handmaid's Tale* is worth reading, both for Offred's tale itself, and for the frightening view of a fundamentalist future it reveals.

Comic Book:
EL SALVADOR,
A House Divided

From Mother of Ashes Press, a private printing operation run by Joe Singer in Harrison, Idaho, comes this new comic book-format resume of the history and political condition of El Salvador, by Bill Tulp. Tulp writes, "Even though this suffering is one of the greatest tragedies of our time the major papers don't seem to consider it newsworthy. For us living in the United States the greatest tragedy is that the bombing and terrorism committed by El Salvador's military is being almost completely financed by America, and at a time when our own social programs are being drastically cut."

Obviously there is nothing "comic" about this comic-book, it is a horrific portrayal of the martyrdom of an entire people. Complete with bibliography and citation of news sources for informational contents. $2.00, Box 135, Harrison, Idaho 83833.

Also from the same publisher, *The Printer's Devil*, magazine for alternative publishers and printers. Includes F. Woodworth's column, "Technical Topics". Send donation.

A Door Into Ocean, by Joan Slonczewski.
(Avon paperback, 1987, 406 pages, $3.95)

SUPERFICIALLY *A Door Into Ocean* bears a resemblance to Ursula K. LeGuin's classic science fiction novel, *The Dispossessed* (1974). In both novels the story takes place in the far future when humankind has spread to many planets and a variety of cultures has evolved. And in both the story concerns two contrasting societies which develop on a primary planet and its habitable moon—in truth, double planets orbiting each other.

More specifically, both LeGuin and Slonczewski set up their basic conflict by creating a conventional warlike society on the "primary" planet and an anarchistic and pacifistic one on the "moon". In *The Dispossessed*, Urras is the aggressive planet which much resembles Earth, while its bleak and barren moon Anarres houses the utopian settlement of Anarchists, from which the main character, Shevek, travels to seek reconciliation with the wayward mother world. In *A Door Into Ocean,* Valedon is the Earthlike "Stone Moon" of conventional power politics, and Shora, the "Ocean Moon." is the peaceful Anarchist society, which is visited by a couple of curious Valedonians and later invaded by a Valan military, intent on "subduing the natives."

But *Ocean* is not the conventional war adventure yarn and in fact the first half of the book is rather slow-moving as Slonczewski sets up the scene and introduces the major characters. Much of the story is told from the view of Spinel, a teenager from the Valan boondocks who is searching for his life's work and by chance becomes acquainted with Merwen and Usha, two "love sharers" from Shora. They soon convince him to return to the Ocean Moon with them. Another Valan visitor to Shora is Lady Berenice, a member of the Valedon elite who rebels against the system and eventually joins her Shoran sisters on the Ocean Moon.

And sisters it is, for there are no men on Shora until Spinel (and later the invading military) arrives. For reasons never fully explained the inhabitants of Shora have been isolated on the Ocean Moon for so long that they have "evolved" a sort of low-tech bioengineering which allows them to reproduce without males—an evolution that makes heterosexual mating impossible, in fact. And the Shoran bioengineering has also produced a microbe that lives in the skin and allows the sisters to exist underwater much longer than is normal for the rest of the human race, although in the process they have lost their hair and turned a lovely shade of blue.

But don't go jumping to the conclusion that this is your typical militant feminist male-bashing, for Slonczewski nowhere implies that Men Are No Damn Good, and in fact she's dealing with the conflict between Authority and Freedom rather than the war between men and women. Authority, in this case, is the male-dominated hierarchy of Valedon and the galactic empire of which it is a part—and Freedom is defended by the female population of Shora, which offers its way of sharing to the invaders, but absolutely refuses to knuckle under to force. Through their bioengineering mastery the Shoran Sharers have the power to wipe out the invaders almost overnight, and a fierce debate rages among the inhabitants of the Ocean's raft communities—but the conclusion is always that it would be better to die than to resort to such "death-sharing".

In the end the nonviolent resistance of the Sharers is successful and the invaders "declare victory and go home"—but not without a compelling struggle and a vision of a just society that are the meat of the book. Slonczewski shows little sense of humor in her morality tale, but you might find yourself smiling, even laughing, when the Commander of the invasion force repeatedly miscalculates the effects of his crude tactics and is dumbfounded by the refusal of the Sharers to give in. In the process Spinel and Berenice are fully accepted into Shoran society, but on a larger scale the issues remain unresolved because the power politics of the universe at large remain unchanged.

I approached this book with the uneasy feeling that it was a mistake for Slonczewski to pattern her story so closely after LeGuin's *Dispossessed*, which she must surely have been familiar with. But that feeling quickly passed, for despite the superficial similarity of the situations, Slonczewski has done something completely different than LeGuin, and *A Door Into Ocean* is a fully developed, independent work of great insight, one I can warmly recommend.

Slonczewski's earlier novel, *Still Forms On Foxfield*,(1980), showed great promise—and now that promise has been fulfilled.

—Reviewed by Neal Wilgus

YEAR OF DOUBLESPEAK

Once again, this past year has been a good year for doublespeak. It was a year in which we learned that the United States does not employ spies but "intelligence experts" or "covert human collection sources", who may, in the course of their work, use "technical collection sources" or wiretaps and spy satellites. We learned also that, according to tax simplification law, a special deduction would be allowed for "single-purpose agricultural structures", or chicken coops and pigpens. We learned that thermometers are really "digital fever computers," automobiles are sold with "mandatory factory options", and some amusement park rides were so exciting that officials expected "the occasional protein spill". Police became "security hosts" and public lavatories were "guest relations facilities." A U.S. Air Force missile merely "impacted with the ground prematurely" when it flew out of control and crashed in three pieces. Its test was merely "terminated five minutes earlier than planned." From the Soviets we heard that at any nuclear power station there "is bound to be a technical incident" just as at any factory or plant; therefore the Chernobyl nuclear disaster was "a normal incident, and nothing abnormal." In the world of education we learned that at one school "there will be a modified English course for those who achieve a deficiency in English." Or as the head of an organization of high school football coaches said, "They're not failing; they're deficient at a grading period."

—Quarterly Review of Doublespeak

EDITOR'S NOTE: Disease is rarely a political issue but, in time of crisis, hysteria and politics often form a poisonous mixture. When Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome was as yet relatively rare, public health officials—part of the "necessary" government apparatus that "protects" us, remember?—refused to act, possibly in the belief that the affliction would simply do a favor for right-wing conservatism and the fascist Reagan crowd, by eradicating the gay community. This

KILLING OURSELVES WITH COYNESS FOR FACTS ON AIDS

By Phillip Adams

(Reprinted from *The Rationalist News*, 58 Regent Street, Chippendale, N.S.W., Australia)

IT'S only a moment ago that ancient and familiar words describing sex organs and sexual congress were forbidden, even in the morally earnest novels of D. H. Lawrence. Books by the bushel were bowdlerized, their texts full of blanks or asterisks.

It's not so long ago that Hollywood's Hays Office decreed that even married people in the movies had to have single beds and that in any depiction of foreplay, the protagonists had to be fully clothed with one foot on the floor.

It's not so long ago that words like "penis", "vagina" and even "pregnant" were forbidden to the media. It's not so long ago that little boys were confused by having their genitalia rechristened "John Thomas". Such was our fear of sexuality, such was our abhorrence of bodily functions, that we censored the simplest conversation and baby-talked about Number Ones and Number Twos, about poo-poos and wee-wees.

An anthropologist from another planet would have wondered. Here was a species who were ashamed of their procreative processes. Who feared their feces. An entire population ready for the psychiatrist's couch.

And our tragic terror of the truth extended from the basics of life to the fact of death. Hence life insurance and Resting in Peace. So little honesty, so many eupehmisms.

Yet, in the middle of 1987, as human beings face the most serious epidemiological threat since the Black Death, we are killing ourselves and each other out of coyness. Not only have supermarkets and television channels been reluctant to display the life-saving condom but the entire AIDS campaign suffers because officialdom is reluctant to mention the unmentionable. Namely, anal intercourse.

It is my practice to subscribe to scores of magazines from around the world, in the hope of being exposed to ideas a few light-years before they penetrate the traditionally dim Australian consciousness. The Antipodes are still protected by a time warp that keeps us from the shock of the new. Thus we embrace notions just when they're running out of relevance elsewhere. Let the New Right be a classic example: getting a head of steam in Australia when it's been dumped everywhere else. New? It's the political counterpart to the yo-yo, the hula hoop or the frisbee.

As a consequence of using esoteric journals as an early warning system of ideas, I came upon the first references to AIDS almost ten years ago and, recognizing that a major threat might be emerging, began warning my homosexual friends about the phenomenon. Since then I've tried to keep track of the epidemic and am particularly concerned by the timidity of public education campaigns, by the unwillingness of politicians, committees and even the medical profession to specify the central threat.

Leaving aside the diminishing dangers of blood transfusions, and the use of dirty syringes (not only by heroin addicts but by overworked health workers in central Africa), the main method of infecting another individual is to (and I quote from a leading authority in the field) "ejaculate some infected semen rather violently into his or her rectum."

Some may be offended by the use of the words semen and rectum, but unless we deal with these basic facts, we haven't a snowball's chance in hell of coping with AIDS. Conversely, if we do, we've every chance of controlling and containing the epidemic, even without discovering a cure.

Note the "his or her" in the above quote. There are few who would claim that AIDS is never transmitted between penis and vagina. There are those, however, and many of the world's top researchers are among them, who claim that such a mode of transmission is exceedingly rare. But for fear of putting even more pressure on the unhappy gays, they would never say it.

Researchers are now finding the odd case of vaginal absorption of the virus. But, to put it in context, you're about as likely to be killed by a turtle falling on your head. But don't laugh—that happened to Aristotle.

(Professor Luc Montaignier, the discoverer of the virus, has like everyone else, been puzzled by the equal-sex ratio in central Africa. He comments that the people, the health workers— everyone—re-use the syringes. Sadly, there can be no doubt that the health workers, the peace brigaders, et al, have a lot to answer for. But there are other possible explanations for the equal-sex ratio, quite apart from the prevalence of anal sex. For example, the common bedbug is now on the suspect list.)

delay in beginning the search for a cure allowed the exponential spread of the disease to more than cancel out any advantage possessed by medical researchers. Thus, in our opinion AIDS at its present level has a lot to do with fundamentalism and homophobia.

What people need right now is not a spate of repressive laws, but more knowledge. Remember, if the Catholic Bishops are against AIDS education, it must be a good thing.

All authorities agree that the disease is of very low contagiousness. You can stick an AIDS-infected needle under your skin and not get infected. Put the needle into a vein and you probably will. A baby born of an infected mother has a better than 50 percent chance of being born completely free of the virus.

If you really want to catch it, or spread it, you've only one truly effective method—anal intercourse.

This is why gay people became the flag bearers of this new way of dying. Many of them make love in this way. And the principal reason that AIDS is now becoming a heterosexual disease is because of the prevalence of anal intercourse, particularly in the Catholic countries, where it is a widely practiced method of contraception.

YET out of coyness, this fact is not being communicated in public education programs. Instead, kids are being told that ordinary heterosexual intercourse puts them in the high-risk category. Now, it's one thing to urge kids to wear condoms. They are, after all, useful little doovers that prevent the transmission of a wide variety of sexual diseases while warding off pregnancy. But it's quite another to suggest to the majority of heterosexuals that their love-making poses an urgent threat to their lives.

Significantly, Australia's female prostitutes are showing little sign of exposure to the AIDS virus. Recent studies have been almost entirely negative, except for cases of addicts infected by needles.

Having just struggled out of the dark ages of sexual repression, we now seem determined to turn the next generation into what an angry AIDS researcher describes as sexual cripples.

Having talked to epidemiological experts, I believe that the chance of catching AIDS through non-anal sexual intercourse is very low. To suggest otherwise is to market a monstrous lie and to inculcate fears and guilts that may, in the long haul, be as damaging as the virus itself.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a doctor prominent in the AIDS fight. "Why are informed persons saying wrong things?" he asked. "Since the very earliest studies indicated that 'receptive anal intercourse' was the most significant risk factor, this should have been the center of all public education campaigns.

"Other important facts which are being kept from the public include the susceptibility of the virus to nonoxynol 9, e.g., Orthogynal cream, the popular contraceptive of the 1950s. The widespread use of this gentle spermicidal lubricant would almost guarantee the safety of penile-vaginal sexual intercourse."

In private, authorities will discuss the problems of anal intercourse in both the homo- and hetero-communities. In public, they suddenly become tongue-tied, blush and look out the window. It's the same with ministers of health, who privately will concede that anal intercourse is overwhelmingly the central issue. But you can rest assured there won't be a hint of this fact in the forthcoming publicity campaign.

Of course there's something profoundly embarrassing about the anus. Figures for rectal cancer are dramatically increasing, in part because people are so reluctant to have a rectal examination. Oh, over the years people have been educated to accept gynaecological inspections and to proffer the penis for urological examination. But because of poor potty-training on a global scale, the thought of the fundamental orifice is still utterly mortifying. Trouble is, AIDS is the ultimate bummer and unless we're willing to deal with it candidly, we will be butchered by both AIDS and by euphemism.

I am not asking for the AIDS campaign to be de-escalated. Nor for the homosexual community to be its single focus. I am, however, demanding that the campaign be brutally honest. (For example, people must be told that condoms are prone to break when used for anal penetration.) In doing so, I know I speak for many in the field who feel that their voices have been silenced by the primness of the powers-that-be.

—About Mandatory Testing—

No test is perfect, and no government official is automatically honest. Detention and persecution based on real or fabricated test results are the sure and only possible outcome of the passage of mandatory testing laws. There is no conceivable reason to test for exposure to a disease that cannot be cured, except to determine which persons will suffer quarantine. If you believe you may have been exposed to AIDS, we recommend that you only take the test voluntarily, and even then do not provide medical personnel with your correct name or address.

ANIMAL RIGHTS & ANARCHISM

By M. Crater

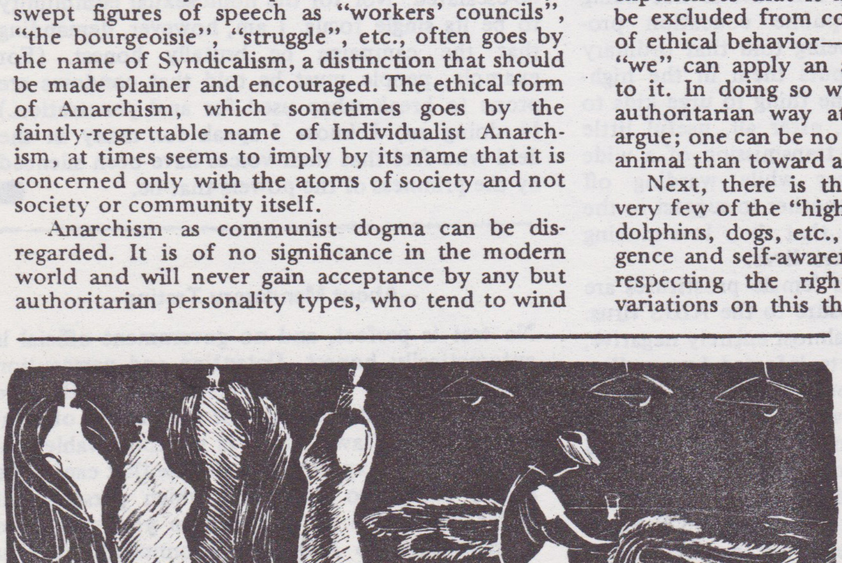
THE LEAFLETS, if you can call them that, are small—about the size of a regular business card. But the message they bear is militant and direct: "Enjoy your fur. Its real owner was KILLED in it." A message on the reverse side outlines the terrible facts, including the use of steel leg-hold traps and the indescribable suffering of 17,000 animals per day who freeze while pinned helplessly, starve, stay alive long enough to be clubbed by the returning trapper, or chew off their own legs to escape.

This is the world of animal activism. For Anarchists, such activism is a kind of litmus test—response tends to be either complete sympathy and anger at the monstrosity of such abuses, or annoyance that anyone would bring it up. What the litmus test proves is that there are two almost unsuspected but widely differing meanings to the word, 'Anarchism': for some, Anarchism is an economic theory, hardly distinguishable in fact from communism, the small-c communism that is un-allied with any states or parties but still manages to make the huge intellectual leap toward accepting Marxism as somehow partially relevant to goals of human experience. For others, Anarchism is primarily an ethical system—a desire to create freedom and peace through and BECAUSE OF a rejection of authoritarian styles of behavior and organization. The one kind of Anarchism is as different from the other as night is from day, and in truth it is a sad irony that the same word can encompass both. The economic form, which is preoccupied with such rhetorically-swept figures of speech as "workers' councils", "the bourgeoisie", "struggle", etc., often goes by the name of Syndicalism, a distinction that should be made plainer and encouraged. The ethical form of Anarchism, which sometimes goes by the faintly-regrettable name of Individualist Anarchism, at times seems to imply by its name that it is concerned only with the atoms of society and not society or community itself.

Anarchism as communist dogma can be disregarded. It is of no significance in the modern world and will never gain acceptance by any but authoritarian personality types, who tend to wind up in some political party or other anyway. The other kind of Anarchism, which is the kind adhered to by any person who actually desires freedom— many of whom have never even heard of Anarchism—may someday gain acceptance in the world precisely because of its non-dogmatic character. Such Anarchism now finds itself at a crucial juncture with respect to Animals.

Is there, first of all, any reason to draw a line between human and animal, or is the former only a variety of the latter? Grudgingly, almost everyone except the grimmest exponent of fundamentalist religion will admit that human beings and animals are one and the same thing, but at this point a new spectrum of belief opens up. Some say that anything whatsoever that isn't a human being is so far removed from our own abilities and experiences that it may for all practical purposes be excluded from consideration in any discussion of ethical behavior—that because it is "inferior", "we" can apply an authoritarian set of standards to it. In doing so we would not be acting in an authoritarian way at all, such proponents would argue; one can be no more authoritarian toward an animal than toward a plant or a rock.

Next, there is the opinion that admits some very few of the "higher" species, such as monkeys, dolphins, dogs, etc., as possessors of some intelligence and self-awareness, and therefore believes in respecting the rights of such beings. Further variations on this theme tend to draw the line at different points. Meanwhile, having realized that there are times when debating all the fine points of a question to the last nicety only gets in the way of action, many liberal groups— liberal in that they do not otherwise call for the abolition of authoritarian institutions —have forged ahead on the issue of animals' rights. In about another hundred years, I believe, this fact is



going to be of major embarrassment to whatever form of Anarchism exists at that time, somewhat as if Anarchists of a century ago had argued that there was no reason to be concerned with the rights of black people or women (fortunately, this was not the case).

Possibly the clearest-thinking, certainly most militant, branch of the fight on behalf of defeated animals is the Animal Liberation Front. The ALF, engaging as it does in actions that directly liberate creatures from pens, cages, traps and the clutches of "experimenters", has clearly recognized what Anarchists know: reform *through the system* is too slow, chancy, cumbersome, and rigged in favor of the status quo to be worth attempting. This realization has, however, driven the organization somewhat underground, so that its communiques tend to surface as personally anonymous statements submitted to the more liberal tendencies' publications. And thus of course the possibility that the organization will become elitist and vanguardist is exceedingly dangerous. The time may come when in the name of financing combat against abuse, robberies and murders are committed and the self-contradicting circle will close as it has already in the case of certain violent wings of the political left and right.

What urgency is there in the situation of animals? Consider the 17,000 per day mentioned above — three quarters of them actually are slaughtered accidentally as they blunder into traps intended for some other species, and they end up as murdered "rubbish" that is thrown away. Immense additional numbers of creatures are raised on so-called ranches where their entire life consists of being penned up constantly until the day of their electrocution or gassing. Then there is the matter of animals raised or killed for food, animals subjected to torture in the perverted name of science, and animals killed by dog-trainers, hunters and plinkers in the guise of sport. This is catastrophe on such a level that ecology begins to be involved as well as the subjective individual suffering. Anyone who has ever had experience with animals knows that those which are similar enough in structure to ourselves so that we can appreciate their cries and movements, express the same shock, pain and horror as we do ourselves at injury or threat of death. For Anarchists this should be reason enough to oppose systematic human violation of animals' rights.

Interestingly enough, though, many Anarchists begin asking at this point the exact kind of question that advocates of government control tend to ask of Anarchists: 'Yeah, but what do I do if ants start crawling on me?' 'What if a snake is getting set to strike my child?' Our answers are obvious and contain no "larger truth" that needs to be extrapolated to behavior at large. The fact that you have a right to protect yourself does not grant carte blanche to butcher a deer or strip the furbearing hide off a shrieking mink.

However, until the Anarchist movement can evolve its own organizations and modes of action relating to the liberation of animals, those of us who wish to act are forced either to go it alone or to cooperate with some of the already-existing groups, however wrapped up in statist modes of thought they may be. The issue of animal rights is one that should touch the very core of anti-authoritarian ethical belief, and we hope that after consideration of the issues involved, Anarchists will begin to turn in large numbers toward halting these intolerable abuses.

We suggest you support the following groups and publications. They are by no means Anarchistic, but then neither are we if do not take steps to fight abuse of animals. AV MAGAZINE, the journal of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, established in 1883, reports news of efforts to stop routine, repetitive, "educational" torture of animals in laboratories and testing facilities. The magazine celebrates the beauty and wondrousness of many animal species, and provides all sorts of verbal ammunition to use against people who argue that it's all right to murder or torment them. At the same time, unfortunately, the publishers fail to recognize the role of religion in propping up the myth of human specialness, and amid pages of rational, logical thought, occasional slight religious sentiments creep in. An increased proportion of atheistic readership might combat this malaise. Recent articles include: a report on falsified research involving animals; information on use of chimpanzees in AIDS research; on the awareness and intelligence of rats; cancer research; "patenting" of new, genetically-engineered animals; "How Your Tax Dollars Support Vivisection"; on toads; review of "Project X", a movie about people coming to grips with non-humans' emotions and intelligence; how models of animals are of just as great use as actual animals in medical training and dissection; "World Week for Laboratory Animals", the ALF raid on the University of Oregon; "Dog Days at Medical School", and many other important and absorbing topics and titles. While there is some material of a relatively worthless character, such as Ashley Montagu's "Religion, Science and Animals" in Vol. 95 No. 2, or Liam Brophy, Ph.D.'s ludicrous babblings about "spirit" in Vol. 95, No. 4, information is for the most part crisp and intelligent. "You cannot," the magazine quotes on a cover, "do EVIL that GOOD may result." A sentiment for the anti-statist as well as the opposer of animal abuse. The American Anti-Vivisection Society, Suite 204 Noble Plaza, 801 Old York Rd., Jenkintown, PA 19046.

ANIMALS' AGENDA, an animal rights magazine, box 6809, Syracuse, New York 13217. Mainstream magazine format, much color, contains ads for products manufactured without animal oils or substances. Recent articles include: "The Pentagon's Secret War on Animals" documenting weapons-testing since before World War I;

"A Visit to a Slaughterhouse"; "Senseless Savagery: Australia's War on the Kangaroo"; on rodeos, "Cruelty American-Style", "Violence in the Egg Carton", a look at the misery and deprivation that is experienced by animals in factory-farming; "AIDS Research: Problems with the Animal Model" (though AIDS is a uniquely human disease, scientific resources are being squandered in animal experiments); Pesticides; "Stress in Captivity"—how solitary caging of social animals in labs may invalidate studies; How Animals are Treated in Movies, what goes on behind scenes; "Twilight for the American Wild Horse"; "Pet Ring Thefts" —how companion dogs and cats fall into the hands of experimenters, furriers, dog fighters and others.

Once again, however, a certain amount of inconsistency and illogic mars the magazine. The issue for March, 1987 contained a sympathetic interview with Jeremy Rifkin, the religious nut who is attempting to stop experiments in genetics——even plant genetics. Rifkin is a fundamentalist Christian, but this never comes out in the article.

If you're not sure how to react to the issue of animals, as an Anarchist, we urge you to write for the brochure, "Broken Promises Between People and Animals", from LIFEFORCE, Box 825, North Hollywood, CA 91603 (in Canada, Box 3117, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3X6). The photographs of animals in the full-color brochure were obtained during the organization's investigation of U.C.L.A.'s research laboratories in 1985-86. "Spinal Cord Research" on cats, has intentionally crippled and savagely mutilated a number of these warm and intelligent animals. Subjects of experiments remained alive and fully conscious after procedures of astounding barbarity, which the brochure documents in irrefutable, unanswerable detail. Warning: this is the most powerful piece of literature you may ever see.

And once again we must heartily recommend CIVITAS (Box 26, Swain, New York 14884, or in Great Britain, P. O. Box 338, London E8 2AL). This is the organization started by Hans Ruesch, author of "Naked Empress", a hard-hitting work that demolishes the myth of safety-testing of drugs on animals. Civitas points out that every year over a million people in America alone are hospitalized because of drug side-effects—side-effects which are specific to human beings and unrevealed by animal testing. Computer models of chemical reaction and painless scientific investigation offer a more ethical and logical kind of research for thinking persons in medical and pharmaceutical work.

WILDERNESS

By Randal Restless

MANKIND'S continuing destruction of the earth's few remaining wild areas is a severe threat to all life on the planet. What motivates this insane program of rape and pillage? Is it merely man's mad attempts to sustain an industrial juggernaut, or is it part of a sinister plot?

Wilderness is the original abode of anarchy. Life itself developed according to natural laws and free will, *not* according to the mandates of authority. The ongoing evolution of life derives from these same natural laws, and the free will of each life form; the will to survive dictates the course of evolution. Life on earth has succeeded for millions of years without the benefit of religion, technology or government. Wilderness is the evidence of this success: the intricate, balanced web of life in an intact natural ecosystem beautifully illustrates Anarchy in action.

Anarchy is the enemy of government. Anarchists seek to dismantle large and powerful institutions such as church and state which exercise arbitrary control over citizens. If wilderness is the abode of Anarchy, the wilderness is the enemy of church and state. But perhaps it is more accurate to say that church and state are enemies of the wilderness, as the latter has no effective defense against these vicious institutions.

The state wages war on its enemies; thus the rape of the wilderness by industrial society can be considered a war, with government employees being enlisted men; with developers, loggers, miners, ranchers and bounty hunters fighting as mercenaries.

The state will use any excuse to subdue another piece of wilderness. The U.S. Forest Service is currently pursuing a ruthless campaign to build roads into every corner of the "national forests". The USFS is, in fact, the largest roadbuilding agency in the world. The standard excuses for construction of these roads are timber extraction and, secondarily, "recreation access". Nearly all wilderness road construction is done at the expense of taxpayers, i.e., those whose income is stolen at the point of a gun by agents of government. In any case the most likely reason for all this construction is simply to keep foresters and engineers employed and to ensure continuation of large financial allocations from Congress. As much wilderness land as possible is being bulldozed and eliminated from ever being formally designated as wilderness.

AND ANARCHY

This is truly a world war, and the earth is losing. Every country has destroyed at least part of the wild lands within its boundaries, and most are still at it. Tropical countries are furiously ravaging the rainforest, which has been reduced to half its former area in less than fifty years. This rainforest—which contains the world's oldest and most biologically diverse ecosystems, is seen only as a barrier to colonization. Native peoples, who have developed a symbiotic relationship with the forest and a vast knowledge of tropical organisms, are subdued along with their home. They are forced into overcrowded cities where everyone regards their knowledge as quaint and primitive, thus drowning their unique culture in the tide of humanity. Already in this century, 98 indigenous tribes have died completely out in the Amazon Basin alone.

Human beings find their greatest personal freedom while wandering the wild lands of the world. In the solitude of wilderness one's mind can be free of the fetters of society, and there if anywhere can a person gain perspective on the madness of civilization. Wilderness is the world as it should be—where human intervention is neither necessary nor desirable.

THE varied and spectacular landscapes of the American West have much to offer the seeker of solitude. The desert with its pure air, sculptured rock, elusive life, and uncluttered space, is perhaps the best place to achieve tranquility and accurate perception. Natural events are easily seen and their outcome readily observed. The rhythm of desert life is slow, steady, and soothing, like the flow of cloud shadows over a mesa. Even violent events like thunderstorms or the death of a deer in the claws of a cougar, are part of the vast pattern of steady change which defines the shape of desert life.

Though the desert seems remote and unchangeable, it is in fact very fragile. Man is pushing industrial tentacles over deeper into its sacred and mysterious heart, ripping out riches of uranium and fossil fuel, leaving the land bleeding and dying. Huge power plants belch filth into the crystalline air. Giant concrete plugs choke the rivers and swarming cities suck them dry. The high forested plateaus are stripped of their whispering evergreen forests and strip-mined for their precious, irreplaceable minerals. This is happening all over the West, whether on the range and prairies or in the forests, as animal-poisoning ranchers or tree-nazis mow down whatever life they can find. All over the globe it is the same: priceless wildlands, made more valuable by their increasing rarity, being destroyed for a quick buck.

The laws of the natural world are unchangeable, and all obey them. Laws of human society, in contrast, are constantly being challenged, abused, broken, and changed. This impermanence is true of many aspects of human society, and the intense, confusing pace soon numbs all but the most sharp-witted or isolated citizens. A sojourn into the wilds, however, can calm and organize thought and bring back, through vigorous physical activity, a state of health that encourages deep consideration of the state of affairs.

But of course such freedom from channeled and oppressed thought is dangerous to church and state, for these institutions love above all else a non-thinking automaton who will adore them and obey every command. After a wilderness trip a person can detect the idiocy of authority's frantic posturing.

Therefore the state stamps out this abode of Anarchy through, primarily, development. Those areas it has been forced to compromise as national parts of designated wilderness are usually under heavy regulation; development is actually promoted whenever possible. Authoritarian interests strongly encourage motorized tourism, while the individualist wilderness lover, or "hippie backpacker", is recipient of quite a different sort of push. Meanwhile the state promotes consumptive uses such as

hunting and fishing, while making selected oil and gas leases in designated wilderness regions.

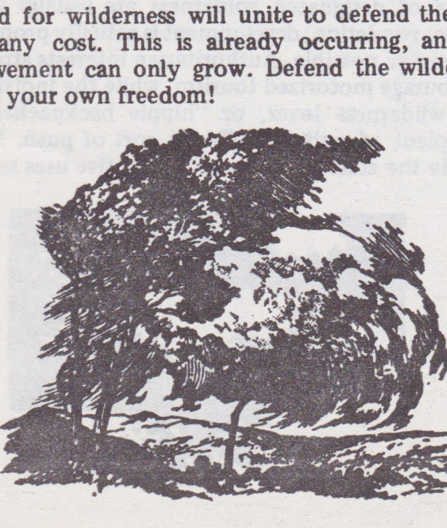
WESTERN religions support the state-sponsored domination of wilderness. Fundamentalist Christians in particular delightedly use biblical references to prove that "god" made "man" superior to the "beasts" and in fact put all other life on earth for the sole use of humankind. They also rave that "Judgment Day" is soon a-coming and man must use up the resources that "god" provided, in order to show "god" that the human race is worthy of "salvation". In recent years the likes of Ronald Reagan and the departed-from-office but still-remembered James Watt have brought these maniac beliefs to public view.

We can only conclude that church and state are promoting the destruction of wilderness in part to further the submission of the human populace by eradicating any chance for temporary escape from society. Once thoroughly trapped in this authoritarian milieu, people cannot get an outside perspective on human affairs and will no doubt more readily accept what their masters require. A further motivation these institutions have is, needless to say, profit—driven on furiously by the macho Frontier Ethic that idolizes those who "conquered" the wilderness.

Whether or not the state consciously pursues wilderness destruction with human subjugation in mind is a moot point. The fact is, the two are inseparable. Man's oldest and most basic freedom, already denied to most of humanity, is the right to wander the wilds at will.

This evil scheme to deny freedom is doomed to failure, for with the death of the natural world and the earth's ability to purify itself of man's poisons, the human race will choke on its own filth.

Before this happens, those who recognize our vital connection to the natural world and the basic need for wilderness will unite to defend the land at any cost. This is already occurring, and the movement can only grow. Defend the wilderness and your own freedom!



HOWLING

A new column of modern fables, commentary on the news, and observations that will offend almost everyone.

By Dire Wolf

HI, I am Dire Wolf, and, yes, it does make me *howling mad* to read about the acts of deception committed by the leaders of state and religion, and the acts of ignorance carried out by the followers of those leaders. Since most of the people I detest actually are lauded and given huge value, thanks to the state-church propaganda machine, there's no other outlet for my ire except dipping my pen into my well of home-brewed, rattlesnake-venom-laced ink. Be it known that any ideas expressed in this and any subsequent columns by me are opinion and not necessarily presented as fact... but hey, if one of the targets of my vitriol gets offended, he should remember: if the condom fits, wear it.

I present, for your consideration, one Jacqueline Williams, 35, of Washington, DC (District of Corruption), who has fourteen children and another precious human soul festering in her over-fecund womb, if she hasn't pooted it out by now. Who gives a rat's ass about Williams, one might ask. Anybody who has armed robbery committed against him every time he engages in economic activity (the nice word for it is "taxation") should care, for the city of Washington is paying ten thousand dollars a month out of its ill-gotten revenues to support this human cow, her drone husband, and her tribe of drape apes. Such a hard life the city forces her into; she lives in a motel used as an emergency shelter, where she can't cook in her room; even worse, she has no telephone. One must entertain the suspicion that there is a pay-telephone within a block or two of her residence, but then, Williams has probably allowed herself to become entirely too fat to be able to waddle such a marathon distance.

Some of you are thinking that Dire Wolf is lacking in compassion, that anyone can fall on hard times, and doesn't Anarchism hold human

G MAD

solidarity as a central tenet? Attend the words of Williams as reported by the Associated Press: "I'm not asking the government to take care of me. But I'm not getting rid of my kids just because of what you're thinking. First thing the mayor of Washington wanted to know was why I'm having so many babies. I said, 'That's not necessary to ask me that. Your job is to try to find me housing...'" [Hadn't this looter been provided housing, yes, and food?] "...'And your job is to open up all these houses that's boarded up.' And he wants to skip the subject and get right back onto, 'The government can't be taking care of you having all these babies.' Well, I don't intend to stop until gawd stops me."

This sow has been knocked up constantly since the age of sixteen because, "I don't want to mess my body up with birth control."

Are these the words of a rational human being or the typical evasion of personal responsibility spewed about by the followers of religion and the state? Williams believes that gawd gave her an unlimited breeding permit, and that the state has the right to thug every other denizen of the U.S. in quest of funding for her menagerie.

This woman is as much the enemy of liberty and reason as the pope himself, who said that it is better to have more brothers and sisters than it is to have material things (i.e., food and clothing). I will keep further speculation, that I am tempted to make about Williams' personal habits and such, to myself; her own words demonstrate that she is unworthy of any respect.

But aside from experiencing repugnance for such unenlightened greed, should Anarchists attempt to do anything about such individuals? Williams is an extreme case; it seems most unlikely that any amount of reason or logic could alter her very dysfunctional thought processes. Unfortunately the majority of individuals suffer from some form of the same mental illness, the most important and debilitating symptom of which is the use of unreason as one's method of understanding and relating to external reality. Even some Atheists are mildly afflicted—they are the ones that remain statists. They cannot follow the chain of reasoning that caused them to dispense with that other notion (that people ought to be subservient to some invisible, so-called supreme being and "his" priests) to its logical conclusion, which is that if no gawd or priest may be the master of another person, why should anyone be anyone else's master? The myth that a government can be established which is merely the servant of the people and not its ruler, does not stand up to an examination in the light of government in practice.

ALL systems of government are based on nebulous theories and false premises. The Romans, Egyptians, and Incas all ended up deifying the ruler, and the machinery of the state was that of the official religion. Medieval monarchs held an euthority supposedly derived from gawd; again, church and state were virtually... *Hold on, a carrier pigeon has just arrived, and there's a message tied to its leg. Let me see what it says! Aha!*

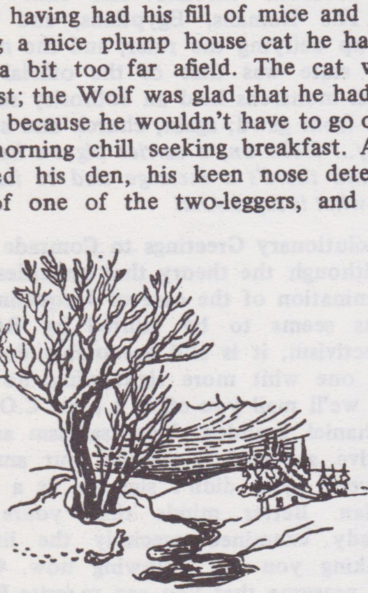
Revolutionary Greetings to Comrade Wolf: Although the theory that underlies your examination of the case of Jacqueline Williams seems to be tainted by Randian objectivism, it is still acceptable doctrine. Get one whit more right wing, however, and we'll mail you off in a crate C.O.D. to Nathaniel Branden. Your sarcasm and invective are slightly puerile, but amusing. However, you didn't sign on as a theoretician. Better minds than yours have already examined precisely the line of thinking you are following now. Or do you presume that you can re-write Bakunin? You write the humor, and leave the dialectics to us! —Yours in liberty, FW.

Okay, Fred, you asked for it. I've always wanted to write children's literature; the chance to inculcate young, impressionable minds with libertarian ideals has always appealed to me. How better could one serve the cause of Anarchist social revolution? Since good children's literature also appeals to adults, I will let the readers of this journal be the judge of whether I have any future in this field. Hence, Two Fables for Little Libertarians:

Santa Claus and the Dire Wolf

EVERY YEAR an odd phenomenon occurs around christmas time: numerous panhandlers and fondlers of young children show up at shopping centers and malls all over the country. The Dire Wolf, being a rational sort of furry little woodland creature, questioned the wisdom of allowing these derelicts and perverts to openly display their social deviancy, but since the Silent Majority remained silent about this, he decided that a bunch of old bearded weirdos in red suits begging and molesting children were none of his business. The Wolf had no cubs, having not yet met the right wolfette, and he had no money, since wolves live mainly on lizards, mice, and rabbits. Once Dire Wolf dropped a mangled and somewhat ripe ground squirrel into a beggar's pot, because he was a particularly scrawny specimen and looked like he could benefit from the Wolf's skill as a hunter of food. But the resulting screaming, running about, and wild shots fired in his general direction made him feel that the two-legged animals were a particularly ungrateful lot, and he never again offered any sort of aid or advice to any of them.

Last December, as the two-legged animals reckoned the seasons, Dire Wolf was returning to his lair, having had his fill of mice and packrats, carrying a nice plump house cat he had caught roving a bit too far afield. The cat would be breakfast; the Wolf was glad that he had chanced upon it because he wouldn't have to go out in the early morning chill seeking breakfast. As he approached his den, his keen nose detected the scent of one of the two-leggers, and his keen hearing informed him that the interloper was struggling to either go up or come down the nearly vertical back door to his home.



Now it seems that the less an animal has, and the harder he comes by what he does have, the more fiercely he will fight to defend his property from looters and thugs. Dire Wolf was no exception, and was an exceptionally bold and fierce wolf to boot, so, dropping the cat from his mouth, he charged into the den, only to find one of the red-suited old beggar perverts, an exceedingly fat one, with a bag in one plump fist, trying to ascend the den's escape hole. The Wolf lunged straight in, going for the throat, and severed the fat one's jugular and larynx with one powerful grasp of his sinewy jaws.

Well, even their blood is red, thought Dire Wolf; now what might this one have in his bag? He's probably been going around to all the wolves' lairs and stealing their caches of bones and skulls. So the Wolf looked in the bag and found: mannequins of soldiers, miniature versions of the firesticks the soldiers carried (he'd seen soldiers on maneuvers near his home, and was afraid of them). There were stuffed animals, except these animals came in colors and configurations that Dire Wolf had never seen in nature (whose law was the only law which he could accept and live by), and representations of the cubs of the two-leggers— amazingly crude, to the eyes of the Wolf, considering the accuracy of the soldier-effigies and their weapons. There were other artifacts, but they made less impression; they were clothes, books (the ones with crosses on them did smell evil, however, and he urinated on those), and the strange boxes that made oddly organized sounds, and showed pictures, and carried voices. Dire Wolf wondered why these things that were so obviously useful to the two-leggers were mixed in with irrational things like "Rainbow Brite" and "G.I. Joe". (Dire Wolf could read a little, because he paid close attention to everything he experienced.) He quickly forgot the strange artifacts in the fat one's bag; mating season was only a few months away, and all the food he now had to tide him through the lean winter months meant he would be fat, sleek, and strong when it came. The Wolf would get a wolfette for sure this spring.

And children across the country found nothing under the brightly trimmed trees, for not only had the gawd jehovah and his son, the "little lord jeeezus", never existed, but Dire Wolf, that implacable rational animal, had killed Santa Claus.

Dire Wolf and the Easter Bunny

Dire Wolf was an old, grizzled wolf. He'd lived to see his twentieth mating season, or spring as the humans called it, fifteen of them with a beautiful and intelligent wolfette who called herself Vulpine. They had raised many cubs to wolfhood, teaching them everything they knew about hunting and nature, and the ways of people, for Dire and Vulpine had moved into the city, to live among the two-legged animals, as Dire insisted on calling them. Their offspring were remarkably successful, and were slowly pushing the less sophisticated wolves out of their range.

The Dire Wolves were enjoying their retirement in a small house on Fourth Avenue, having become amazingly adept at passing as human, which wasn't so difficult, since humans are so inobservant, and so unwilling to trust the evidence of their own senses, so unlike the wolf. The two learned to walk on their hind legs, read, watch TV and movies, play cards. They even managed to refrain from slavering while pushing a shopping cart through the meat section of the neighborhood Bayless.

The Wolves remembered Easter from their days out in the desert, when they were still feral; watching from a vantage point near a natural amphitheatre, they could witness hundreds of humans bowing down at sunrise, babbling about eating the flesh of the son of their gawd. This was astounding to Dire and Vulpine; while occasional cannibalism was not *unknown* among the wolfish folk when times were hard, nobody celebrated it; and no wolf ever proposed that some invisible supreme wolf ordained it. Dire and Vulpine once went to a church in an attempt to understand this conundrum, but when Dire bit the cretin conman wearing the robes, they had to leave somewhat precipitously.

This most recent Easter Sunday, the Wolves were ready to spend a quiet, mellow day of noncoercive dissipation, so they put their stereo speakers out the window, loaded up on hallucinogenic mushrooms, put on a reel-to-reel of Bach fugues, and climbed up on the roof of their cottage to watch the sunrise. But the best-laid plans of mice and wolves often go astray, for Vulpine, slightly more high-strung, antsy, and observant than Dire, noticed movement in their yard below.

"Dire, my love, a six-foot high rabbit seems to be scurrying around our yard, and he is placing brightly colored ovate objects in obscure nooks and crannies!"

"Yes, Bright Eyes, it is indeed seemingly a rabbit, but it is, as you say, six feet tall, and is wearing a waistcoat and bowler hat, and rabbits have naught to do with brightly colored ovate objects; it is probably a terrorist— you've seen them on television, planting bombs."

"Then, Dire, my sharp claw, have we become so accustomed to human ways that a trespasser will be tolerated rather than savaged, rended and chawed?"

"Of course not, bewhiskered object of my burning desire. This autochthon is indeed our meet, but first we must as rational beings, attempt to ascertain its purpose."

"Long Fang, wolf of my heart, can it be other than you say? The being is wearing a disguise intended to dupe the human eye into perceiving an innocuous rabbit! Attack now!"

"Vulpine, do you not see the saliva dripping from my fangs? But if this one is a terrorist, why should I stop the enemy of those who put out poison bait for our children?"

"Because, Dire, my feral, it is upon our property that he plants these bombs; our interests, not those of a human, are at risk."

"It is as you say, Vulpine, but as we have adopted so many of the ways of the two-legged ones, I shall dispose of this creature as they would." So saying, Dire Wolf extracted an accurized .45 Government Model from beneath his fur and opened fire on the terrorist, emptying the magazine into the target with both celerity and precision.

Exactly 2.7 seconds later, as he dropped the emptied magazine and pressed a new one home in the grip of the Colt, he said, "Now, Vulpine, you go down and remove the interloper's disguise. I shall cover you from here in case any more of these are about."

Vulpine leaped gracefully from the roof, landing on the body, every sense at high power, for a wolf's instinct is to remain aware in the face of anything not fully explained, even if it is obviously dead.

"Dire, my love, I smell rabbit, not human. Shall I proceed?"

"Of course my sweet, get on with it, rabbit or no, for my hunger threatens to overwhelm my reason."

Vulpine took hold of the skin (disguise?) of the being and tore, finding nothing under the fur but succulent rabbit flesh. Dire Wolf pointed his grizzled muzzle in the direction the moon had set and gave a long, ululating howl of triumph, all thoughts of terrorists banished by the hot aroma of freshly killed game, and leapt down to the ground beside his mate. Now wolves do not stew rabbits, nor do they prepare hassenpfeffer, not even with six-foot rabbits. No, they rip the flesh from the bones with their sharp teeth and powerful jaws, and it is not a pretty sight, my children, for wolves (even those that live in houses and shoot their prey with a pistol), know nothing of table manners, and are constitutionally incapable of learning any.

Later, completely sated, the Wolves lazed in the rays of atomic sunshine. Vulpine, her eyes full of love and admiration for the wolf she had chosen for her life-long mate (let him go on thinking that he had chosen her, no harm existed in that minuscule deception), said, "Dire, my dear, I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful life you provide for us. A full belly, plenty of meat left over for dinner, Tocatta et Fuga in D Minor on the tape machine, a cozy den on trendy Fourth Avenue. What more could a rational she-wolf desire except... Do you think...?"

The rest is too private to write about here, but I will say that a few months later the Wolves were blessed by the arrival of three little bundles of feral joy.

And children across the world wondered why they found no brightly colored eggs in the yard that year, or ever again. If only they could have known the truth: Not only had there never been a jeeezus that died on the cross and came back to life three days later, but Dire Wolf had gunned down the Easter Bunny, and shared the meat with Vulpine his mate.

Okay, what about the priest that Dire bit? Well, since he believed that his gawd would protect him from disease, he neglected to get the shot that is customary after receiving an animal bite, and died of tetanus two weeks later, despite all the prayers of his congregation, and he didn't come back from the dead after three days, either.

* * *

DO NOT these stories contain valuable information for the budding rationalist mind? Aren't they more suitable for preparing the child to face the material world than, say, Little Red Riding Hood, which is full of libels, slanders, and misinformation about wolves? What? You say wolves can't read, or shoot pistols, or tell obscurantism from obfuscation? You don't know me very well, then. Those are true stories, except the part about having a mate; I invented Vulpine so as to be able to throw a little dialogue in. And you'll never know how hard it is to type, with my claws snagging among the keys on this machine. Fred will tell you; he's the one who has to make sense out of this typo-ridden copy.

I don't care if you believe me or not; I will be back next issue with more invective and autobiographical fables. Meanwhile, I can see the neighbor's cat asleep in my yard. Please excuse me, it's dinner time. Keep a feral thought.

Anti-Religious Department:

Opposition to Pope During Recent Visit

HE was like a mechanical figure in a glass box, bobbing slowly to one side, then the other. I looked closely—was it possible that this was not actually a human being at all, but an automaton of some kind ringed in for the sake of security? Somehow the dimensions seemed wrong, but I concluded at last that the small mannequin with his rhythmic gestures actually must be the famous world leader of the Roman Catholics.

A special "popemobile" had been constructed to ferry him through the streets of Phoenix on September 15; it was an armored car topped with a pillbox of bulletproof glass—obviously the Catholics were not relying on the power of "god" to turn aside any projectiles. As further precaution against hostile acts toward the religious fascist, numerous helicopters circled above, police lined the streets, and sharpshooters and FBI men stood on every rooftop, wearing dark suits and carrying walkie-talkies—all to guard an individual who is, according to media propaganda, a fantastically *beloved* personage.

This event had been as slow as Christmas coming, and attended with as much hyperbole, gush, and outright rot. As many as two million people were supposed to be gearing up for the mass rush to touch the hem of a man who heads a church that supposedly believes it is wrong to worship men or idols. But when the crucial day arrived, forces of religious supporters on hand, even in this Southwestern city where latin population is heavy, amounted to only a few thousand. As closely as I could count, about 2000 of those lining the streets were in fact media personnel carrying clearly-marked press badges. Vendors, hawking Pope-o-Scopes, souvenir booklets and other memorabilia of the event, gratifyingly lost their shirts in their effort to capitalize the disgusting display. Reducing prices wildly, by the end of the day some of them were almost in tears as they begged the sparse crowds to purchase their merchandise.

Bells rang continuously as every Catholic church in the city outdid itself to disturb what was left of peace and tranquility in the cop- and media-besieged streets. Estimating the numbers of county, state, and local police, FBI, sheriffs, Department of Public Safety and other praetors, it seemed that there was almost a one-to-one ratio of Roman Legions to civilian onlookers.

Reporters were highly interested in us Atheists and our picketing, and sometimes they halted us to urge that we say something quotable. Several camera crews from nearby television stations privately joked about the proceedings and seemed as disgusted by the appalling spectacle as we were. However, what appeared on the TV channels and in local newspaper columns was rather noticeably more deferential to the so-called pontiff, indicating that a perception of what they ought to be saying animates the newsmedia even more than what they perhaps want to say.

At subsequent services, the pope claimed to address his "god" as he asked for "blessing" for us Atheists. Who he was really addressing was his audience as he tried to score points for tolerance and big-heartedness. By himself the man is nothing; it is collusion of church and state that makes him dangerous.

WE PICKETED THE POPE

By Frank Zindler

(From *The Central Ohio Atheist*, Box 8457, Columbus, Ohio 43201.)

DESPITE the existence of de facto martial law, Atheists from Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, West Virginia, and even Mississippi got to picket the Roman pope when he visited Detroit and Pontiac, Michigan, on September 18 and 19. The problems, however, were enormous. He kept changing his schedule, and the Atheists never knew until the last minute whether their picketing permit (good for 4-6:00 pm, Saturday the 19th) would allow them to picket at the actual time the pope would be putting on his magic show—turning wafers looking like goldfish food into filet of Christ and converting Mogen-David wine into Jesus-juice—and presiding over a gigantic cannibal feast in which people eat his allegedly transsubstantiated products.

Although the weather had been terrible for much of the pope's visit in America, with lightning striking the papal TV camera and knocking out the public-address system in Miami, wind toppling two 150-foot papal prayer towers in San Antonio, the weather turned beautiful shortly before the Atheists turned out to picket *il papa* at the Silverdome. Unfortunately the closing of streets and highways and the crush of traffic in Pontiac made it impossible for the Atheists to meet at the Phoenix Center as planned, and not everyone found the way to the parking lot where the two shuttle vans carried Atheists to and from the picket site between gates 1 and 1-A of the Silverdome. On the way to the site, the vans had to pass police checkpoints and show identification and permits—just as they do in East Germany and Poland.

Despite the fact that the picket site was between gates numbered 1 and 1-A, the location was very far from the gates through which all the parochial and *public* school buses passed when delivering the faithful to their Fuhrer. Nevertheless the picket site was fairly close to the landing pads where helicopters landed bearing Vice-President Bush and Karol Wojtyla. Although Atheists could see the pope quite clearly because of the white dress he was wearing, it is doubtful that the pope saw the protesters. It is, in fact, doubtful that the pope sees anything on his trips. Anyone who tells the starving peasants in South America to rejoice in their poverty appears not even to have noticed what planet he is on!

The picket itself was uneventful. The mounted police guarded the picketers from a nearby hill, foot patrol police took care to see that a magic line along a driveway was not crossed, and sullen Secret Service agents made sure no one jumped over a four-foot fence. Despite the difficulty many media people had in getting to the sites of protest, the Atheists were taped by Detroit's Channel Two, and several newspaper reporters and photographers managed to stop by for interviews.

Ironically, what was planned as the theatrical centerpiece of the Atheist protest in Detroit, the picketing of the pope in the air, by means of a banner-towing airplane, proved somewhat anticlimactic. The banner was to be towed around the Renaissance Center in downtown Detroit, and was supposed to read, "ATHEISM: A BETTER IDEA," and was to carry the Dial-an-Atheist number for Detroit. However, there has yet to be any report of any person who actually saw the plane fly. The company which owns the plane assures us that it did fly between one and three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 19, 1987...

PAPAL SECURITY OR MARTIAL LAW?

We have repeatedly voiced our objection to the use of tax monies to pay for the religious propaganda tour of Pope John Paul II. The Secret Service spent seven million dollars on security checks alone—not counting the $5.5 million budgeted for the security itself. Adding up the cost of local police, National Guard troops, and all the other personnel whose salaries come from tax dollars, we see that enormous sums have aided and abetted the propagation of a medieval faith.

...However, I'm beginning to realize that the most frightening aspect of the visit has gone totally unremarked by the media—and even I was only dimly aware of it. What I refer to is the de facto suspension of the Constitution and Bill of Rights in every city afflicted with a visitation by the pope. *Time Magazine* reported uncritically the security precautions surrounding the pope's visit to Miami. According to *Time*, (Sept. 21): "Rarely...has the pilgrim Pope... been blanketed under so many layers of watchful security. The 1500 people who traveled to Miami's airport to bid the Pope welcome ran a gauntlet of some 7,000 National

Guard troops, state and local police and agents of the Secret Service... Their roadblocks and security checks rendered the city's streets eerily empty... The security shroud was virtually the only impediment to goodwill in the first stages of the trip."

It is shocking that *Time* does not mention the "impediment" to the freedoms of Americans created by the security measures provided for the visit of this foreign dictator. In Miami and elsewhere, even press and broadcast media representatives were regimented and bussed around, and were frequently not at liberty to investigate what they wanted to see. Thus, many of the protests staged by Atheists and others in various cities went unremarked. The Catholics, with the help of the Secret Service, saw to it that the media would see only what the Church wanted them to see...

...The guarantee of separation of state and church also was violated—both by the use of tax monies for security and by the Post Office hand-cancelling letters with the papal triple tiara and crossed keys of the kingdom to commemorate the religious event. Certainly the guarantee of the right of the people to peaceably assemble was trampled in the dust. Even major highways were closed off, holding major cities virtual prisoners of martial law. Some protesters simply could not get into Detroit and had to turn back...

...Certainly the "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures," was violated. The Secret Service spent many millions doing exactly this. I'm not sure just where to classify the outrageous situation in San Francisco where citizens whose homes lined the pope's parade route were ordered by the Secret Service to close their windows, draw their shades, and not open their garage doors. Shades of Lady Godiva! If this is not a violation of the principle that a man's home is his castle, I'd like to know why not.

...In the final assessment, it appears that for ten days... city after city was placed under what amounted to martial law, and the citizens had no more rights than they would have if they were inhabitants of that fascist state known as Vatican City. The Jews have a motto which we would do well to adopt as we stumble back onto our feet: **NEVER AGAIN!**

Notes on Hell

by *The Match!*

Religious insanity is seen most clearly in the psychopathy and vicious sadism of the concept of Hell. Far from dispensing with hell in recent years, many religious refugees from the Dark Ages, including prominent and famous deluded individuals such as the "pope", have reaffirmed the existence of the Devil, demons, evil spirits, the effectiveness of "exorcism", and particularly the reality and immediacy of hell. For a glowing picture of hell, as painted by the religious mind, we turn to a very old document that, with numerous reprintings and other repercussive effects, has unquestionably helped shape the peculiar bent of religious mental illness in the centuries since it was written. Known as the "Souls' Guardian" text, it first appeared in the 15th century. We reproduce the following extract:

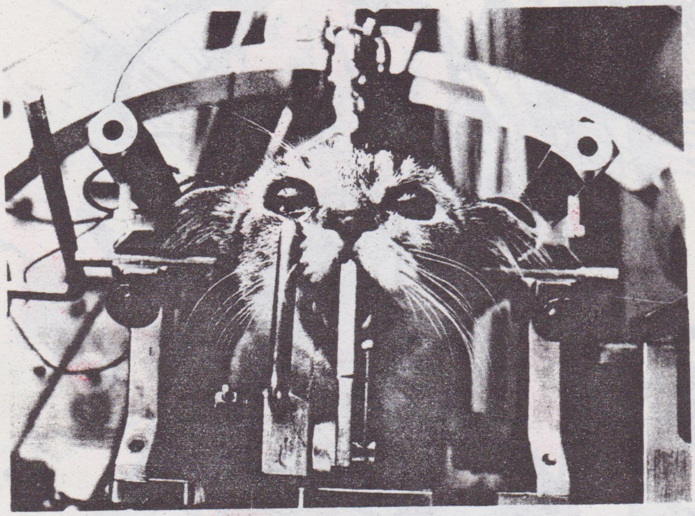
HELL is immeasurably wide, and bottomless in depth. It is full of incomparable burning, for no earthly fire can compare with it. It is full of unbearable stench, for no living thing on earth could stand it. It is full of indescribable sorrow, for no mouth can reckon it or describe its misery and suffering. The darkness in it is so thick that it can be touched, for the fire gives no light but blinds the eyes of those within with a suffocating smoke, the most awful fumes; and yet, in that very black darkness they can see black things, such as devils which beat them and torment them always, and torture them with every kind of torture, and dragons with tails, as terrible as devils, which swallow them whole and then spew them out again both in front and behind, and sometimes tear them apart and chew them up, every bit—but afterwards they become whole again to face the same unredeemable suffering that they had before.

They can see quite clearly, to their fear and horror and to increase their torment, the loathsome reptiles of hell, toads and frogs, which eat out their eyes and the gristle of their noses, and adders and frogs creep in and out—adders and frogs not like those here on earth but a hundred times more horrible—at the mouth and at the ears, at the eyes and at the navel, and at the hollow of the chest, like maggots in rotten flesh, thicker than you have ever seen them.

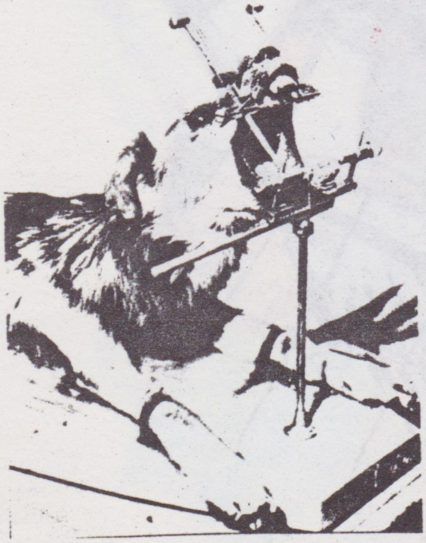
In the burning there is wailing, and in the ice-cold waters there is chattering of the teeth; they move quickly from the heat into the cold, and they can never tell which of the two seems worse, for they are both intolerable. In this rapid alternation the second sensation always hurts all the more because of the first. The fire burns them up into cold ashes; the pitch boils them until they melt away, and immediately they revive to suffer all the same pain over again, and far worse, always without end. And this very despair is their worst torment, in that none of them has any hope of ever recovering; they know for certain that every evil will last in sorrow forever through world after world, into eternity. Each person crowds upon the other; each one is the other's torment; each one hates both the other and himself like the black devil; always, the more they loved them in this world, the more intensely they hate them there. Each one curses the other, and bites off his ears and his nose.

The Real Hell- On Earth

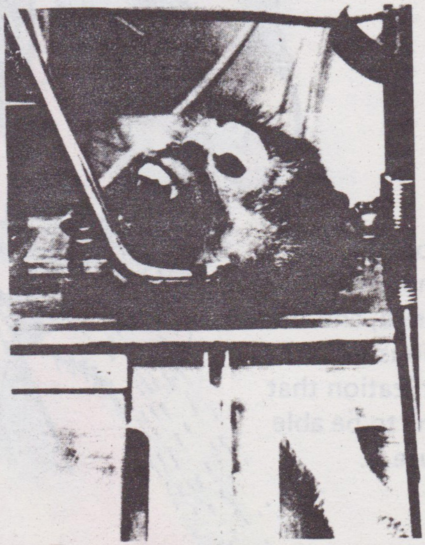
VIVISECTION...



This cat, with an electrode permanently implanted in his brain, won't leave this stereotaxic device alive.



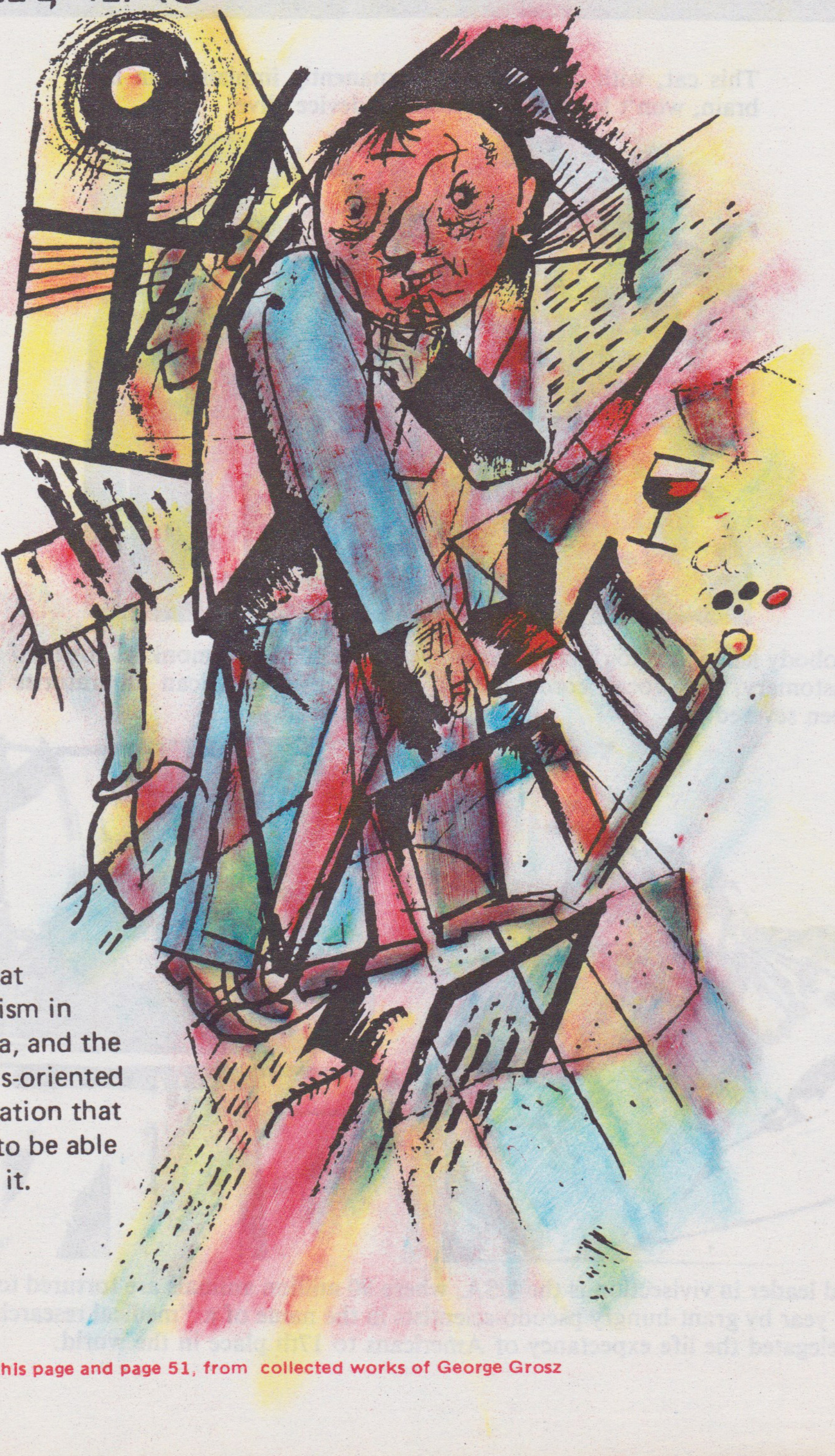
Nobody hears this dog's cries. As is customary, his vocal cords have been severed.



One of 85,000 monkeys tortured to death in American laboratories in one year.

World leader in vivisection is the USA, where 90 million animals are tortured to death every year by grant-hungry pseudo-scientists in the name of a "medical research" that has relegated the life expectancy of Americans to 17th place in the world.

Processed Drunks



A look at alcoholism in America, and the religious-oriented organization that claims to be able to cure it.

Illustrations, this page and page 51, from collected works of George Grosz

By Wallace K.

ALCOHOLISM is nothing new in the United States. During its early years the U.S. earned an unsavory reputation as a "nation of drunkards". In 1820, per capita consumption of alcohol was twice what it is today. And at present most estimates place the percentage of alcoholics in the population at ten percent.

For over a century after that peak of inebriation in the early 19th century, alcoholism was thought to be incurable; a medical diagnosis of alcoholism was considered the equivalent of a death sentence. But all that changed in the mid-1930s with the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous. Since then, A.A. has given millions of people a means of sobering up. And it's an integral part of virtually all alcoholism programs.

A.A. claims that there is no other reliable road to sobriety and that those who reject A.A. are asking for a horrible death from alcoholism. This claim is self-serving; there simply is no way to keep accurate track of those who reject A.A., or who never participated in it. I've known alcoholics who quit drinking without involvement in A.A. or any treatment program; and they don't show up in the statistics on recovered alcoholics.

Such persons, however, appear to be exceptions. A reasonable guess would be that at least ten alcoholics free themselves of their addiction through A.A. or treatment programs featuring A.A. for every one who sobers up by him- or herself.

After twenty years of heavy drinking, blackouts, DWIs, wrecked cars, and one long stretch in jail, I quit drinking. I decided I was wasting my life, and finally admitted the obvious to myself—that I was becoming more and more isolated, that alcohol was quickly becoming my only friend. So I stopped. I didn't even bother with A.A. because of prior experiences with the organization.

Two years earlier I had become concerned about my drinking and checked out a few A.A. meetings. I didn't like what I found: smoke-filled rooms, a religious, cult-like atmosphere, and chain smokers bragging about how working the A.A. "steps" had freed them from their addiction. An acquaintance put the matter succinctly: "A lot of those meetings are like a scene from **Invasion of the Body Snatchers.**" So, I decided that A.A. was even worse than drinking.

Looking back on it, I was looking for an excuse to continue drinking; and A.A. certainly provided it.

When I finally quit, I did it cold turkey. I just stopped. A few months later I decided to join a therapy program, got out the phone book, and called the nearest one, the Haight-Ashbury Alcohol Treatment Services (HAATS). I made an appointment for an interview in ten days. When the interview was concluded, they told me they would soon contact me. Two months later I called them to discover that my file had been "misplaced" and that I was welcome to join an ongoing group.

I stayed with the group for several months. It never jelled. There was a constant turnover in participants, and two months after I joined, the counselor facilitating the group was replaced. These things hurt the group; they hindered the members' getting to know, trust, and feel comfortable with each other—things that are essential to the successful working of any alcoholism group. Still, the opportunity to vent feelings and frustrations, and to learn from others overcoming alcohol programs was valuable to me.

ALL IS NOT WELL, though, in alcoholism treatment programs. In addition to the disorganization I found at HAATS, there are other problems. One is that most counselors apparently have been alcoholics, have gotten sober through A.A., and adhere religiously to its principles. Participation in A.A. is one of HAATS' requirements for group participants, and an atmosphere of A.A. religiosity permeates HAATS' program. This is a common problem in treatment situations.

Another problem is that many counselors and administrators in such programs are power-trippers and seem to enjoy laying down and enforcing arbitrary rules governing participants' behavior. This is an especially serious problem in alcoholism treatment programs because those in the early stages of recovery from alcohol dependence tend to be very emotionally vulnerable. In one incident that I witnessed, a member of the group innocently mentioned that he had smoked some dope at a party a few weeks earlier. Horrors! The powers that be practically had heart attacks and would have kicked him out of the program had he not left first. Fortunately, he was in pretty good shape and walked away none the worse for wear.

I know of other incidents which are worse. In one, a woman who was enrolled in the program at the Women's Alcohol Center (WAC) became very ill with strep throat. In agony, unable to swallow anything solid, she went to Kaiser's emergency room at 3:00 a.m. The attending physician prescribed an antibiotic and a codeine-containing pain reliever. The woman took the pills, went home, and went to sleep. The next day she made the mistake of calling her counselor at WAC to tell her about her problems.

WAC has a policy which prohibits group participants from ingesting consciousness-altering substances. So, after the woman informed her counselor about her illness, the counselor spoke with her own boss. They decided that the sick woman had been guilty of a "slip", and they kicked her out of the program. She was devastated. What ultimately happened to her, I never found out.

This type of petty tyrannizing seems endemic to alcoholism treatment programs, and anybody entering one should be aware of it. This seems to be especially the case in questions concerning rules administered by nicotine and caffeine-consuming hypocrites about drugs. The unfortunate thing about this is that treatment programs, even as screwed up as most are, can be of value to recovering alcoholics, and they're often needlessly denied access to them. While I certainly would not advise anyone recovering from alcohol dependence to use even innocuous substances such as marijuana, I would advise anyone in that position who occasionally gets high not to mention the fact to any staff members of alcoholism programs, and to lie if directly asked.

Honesty is an essential part of recovery from any type of addiction, but it's important to realize that there are qualifying circumstances. It's necessary to be honest with yourself, your family, and your friends; but it's an entirely different matter when you're dealing with those who have power over you. The matter was expressed well in **The Wild Bunch**: "It's not whether or not you give your word. It's **who** you give it to."

AROUND THE time I contacted HAATS, I also began to re-explore A.A. Most of what I found was every bit as bad as I remembered: clouds of tobacco smoke, stifling religiosity and busybodyism, and arrogance masquerading as humility.

Probably the worst thing about A.A. is its religiosity. The centerpiece of the A.A. dogma is, unfortunately, the Twelve Steps. Officially, these are only "suggestions", but most members of A.A. treat them as if they were written in stone. Worse, they often present them to newcomers as essential to participating in A.A. And religiosity is an integral part of the steps.

God or a "Power greater than ourselves" is mentioned in fully half of the steps. Thus, anyone with the honesty to admit that the existence of god is no more likely than the existence of Santa Claus, is, at the least, made to feel very uncomfortable at most A.A. meetings. What makes matters worse is that A.A. step-zombies as a matter of course tell those new to the program that if they don't follow the steps they'll never make it—they'll start drinking again. That is often a self-fulfilling prophesy. For alcoholics that means physical and mental deterioration and a slow, horrible death. Yet many A.A. members actually seem eager to see nonbelievers suffer and die in such an awful manner.

Why such an inhumane attitude? I believe it has to do with the religious nature of A.A. belief. Life is filled with annoyances, dangers, and uncertainties, and, like most people, Steps-o-maniacs don't want to face them; they don't want to be adults. They want a Big Brother to take care of them. And as their heavenly Big Brother almost certainly does not exist, they desperately cling to the **belief** that it does. That belief is utterly irrational, and there is no evidence whatsoever to support it; it's a fragile belief. A.A.'s step-zombies and other religionists feel threatened by those who do not share their delusions, and attempt to drive them away—even if that means driving them from support they desperately need. Ultimately, the religious delusions of A.A. steps-o-maniacs are more important to them than their fellow suffering human beings.

The religious beliefs of most A.A. members do not free them, as they would like to believe, from their dependence on alcohol; rather, they act as a substitute for it. If they were actually free, they wouldn't need the fix of regular meetings and the constant reinforcement of their comforting but irrational beliefs.

Guilt is another bothersome aspect of Alcoholics Anonymous religiosity. The Twelve Steps are replete with references to "our wrongs", "our shortcomings", and "making amends". This places responsibility for the alcoholic's alcoholism squarely on his or her shoulders. Not only does this induce guilt, it's also thoroughly unscientific and is just plain wrong. Modern research has clearly shown that alcoholism is a matter of genetics, that alcoholics have about as much choice in the matter as they do about the color of their eyes. A.A.-induced guilt only serves to make dealing with the very real problems recovering alcoholics face, even more difficult.

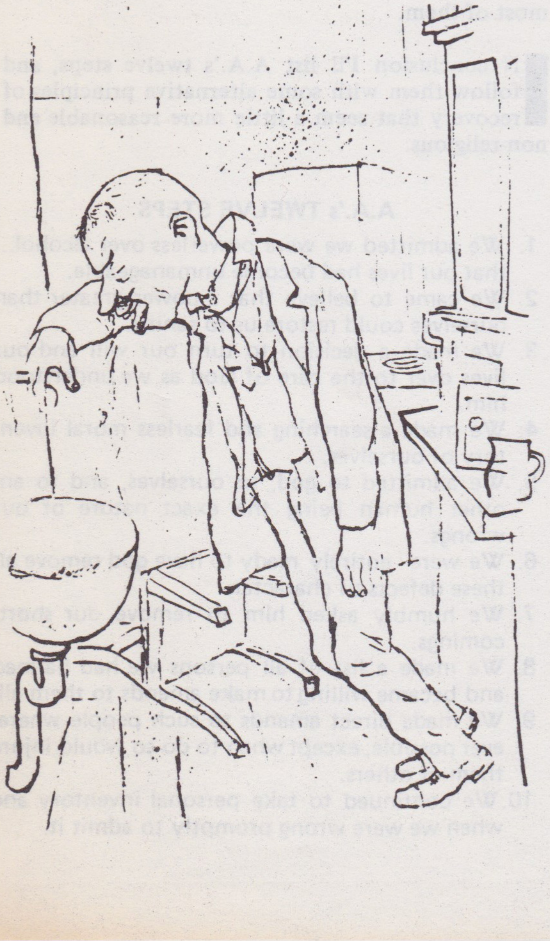
An additional problem related to religiosity is hypocrisy. There's a saying in A.A.: "Fake it until you make it." What that means in practice is that newcomers should sit on their doubts and mouth the A.A. line until they forget they ever had doubts. Thus, hypocrisy is an essential element in the cloning process of step zombies. An acquaintance told me that he had recently mentioned certain doubts at an A.A. meeting. After it was over, his sponsor (a sort of Big Brother within A.A.) told him that he wasn't supposed to criticize A.A. itself. Puzzled, he replied that he thought A.A. was supposed to be a program of honesty. To that his sponsor said, "Yes, but you shouldn't criticize the organization." He replied: "I think I don't need a sponsor."

Sponsors are supposed to provide newcomers with advice and assistance, but many end up running the lives of those they're supposed to be helping. Naturally, the position of sponsor attracts meddling busybodies who love to control others. They often hang around A.A. meetings on the lookout for newcomers, like vultures on the watch for fresh meat. Newcomers, like all people in the early stages of recovery from alcoholism, are emotionally vulnerable, and often fall into the clutches of these buzzards. If you've recently quit drinking, are checking out A.A., and someone, unasked, says to you, "I think you need a sponsor," don't walk, RUN in the opposite direction.

SO MUCH for the negative aspects of Alcoholics Anonymous. There are also positive ones. A very good feature is that A.A. is open to all, the only requirement for membership being a desire to stop drinking. No identification is required, and there are no dues or fees.

Another good feature is that A.A. is decentralized. Groups are autonomous and there is no hierarchy giving orders to the membership. Among other things, this leaves room in A.A. for dissident groups and members.

But the most important feature is that A.A. works, at least for some people. Why? I believe there are three main reasons. One is that A.A. is an important social outlet for many. Loneliness is a terrible problem in our society, and people will flock to almost **anything** which relieves it—even A.A. meetings.



A second and related reason is that A.A. meetings allow alcoholics to realize that their problems are not unique. Meetings provide members with the opportunity to vent feelings and to give and receive emotional support and oftentimes useful advice on ways to avoid drinking.

The third reason is that the A.A. steps provide structure—a well-groomed path to follow; and that can look awfully attractive when your world has turned upside down and you no longer have your best friend—alcohol—to lean on. I believe that to a large degree the content of the steps is irrelevant. What is actually important is simply that the steps are there and that those dependent on them believe that they're the means for overcoming alcoholism. Another way of spelling recovery-via-the-steps is p-l-a-c-e-b-o e-f-f-e-c-t.

These things, especially the first two, are all that is really needed. Any program which provides alcoholics the opportunity to meet, talk, and support one another on a regular basis will "work"; it will help alcoholics stay sober. A structure similar to the steps, but without their religiosity and blame-laying, and which would stress rational means of recovery, would be an additional help. Rational means include: realization that the only way for alcoholics to control drinking is simply not to do it; expression of emotions which have been submerged in a sea of booze, often since childhood; becoming as well-informed about the medical and psychological aspects of alcoholism as possible; honesty with oneself and others; self-analysis through keeping a journal; and developing mutually supportive relationships with others. Working with these materials, it's very easy to construct a much sturdier set of "steps" than that provided by A.A.

A non-religious national organization for recovering and recovered alcoholics is badly needed. If there were one of anywhere near the scope of Alcoholics Anonymous, it would almost certainly help far more people to sobriety than A.A. does. (A.A. claims a 10% recovery rate, which is probably optimistic); and it would be especially helpful to the honest and intelligent who are often driven away from A.A. by the religiosity and hypocrisy endemic to that organization.

Unfortunately, not much is on the horizon. There is one organization called AAARG! (American Atheists Addiction Recovery Groups), but it only holds meetings in Denver at present, and is probably too closely tied to American Atheists ever to become a mass organization. It does, however, produce an informative, often entertaining newsletter which is available for $25 for 12 issues. AAARG!'s address is 2344 South Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

Until there is an alternative, those who wish to free themselves of alcohol have little choice but to use existing treatment programs and A.A. These can provide a lot of help if approached skeptically and used intelligently. Much as many A.A. steps-o-maniacs would like you to believe it, it is NOT necessary to give up your rationality and integrity to free yourself of alcoholism. I and a lot of other happy, sober people are living evidence of that fact.

Fortunately, at least in San Francisco you don't need to put up with a lot of religious bullshit to participate in A.A. There are several meetings for nonbelievers here, listed in the A.A. meeting book as "Agnostics," "Atheists", or "Freethinkers" meetings. (Meeting books are free and are available from the local office.

At one time or another I've checked out all of these meetings. Those in the Tenderloin were pretty depressing, but there was an "Agnostics and Freethinkers" meeting that was enjoyable, and I attended for a while. It was good to remind myself of how hideous alcoholism is, and the meetings were a sort of social event.

BUT let's look at a "typical" A.A. meeting (if there is such a thing). About all that can be said with certainty is that meetings last an hour, and even that's not always the case. Generally, though, they work like this:

It's ten minutes before meeting time as you walk through the front door of the A.A. hall, a large, dingy room reeking of stale tobacco smoke. You head for the coffee urn, pour yourself a cup of what appears to be used crankcase oil, grab a couple of cookies, and wander over to one of the fifty or so folding metal chairs facing the table at the front of the room.

The meeting's secretary and the evening's speaker are already seated at the table, smoking cigarettes and slurping what passes for coffee. Other people, mostly men, are filing in, gradually filling the seats, and also filling the air with tobacco smoke. Perhaps half the chairs are taken when the meeting starts.

Precisely on the hour the secretary raps his gavel, introduces himself, and asks two preselected members to read the A.A. Statement of Purpose and the Serenity Prayer. Then, since it's a small meeting, everyone in the room introduces himself or herself: "My name is Zeke. I'm an alcoholic"; "I'm Ervil and I'm an Alcoholic," etc. (Those are normal names where I hale from —Mormon country.)

The speaker rises, steps to the podium, introduces himself, and launches into a history of his alcoholism, describing at length and with apparent relish some of his more lurid drinking episodes. He pauses, lights a cigarette, and speaks of how he "bottomed out"—the degradation, humiliation, and hopelessness he felt when he finally realized what alcohol had done to him. He lights another cigarette and recounts how finally, in desperation, he had hesitantly walked into an A.A. meeting despite fears about "the god stuff". He inhales deeply, and goes on to describe how his life has never been the same since that day. He lights another cigarette and continues, saying that once he "overcame" his doubts, found "god", and began to work the steps, his life has been wonderful. He sits down to pro-forma applause.

By this time there's only 25 minutes left and the secretary throws the meeting open to questions and discussion. A hand goes up in the front row and a nearly incoherent drunkalogue (a recitation of drunken escapades) ensues for ten minutes. Toward the end of it, the secretary passes the collection basket; most of those present chip in a buck or some pocket change. The next member to speak, who has been chafing at the bit during the drunkalogue, takes off on a tangent and describes how by working one of the steps he overcame his frustration after a car accident. One or two others take off on similar tangents, and it's time to end the meeting.

The secretary announces the fact and everyone rises, joins hands, and most say the lord's prayer—about a quarter, looking pained or disgusted, remain mute. After a moment of silence everyone chants, "Keep coming back. It works!" And the meeting is over.

But for any booze hounds reading this: Don't despair. Not all meetings are this bad—just most of them.

IN conclusion I'll list A.A.'s twelve steps, and follow them with some alternative principles of recovery that seem a little more reasonable and non-religious.

A.A.'s TWELVE STEPS

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol... that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. We came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood him.
4. We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. We admitted to god, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. We were entirely ready to have god remove all these defects of character.
7. We humbly asked him to remove our shortcomings.
8. We made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. We made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. We continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly to admit it.

11. We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with god, as we understood him, praying only for knowledge of his will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these Steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

These are A.A.'s famous Twelve Steps. They're a mixed bag, good and bad—mostly bad. Steps 2, 3, 6, 7 and 11 are purely religious; and they are harmful because they turn the recovering alcoholic away from personal independence and toward another dependency. Step 5 also mentions "god" and encourages dependency upon "him".

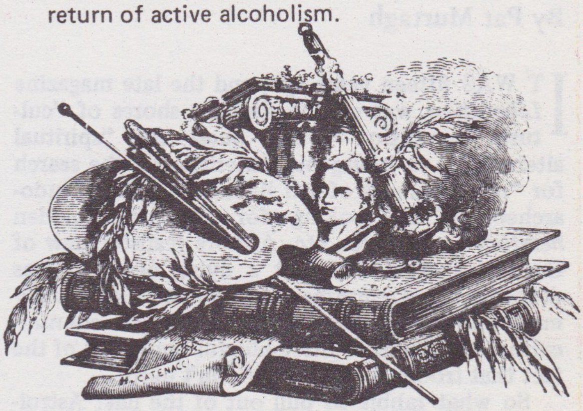
Steps 4, 5, 6, and 7 employ guilt-inducing moralistic terminology: "moral inventory", "our wrongs" "defects of character", and "our shortcomings." These are all morally judgemental terms and present alcoholism as a moral "shortcoming" on the part of the alcoholic, rather than as a hereditary disease as it is now recognized by modern science.

Step 10 is essentially a repetition of step 4, and steps 8 and 9 encourage alcholics to take personal responsibility for past actions, while step 11 encourages alcoholics NOT to take responsibility for present actions, but instead to pray for "knowledge of his will for us and the power to carry that out."

Taking away all of this, what are we left with? Not much, unfortunately. There are a few decent principles in the steps, but they fall far short of being a comprehensive, or even a useful, guide to recovery. Virtually anyone with any knowledge of alcoholism can easily come up with a far better set of "steps". An example follows:

PRINCIPLES OF RECOVERY

1. Don't pick up the first drink. Alcoholics metabolize alcohol differently than social drinkers; that's why we're alcoholics. Our only option is not to drink.
2. Alcoholics often neglect health. Proper nutrition, sleep, and relaxation, and avoidance of harmful substances are essential to recovery.
3. Talk about it. Nothing, especially matters related to alcohol, should be off-limits. The more sensitive and painful a subject is, the greater is the need to talk about it.
4. Be honest. Only by being honest with ourselves, our families, and friends, will we gain a true understanding of ourselves.
5. But be sensible. It's necessary to be honest with one's peers, but stupid to be honest with those who hold power over us: cops, landlords, employers, and government agencies.
6. Build mutually supportive relationships with other recovering alcoholics. A good way to do this is through therapy groups. It's easier to open up with others who share our problems.
7. Don't get hooked on substitute addictions. Substitutes such as heroin and religion do not cause the same physical damage that alcohol does. But, like alcohol, they prevent us from controlling our own lives.
8. Use reason. Only rationality gives us the means to understand ourselves and the world we live in. Without that understanding we remain slaives to misconceptions and have no way to see through them.
9. Develop honest mental habits. Don't adopt beliefs simply because they feel comfortable. Unsupported but comforting beliefs (I'm not REALLY an alcoholic...") contributed to our problems with alcohol, and, if we let them, will contribute to problems in the future. "Faith means **not wanting** to know what is true." And only by avoidance of "faith" can we avoid unnecessary problems.
10. Learn to love truth for its own sake. We may not always like what we see when we don't delude ourselves, but much of the time we will. The world isn't so horrible that we need to hide from it behind irrational beliefs. Reliance on "faith" rather than truth and reason indicates moral cowardice, a deadened will to live—exactly the condition which invites the return of active alcoholism.



For a much more detailed discussion of the dangers of religiosity, I'd highly recommend **The Case Against Religion,** A Psychotherapist's View, by Dr. Albert Ellis. It's available from American Atheists, Box 2117, Austin, TX 78768 for $5 ppd.

The best source of information on the medical aspects of alcoholism for the lay reader is a widely available little book called **Under The Unfluence.**

Recommended reading: **Under the Influence; Healing Alcoholism,** by Claude Steiner. **Addictive Drinking,** by Clark Vaughn.

Political Mysticism

Why it Fails

By Pat Murtagh

IT WAS fifteen years ago, and the late magazine *Liberation* was on the slippery shores of "cultural revolution"—the quest for "spiritual alternatives to bourgeois materialism", the search for "new channels of self liberation", the pseudo-archeology of looking for "*wymin's* hidden *herstory*", etc., etc., etc. A more realistic view of the times would be that a dying new left was desperately attempting to recruit the equally moribund remnants of the so-called counter-culture. This was in utter blissful ignorance of the fact that troops like that you don't need.

So what rabbit to pull out of the hat? Astrology yet! It would be hard to conceive of a more absurd marriage, but cynic finds cynic. The recruiters of *Liberation* found (or did she find them?) a "humanistic astrologer" more than willing to drum up new business for her con game in the pages of a national magazine. Get your advertising any way you can.

I found this especially offensive because the astrologer's scam was so obvious. So I wrote in expressing my discontent. In my (of course) unpublished letter I covered several points. The fact that astrology doesn't work went about 25 miles over the heads of *Liberation's* staff. In a private letter from said magazine, however, they did express "interest" in the fact that I had pointed out that astrology was hardly part of what is termed "herstory"; astrology was the preserve of an educated *male* priesthood in ancient times and of an educated *male* intelligentsia in renaissance times. It was an integral though erroneous part of the early medical profession—the profession that feminists now claim suppressed the witches and folk healers.

The publishers were "interested" but not enough for them to check a few elementary sources. Or to publish an ooops-we-goofed. Or to wonder about the contradiction of a movement that claimed almost universal solutions despite the presence of such historical ignorance.

Astrology doesn't work. I am very happy it doesn't work. Others would be very sad if it was demonstrated to them that astrology is useless—a nd why? The rather bizarre case of *Liberation's* "radical astrology" is merely an especially ugly wart on the very large toad of left-wing attempts to politicize mysticism. From the hippies to the counterculture to the New (sic) Age and down to the Green movement this thing persists like penicillin-resistant gonorrhea.

What is mysticism? It's that which is concerned with direct communion of the soul with "god"; the seeking of absorption into "god" or the infinite, the believing in spiritual apprehension of truths that are intellectually incomprehensible —so says my dictionary.

This definition is probably wide enough to encompass all mysticism whether theistic or non-theistic. Zen Buddhism, archaic Buddhism or uncorrupted Taoism are examples of non-theistic mysticism. The mystic experience is essentially a *private* experience wherein one dispenses with "mediations" (words, preconceptions, distractions, etc.) and has "direct experience". This is often termed "union" with whatever one's non-mystical ideology says one should be unified with. In the case of monotheistic mysticism there is also the caveat of just how far one is "in union" with the object of one's quest.

Mysticism is private. This means, as William James says in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, that: "The fact is that the mystical feeling of enlargement, union and emancipation has no specific intellectual content of its own. It is capable of forming matrimonial alliances with

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material furnished by the most diverse philosophies and theologies."

Mysticism can be illogically attached to ANY belief system and, therefore, can be logically attached to some. As a matter of fact we all have had "mystical experiences", with the possible exception of the brain-damaged psychopath and those most attached to the esoteria of mysticism themselves. The experience is simple and everyday: the rapt attention in the face of a child, the contemplation of new-fallen snow. Its only possible political "meaning" is that mystic times are happy times, and our society offers us too little stress-free time to find that particualr pot of gold.

Mystic experiences won't suddenly "make you see the light" on the oppressiveness of society. They won't make you a more revolutionary or even better person. The low-level crooks who peddle innumerable sorts of the ancient science of money-travel may indeed be true mystics. Communication with the "all" is a feeling, not a fact. It will not necessarily lead to any higher morality than a nonmystical approach. Neither will it help you find your socks in the morning nor give you new ways to solve the world's problems. Mystical experiences simply are, and from a political point of view, "are, so what?"

But left-wing mysticism pretends to be a different sort of beast. What is this beast? It is the belief that "experiences of oneness" have a major role to play in social change in a *desired* direction. It carries the implication that these experiences can be fostered by propaganda and that the end product will be a new state of mind that will be decisive in driving society inevitably along to a better world. Its basis is the assumption that a mere shaking up of modes of perception will automatically lead to desirable results. Our memories are short—this whole debate was played before, with hallucinogenic drugs as the deus ex machina. The experimental conclusion is so plain that only the most blinded ideologue could fail to see it.

Political mysticism's latest incarnation, its avatar if you will, is most likely the "ecological consciousness" of the Greens and their fellow travelers, whether of the left (anarchist) or the right (social democratic). I may be wrong; I try very hard these days not to keep up with fads. Looking back over left-wing mysticism's long history, longer than most of its present adherents realize, one smells a rat in the woodpile. What is this rat?

Perhaps a few short illustrations might help. It is rather crude to imagine that you can levitate (or exorcise) the Pentagon. It is slightly less crude to dream that your "union with Mother Earth" will give you the strength and power to "resist the rape of our mother". It is more crude (and bizarre) to think that "baby men" will "sap wymins' energies" at a "wymins' music festival".

It is not crude to propose some sort of "wholistic wellness" as an alternative to the medical system. It takes open eyes, however, to notice that all that has been accomplished in the *real* world is a cash flow from doctors to health food—or worse—quacks, from psychotherapists to no less pseudoscientific "therapists". Add the prefix of your choice.

It is not crude to propose the existence of something called Gaia; the unfortunate fact is that possession of, and occasional understanding of, such a hypothesis doesn't grant one a golden key to all the solutions needed. It doesn't replace a careful study of society. You *can* imagine it does if you live in a world of rhetoric and slogans where "facts" are denigrated as "mere empiricism"; or you *can* if you are simply lazy, arrogant and ignorant.

The examples could be multiplied endlessly. They all have a common thread. The mysticism proposed by political mystics, under whatever name it may go, usually an adjective preceding the nouns "consciousness" or "movement", is not true mysticism. The essence of the mystic experience is passive contemplation. The essence of political mysticism is the desire for a shortcut to control. Political mystics may despise "utilitarian" modes of thought and action. Their "solutions" are, in fact, the lazy person's road to the same goals.

We all need or want to control certain events. AIDS, for instance, is an extremely unpleasant event. You can strive rationally to reduce your chances of contracting this disease—safe sex—or you can "intuit the wellness" (an actual quote from a national newsmagazine) of your potential sex partner. The latter has a lot of fuzzy "nonlinear" fluff attached to it, but it is no less utilitarian than the rational choice. The problem is that it doesn't work even though it is far less effortful and requires less knowledge than the rational approach. Even if it makes you feel really "intuitive and superior" it doesn't work.

The boys and girls from *Liberation* in my opening remarks really believed that they could harness the true believers, whatever their real opinion of the belief, to their own goals. They were as crassly cynical as the President of ITT. Not much hope that they could succeed, however; the goals of the mystical "movement" are not those of political leftists.

So a lot of effort is lost—no big deal. The left has an unending history of wild goose chases, and I suppose there are worse things they could be doing. The big deal is that people usually end up believing their own nonsense. People are very indoctrinable animals, and you can propagandize yourself as well or better than the television can.

It is a simple lie for political activists to pretend that their goals do not involve some sort of "interference with nature". ALL human action does. This says nothing about whether the goals are right or wrong. It says a lot about the danger of disguising them in mendacious language. You may lose sight of the goals. You may end up wallowing in the wonder of your mysterious "connection" to "Mother Earth" to the detriment of realistic planning to stop ecological degradation. You may decide that arrogant self-glorification is much more important. You may wander forever in blissful ignorance of the real difficulties because an Olympian position is *so* much more emotionally satisfying.

MYSTICAL radicalism is a failure. It is a failure because it is a lie. It is a failure because it doesn't work, even if it appears to keep invisible wheels turning because of the fact that it is a product that you can sell to at least a small portion of the population. But that portion will remain small. The market for this sort of thing is glutted with products of a far greater sex appeal. It is a sad failure, a symptom of a left that has given up on making sense of the real world—a left in retreat down a dead-end road.

It is sadder still for the individual. A person confronted with political mysticism should act like one confronted with anyone peddling religion or psychology: Be all hands! Hang onto your wallet, your genitals and all the screws in your head. My personal is not your political. I will contemplate my own snowflakes, thank you very much.

All of this, however, should not be taken as a denigration of the "mystic experience" per se. This experience is an important aspect of human existence. The problem with its political expression is that it too easily degenerates into mere superstition and interpersonal manipulation. Neither should it be imagined that our culture doesn't strip people of valuable connections to the world. It does. The problem is that the "solutions" of the past two decades of radicalism have worked out for these aspects of "psychic alienation" are more often worse than the disease itself. The left is in decline. Now is the time when we should be analyzing what went wrong, not spreading lies that we have magical solutions. It is the time for criticism. Our responsibility is to a future wave of radicals. We must leave them understanding, not slogans. My own generation of radicals of the New Left had to work its way through the theology of Marxism. There were few to teach us where it had already been proven wrong. Those who knew either deserted to the right or simply gave up, leaving the field to the undying dogmatists. The questions raised by "personal politics" are real. Only our answers were wrong. Let's leave some truth for the next wave, whether it be ten, twenty, or thirty years down the road. ●

Editor's note—When author Murtagh speaks of "mystic experience in the final paragraph above, he obviously refers to something like "the sense of wonder", not to philosophical mysticism, which as he has ably noted is an utter failure because it leads to erroneous conclusions about the world. It would probably be better for the sake of clarity to avoid the word "mysticism" entirely in the case of rational people who delight in the world and experience the feeling of wonder and awe at the universe. "Mysticism" and "mystic experience" are too tainted with religious (i.e., political-mystic) significance. One who was a socialist, as an analogy, would not call himself a national socialist even if his work was within the context of a particular nation; national-socialism is too poisonous a connotation. Mysticism likewise calls up associations with Catholic "saints", eastern religions and so on, all of which are better left to die a natural death.

AROUND & ABOUT

A SLIPPERY quantity in the "protection vs. freedom tradeoff" is the actual amount of oppression of society by government. Defenders of statism assert that in so-called democratic nations such as the USA, the people are supreme; only communist states and dictatorships set the state ahead of the people. Occasional abuses, they say, are just that—occasional (and rectifiable) lapses. If people want things different, it's argued, all they have to do is to vote, and over a certain span of time conditions will swing around to the way the people want them to be.

Consider, however, the matter of personal income. Almost nobody seems to have enough to be able to do as they wish in life, and sentiment appears universal in favor of lower taxes. Still, taxes never fall. Clearly it is beyond the power of the voters to effectuate even such a simple, numerically quantifiable change as an overall diminishing of the tax burden. Out of the 365 days in a year, this year the average worker in the United States had to labor wholly for the sake of the government during the first 124 days. According to figures released by the Tax Foundation, "Tax Freedom Day", the theoretical date on which the tax-paying citizen begins working in his own interest after paying off all assessments of the state and federal government, in 1987 was May 4. For 1988 it is expected to be some 19 days later. Indeed, almost every year the date is far later than ever before—in a sense providing a sort of quantification for government's oppression in the name of freedom. Perhaps if the date jumped to December 31 all at once, enough people would become alarmed so as to take effective action in ridding themselves of this millstone around their necks. However, at the present rate of increase, tax confiscation will not have reached the point of stealing 100% of a person's productive efforts until about 200 years from now.

To indicate the increases in recent years, here's a look at the dates of past "Tax Freedom Days": 1930— February 13; 1940—March 8; 1950—April 3; 1960—April 17; 1980—May 1. How much "protection" against the vicissitudes of life can life bear before it collapses?

NO CLEARER revelation of law's cancerous encroachment can be seen than in the dramatic progress of some of the Social Security Act's provisions. When this law went into effect in the 1930s, the carrying of a card for identification purposes was specifically banned. Quickly though the de facto requirement became routine as employers, and later universities and the Selective Service System, ordered citizens to provide their card and account number.

As of 1987 even children were being compelled to have a Social Security number (supposedly to allow verification of tax credits for their parents). Notice that in every case, repressive circumstances quietly attach themselves to existing necessities: expansion of cities and distances that one must travel regularly in order to live compelled use of the automobile, and the state then tied swarms of laws to car-ownership and use (drivers' licenses, car registration, safety certificates, mandatory insurance, proof of financial responsibility, etc.). Enforcement of the capitalist economic system featuring concentration of wealth in the hands of the few, caused the vast majority of people to be compelled to either work for someone else or to starve—then the state attached various provisions to the necessity. The complaint at or legal challenge to any of these provisions is always a cynical, "It's not compulsory—we don't order you to do this; we only demand it if you intend to work." As a good example, on June 1 of this year the citizenship verification law went into effect, so that now, to

I.R. YBARRA

go to work, one must provide on special papers for the government, birth records or similar documentation. You don't HAVE to do it; only if you want to work.

The present law, by the way, is a vicious form of discrimination against people from poor backgrounds who are unlikely to possess detailed family papers regarding their birth. In order to stay alive at all, such persons will have to work only at menial jobs provided by employers who are willing to skirt the law in return for cheap labor— so the poor are trapped in an unbreakable circle of poverty, fringe existence, and a demeaning life of constant, nagging fear.

ONE WONDERS, at times, what sort of person presses for these laws. We read their names in the newspaper, but the personalities seem to come and go. Comprehending who they are and why they behave as they do is almost impossible except in generalities. However, once in a while we see some glimpse of the truth that underlies their actions.

Consider the combination of the two laws discussed above— Social Security, and the new citizenship verification. Obviously they amount to a law requiring everyone (everyone who wants to live with some semblance of comfort, and thus who has to work for an employer) to carry a national identification. So let's look back for one moment to the mid-1970s when the push was on for a national ID Card law. Here's what I wrote in the April, 1975 issue of THE MATCH:

"'The U.S. government owes every American a true, recorded, national identity,' stated Frances G. Knight, Director of the State Department's Passport Bureau. But she admitted there would be opposition to this action: 'Criminals, illegal aliens, tax dodgers and peripheral groups of crooks and hoods would be against national registration and identity cards.' Behind the idea that the possession of a recorded national identity is some variety of human right, rests the assumption that no individual exists apart from, or at least without the sanction and approval of the State. Existence itself, then, as liberty has already, comes to be a privilege bestowed at the whim of bureaucrats."

I concluded by saying that "the purpose of any such program of mandatory identification is totally unrelated to alleged urges to help the populace, and is instead purely a new instance of authoritarian consolidation."

Now, then, to fit the above old quote together with my question as to what kind of person does this sort of thing, I turn briefly to an extremely fascistic private organization that exists today, called the American Immigration Control Foundation, which publishes and lobbies for tough laws against admission to the United States' borders, and which warns that the greatest danger is not that of warfare with the Soviet Union but, "the danger of the Third World". This particular organization is one of those constantly throwing greater power into the hands of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), which has created a kind of gestapo along the Mexican border. Prisons, roundups en masse of low-paid cotton and agricultural workers, torture and many other abuses, have resulted from the jingoistic push by some of these racist outfits.

So, let's look at who is on the Advisory Board of the AICF: Clare Booth Luce (recently deceased), the darling of yuppie feminists who got her start by marrying into the Time Magazine fortune; Phyllis Schlafly, rightwing gadabout, anti-abortion crusader and pro-censorship thug; various retired generals and similar extreme authoritarian sorts; and finally— Frances Knight, mentioned above in my quote from twelve years ago.

In other words, Knight's call for a "national identity" was actually an expression of the same racist hatred that animates her now. So, as we examine some of the laws now being passed that erode very severely the right of individuals to go their own way and to be let alone, let's realize that they come into existence not through any misguided effort or chance. Those passing these laws know exactly what they are doing, and they are often committed to a long-range agenda that the public hears little of because the press doesn't report it. Knight is but one small glimpse of an immense and horrifying pattern of authoritarian legalized abuse masquerading as humanitarianism.

OVERHEARD on TV: "Tonight— a murderer invades the private lives of his victims." (Can't they just do it and leave you alone?) Ignoring the fact that it's impossible to kill some-

THE UGLY TRUTH

By I. R. Ybarra

We've shown over and over how government's guarantees of freedom are almost completely devoid of significance. At the slightest excuse, at the most temporary crisis, supposedly ironclad promises waft away like so much toilet tissue in an afternoon breeze. Any political convenience or drummed-up moral hysteria bowls over the supposedly monolithic assurances of rights.

American history in particular needs to be seen as a constant transgression of professed principles, from the official frenzy and ferociousness when President Lincoln was assassinated (dozens were jailed arbitrarily), to the murder of the Haymarket Anarchists by law-supporters who literally raved from pulpit, police station and judicial bench. The insanity of the Palmer Raids, the vicious hatred of protesters during World War Two, the constant persecution of book-publishers for "obscenity" in the 1950s and '60s, the conducting of a criminal war in Vietnam and the killing, torture, and imprisonment of students and others who tried to stop it; the use of the Post Office to impose cenbody without messing with his "private life", the unconscious humor from the tube does reflect an awareness that any crime becomes worse when the perpetrator of the deed accompanies his act with long periods of terrorization and interference directed against the victim.

Unfortunately this sentiment, which is actually very hard for many people to articulate, is the basis of the human desire for freedom, which pops up even amid total statism as a demand for "the right of privacy". A recent Supreme Court nominee held that there was no right of privacy since the Constitution didn't list it among its provisions—which is very much like stating that there is no right to pick your teeth because that isn't enumerated in the ancient document either. (Naturally, so-called legal scholars have developed ways of arguing and reasoning that not only have nothing to do with common sense, but are actually perceived as highly superior modes of thought BECAUSE they are counter-intuitive. The simple analogy I just used would be pooh-poohed by any true Constitutional Scholar because they like to pretend that the plainest matters are in fact exceedingly deep and complex, understandable only by themselves.)

But out of the right of privacy— the right to be let alone— comes every sort of human aspiration. Violating this right anyplace at all is like puncturing a balloon: you don't just deflate at the puncture site, but everywhere. As we know, arithmetic has become the means of calculating rights, and nowadays, as was so irritatingly preached in one of the Star Trek movies, "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few." Thus the UNIT — the individual — effectively has no rights at all by such thinking.

Puncture sites that have collapsed individual freedom are many: "the public good", "for your OWN good", etc. Censorship, the inevitable result of this imperative to meddle, thus bases itself on an assumption that whenever Mr. Jones reads a book written by Mr. Smith, all kinds of other people are somehow involved at the same time.

Hardly ever does anyone oppose this formula, but a recent column by Richard Cohen in "The Washington Post" dissected what he called the urge for censorship, and concluded that admission of "causal links" to violence or to indeed anything at all could be made out in so many, many instances that allowing such perceived links to serve as a rationale for suppression would lead to suppression of almost everything.

The Meese Commission report, says Cohen, sprang from a hand-picked panel that incorporated prejudices against sexually explicit material, and therefore the outcome was fore-ordained. He then goes on, however, to investigate the very concept of so-called causal links to violence, and reaches the obvious conclusion that political statements might at any time lead to violence— should they therefore be prohibited? How about the speeches of the abolitionists; mightn't they have led to the Civil War? Most political move-

sorship; the domination of radio, movies, and finally television on specious grounds just because no such modes of communication had been invented when the Constitution was written—are just the tiniest fraction of the massive authoritarianism and casual violation of its own rules, that is the essence of government.

Showing these tendencies still in operation, we note the following recent happenings:

Zellwood, Florida—Police determined anyone who visited a particular neighborhood was "suspicious", and as part of a Sheriff's Department crackdown, armed troops wearing Japanese masks over their heads and faces stopped cars, recorded licence numbers, and warned drivers that they were likely to be regarded for prosecution for entering a district where there was heavy drug activity. Drivers were questioned before being told to move on, and parked cars were searched and traced, with threatening letters later being sent to their recorded owners.

Zellwood, an Orlando suburb, also had signs posted along Willow Street, a tree-lined residential area, warning residents that they were being watched and investigated. As the massive police presence continued, Orange County police spokesmen stated the Japanese "Ninja"-style masks were being worn to protect the identity of officers.

Salem, Oregon—Matt McDaniel recently completed a personal odyssey undertaken for his own satisfaction and sense of awareness, a journey completely across the 4,000-mile length of the United States, on horseback. We have no idea how the horse felt about it, but police were another matter: "I feared cops," McDaniel said. "I had cops tell me if they saw me again they were going to put me in jail. It says a lot about society. You're not really free."

McDaniel, whose only goal was to prove that he and the horse could make such a trek, started in Oregon and eventually rode into the Atlantic surf at Nags Head, North Carolina. He found suspicious land-owners a problem, but police were "...around-the-clock harassment. They would stop me, ask for ID, ask where I was going, what I was doing. They would tell me to get off the street, off the sidewalk, off the field and to keep moving. They were always watching."

In some towns, police would call ahead to enforcers farther down the road to warn them that a stranger on horseback was on the way. Eastern Tennessee was particularly bad, McDaniel said, as were Boise, Idaho and Morgan, Utah (both Mormon communities); Imperial, Nebraska; and most

(Continued on next page)

ments in history, Cohen notes, have been accompanied by violence. If causal links are enough to get something suppressed, then what about the Meese report itself? Plainly there is a "causal link" between it and censorship!

Clear thinking in the press is a rarity, so rare in fact that it almost never is seen at all. So we Anarchists would like to tip our hat to Richard Cohen, at least for his commentary on this one issue, and suggest that if public education had any meaning, his essay is one that every schoolchild would learn by heart.

REVEALING, on the other hand, just how bogus most press commentary tends to be, is the pair of commentaries lately penned by two somewhat better-known public figures, William F. Buckley and Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Buckley's remarks are, as usual, so utterly weird, seeming to enter the known universe from a bizarre angle, that what makes him still worth noting (instead of dismissing him instantly), is the very fact that he manages to keep going—that newspapers, etc., and OTHER people allow him to go on distributing through their outlets, even paying him to do it, so that it's evident that his baffling profundity of misconception must strike a receptive chord in an alarmingly high number of readers.

Specifically, Buckley now observes that the best thing about the Republican Party has always been its (now get this)... "anti-statism". A statement like this needs to be followed with incredulous exclamation points like those astronomical numbers that have 23 zeroes after them, so remote and complete is his misconception and misgrasp of reality.

Republicans as anti-statists! It's as if we referred to the pope as a primary opponent of religiosity. Of course, when Buckley talks about anti-statism, he uses the word itself in a perfectly valid way that has a different meaning than when we Anarchists use it; he means opposition of the tendency toward all-encompassing statism, rather than what we mean, which is opposition to the state or government, per se. But even so, to allege that Republicans are against growing regulation and government control of every aspect of civilization, is to state the case exactly the reverse of the way it really is—Republicans do in fact favor "big government". They believe that regulation is a necessity in any area anybody could think of, from personal usage of narcotics to private, consenting sexual relations; from commercial transactions to ownership of homes, cars and other real property. Republicans are NOT anti-statists! I don't believe there has been a Republican in history who has opposed conscription; most would like to extend it so that it operates in time of peace as well as war. And under

THE UGLY TRUTH

(Continued from preceding page)

of eastern Kansas.

Homestead, Pennsylvania—continuing its long history as a city without respect for freedom, police who were stymied by a rape investigation bullied every black man in town between the ages of 16 and 60, to make them provide their fingerprints for scrutiny. Claiming that cooperation was "voluntary", police chief Kelly ordered officers to go door-to-door and ask black men to submit to the procedure. Dennis Foy, 22, was eventually arrested after "voluntarily" providing his prints—proof that the taking of this evidence possessed a highly coercive nature.

Tucson, Arizona—Speaking in this city, a University of Illinois law professor touring the country to promote "Constitutional Law" at the behest of the Reagan Administration, stated that the First Amendment's "guarantee" of freedom of press means that only the press has this freedom. Nobody else. At present, John E. Nowak said, this amendment is held as applying to everyone. However, he argued, when the Constitution says "press", it means only The Press—those purely in the business of publishing newspapers, and not individuals or groups wishing to disseminate their particular opinions in leaflets, newsletters, etc. "I agree with Supreme Court Justice Rehnquist that corporations do not have free speech rights unless they qualify as members of the media," Nowak continued. Rehnquist, another Reagan appointee now determining official Constitutionality of laws in the United States, has also recently held that when the Constitution speaks of prohibiting "excessive bail", it doesn't necessarily mean that there has to be ANY bail—yet another play on words, of the sort so endearing to conservatives' hearts.

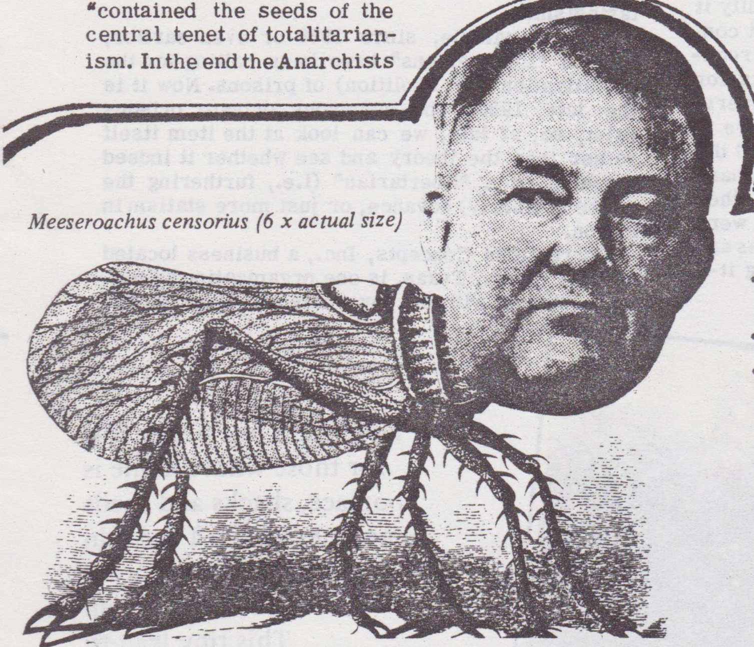
Nowak said publications of radical organizations wouldn't fall under the protection of freedom of the press, and such organizations "would have to find another forum to express their views".

San Diego, California—Thomas Travis Edward Monson's brain died as he was being born, and his body was declared dead a few weeks later. His mother, Pamela Rae Stewart, is criminally liable for this death because she did not obey her doctor's orders during her pregnancy. Stewart may face prison time on this charge. A pediatrician notified child welfare authorities after chemical tests convinced him there were

Republican governments war is frequent as are rises in taxation and the growth of laws generally. Republicans are not anti-statists!! Repeat this if you must as a kind of mantra as you go about daily affairs, because the cynical claim is being made more and more often, not just by ex-CIA agents such as Bill Buckley but by Reaganites and all sorts of ultra-rightists who would like to throw a smokescreen over the role of their ideology in promoting invasions of personal liberty.

In other words, if Republicans are battling the State, we Anarchists must be fascists. And actually, that's just what Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York alleges, as he writes an incredible "historical" piece of his own. "Anarchist tactics," says he, "contained the seeds of the central tenet of totalitarianism. In the end the Anarchists created the total state!" (It's his exclamation mark.) "This came about in our time," the statist goes on. "Stalin. Hitler. Castro. Mao. Pol Pot. Men capable of murder by the millions. If you owned your farm you were objectively a class enemy and must therefore die. If you wrote poems that didn't rhyme, you were inviting dissent and must therefore die. If you wore eyeglasses you were a bourgeois and must therefore die. If you wanted to know what the law was you were an enemy of the party and must therefore die."

If this were a mathematical treatise, Moynihan might as well have begun by noting that two plus two equals five, six, seven, three, or any other number. It would make as much sense. All those dictators and repressive regimes he mentions are variations on HIS political idea, not ours. They are varieties of authoritarian experience, extensions of the belief that people must be controlled by an ex-



Meeseroachus censorius (6 x actual size)

Look what just crawled out from under your bed.

This increasingly common pest carries the authoritarian bacillus and is responsible for severe recent outbreaks of erotophobia. The insect hibernates during periods of social enlightenment, but when conditions are fortuitous (i.e., unventilated, rife with other disease infections), it breeds overnight in immense numbers. Symbiosis with *religioferens larvae*, or household christian maggot, spreads many illnesses that repress human sexual function.

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minute amounts of illegal drugs in the infant's body.

Meanwhile, back in Tucson, a friend of this writer relates that his next-door neighbor is seriously abusing two small children, about three and five years old. Vicious shouts and rantings of an adult male come from the neighboring house, and are followed by small whimperings and screams of fright. After the neighbor was clearly heard to yell," I hate you little fuckers; I'll kill you!" followed by sounds of violent beatings, our friend decided to call the Child Protective Services. Since he was unable to provide the children's names or the name of their abusive parent, but only the address where the violence was taking place, this agency of the state took no action whatsoever, and horrifying bellows and sobbing continue to come from the apartment at intervals of every day or two.

If government really is a "social contract", why is it a unilateral one? Why does it refuse needed services while prohibiting neighbors and friends from taking actions directly? Is it because the real nature of the state is not "service" at all, but only oppression whenever it can find an excuse for it?

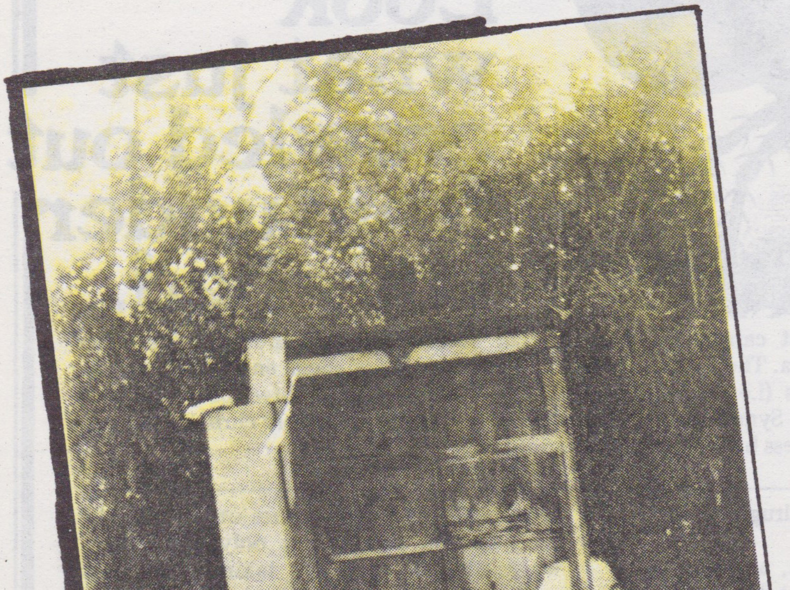
ternal agency. Here, though, is how he reasons to his conclusion: "The Anarchists' idea was to force the state to react in such a repulsive way that people would want to get rid of it. Herein lay the great irony and tragedy..."

First of all, it has hardly been necessary to provoke the State to repression—that it does without a second thought seven days a week, tirelessly, forever. Second, if Moynihan thinks the Anarchists are what makes states repressive, we have to conclude that he is completely ignorant of the subject he writes about. Anarchists have always been the very first to oppose conscription; in fact countless times they've been jailed for doing just that—whereas if Moynihan's contention were true, Anarchists would have been pressing hard to get conscription laws passed. In reality it is people like Moynihan and Buckley who get conscription laws passed. Recently, when police roadblocks began to go up on American streets for random searches and interrogations of drivers, who was risking life and limb to get literature to the people, advising them of their rights and the locations of the checkpoints? Was it Moynihan? No, he wasn't there. But I was and so were other Anarchists. When private feminist groups were trying to impose censorship of sex magazines and to close down bookstores, who was fighting it—Moynihan, or the editor of The Match?

YET ANOTHER variety of politicalism that urgently tries to make everyone believe it fights governmentalism tooth and nail, is the phenomenon of so-called Libertarianism, a tendency we have criticized often in this publication. At any particular point Libertarianism pretends it is in sharp divergence to statism, but the overall compass-heading is just as rightward as that of Judge Bork or Evan Mecham. I am reminded of a trip I once took to the northern part of the state, where for about 40 miles the road kept crossing a tiny waterway called Big Bug Creek. Over and over one would see the little stream bed going under the highway to right or left, but despite the meanderings, it was traveling in exactly the same direction as the blacktop. So with Libertarianism.

As an example, since 1970 or even earlier, certain "Libertarians" have been calling for the privatization (not abolition) of prisons. Now it is the late 1980s and numerous private prisons exist, so, at last, we can look at the item itself rather than the theory and see whether it indeed amounts to a "libertarian" (i.e., furthering the cause of liberty) advance, or just more statism in action.

Corrections Concepts, Inc., a business located in Fort Worth, Texas, is one organization soliciting contracts with the government to construct and



Noplace is like home, but for those whose home is noplace, shacks and sheds sometimes keep off the rain until the police order them to move on. This tiny lean-to is home to a Tucson victim of rent-injustice.

–Photo by I. R. Ybarra

manage new prisons. The company is a religious affiliation. Using available figures on prisons and prisoners, CCI is urging that it be granted custody of over 11,000 convicts. It's obvious what sort of biases would be brought to bear on prisoners in such a private system, yet CCI almost certainly will receive permission to enter this endeavor (and may already have done so at the time of this writing).

Already the department of Immigration and Naturalization (border patrol, INS) in the Southwest has created such an enormous crowd of incarcerated persons that ordinary prisons have been insufficient to handle all of them, so a private prison in Brownsville, Texas has been confining people awaiting deportation or trial on immigration-related charges. There, it is reported, the conditions are perhaps the worst of any prison in America— even young children are behind bars and some have not been allowed outside, for school or any other reason, for three months at a time. Denial of legal counsel is common.

Or consider another staple of "Libertarian" belief— that in a "free" society the functions of government will be taken over by insurance companies. When Libertarianism evolved this gem of self-contradiction it was mostly just theory. But, again, in the intervening years insurance companies have succeeded in getting legislatures to pass many laws granting them power over the ordinary citizen. While not supplanting government control, but augmenting it (they serve now as a kind of extra government beyond the regular one), the functions they perform are anything but liberatory. People can be harassed by agents, denied coverage that is MANDATED by law, thus placing a person in a double bind, and otherwise denied the right to go about their affairs in peace.

Libertarianism is heading for the same ends as the state just as surely as Big Bug Creek and State Highway 69 are headed toward Black Canyon. Don't let their varying paths fool you.

A FEW last items this time. Rent— an Injustice Department: half a block from Park Avenue in Tucson, on Caddie Street near Tyndall, there is a partially demolished old shed. Two walls have fallen down, leaving a tin roof, a wall of boards, and an adjacent brick fence, to comprise the small structure. It is about seven feet high, perhaps three feet wide and four feet long.

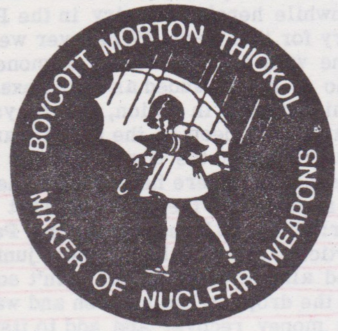
And someone is living in it.

On cold nights a sheet is tied across the opening; during the day when whe occupant is out one can see an old pillow and a blanket on the slab floor. A battered and discarded workbench partially fills the space of the missing doorway, and, in someone's attempt to beautify, even here, a little cloth is placed over the bench to make a nightstand or dining table. One night recently I passed that way in a cold, driving rain, and as I hurried by I saw the curtain was lowered and tied at the bottom to keep out the weather. This is the home of a human being, while, nearby, empty apartments sit with For Rent signs out front, kept from occupancy by the fixed prices of landlords. In many cases these landlords have more than amply got their profit on investment, yet they continue to have a legal, controlling interest in the property. Why? Why should they have a title to dwellings that others have paid for? That man or woman living in the drafty shelter on Caddie Street— I'll bet he or she has paid over the years many thousands of dollars in rent. Yet, as winter approaches, this person lives virtually exposed to the wind and rain. Blackmail is illegal, yet rent isn't. It just doesn't make sense.

Meanwhile here's an entry in the Paragraph 8 category for this issue. (Whenever we hear about someone with a large amount of money or someone who is being lauded as a fine example of the economic system in action, we always look down to a paragraph deep in the article, and there we find admission of the truth: rents or inheritance got this person where he is.) This one was in the paper right after the stock-market crash last October: "To Teen Investor, It's Only Paper Loss." The article told of a high school junior who had invested almost $14,600, but hadn't sold anything during the drop, so had hung on and was now seeing his money recover and add to itself. His expertise was noted as the newspaper reporter admiringly pointed to his "gifted" nature and acumen. But where did he get the money in the first place? Look to paragraph 8: "Before investing almost $14,600, most of which he had received from his bar mitzvah ceremony, Levkowitz said he researched the stock he planned to purchase." And there's another one, ladies and gentlemen; a self-made man! WITH SOMEONE ELSES MONEY

Finally, I come here to an episode so extraordinary and astonishing that I can only gasp a moment before lavishing my most extravant and sincere praise on a heroic, wonderful thing that was done by some of the bravest, best people I have yet to read of. I speak of the Seoul, Korea students who captured the entire battalion of armed, shielded riot police on June 18. To the end of my life I will celebrate this date as a sparkling inspiration. Screaming, "Down with the military dictatorship!" the students, several thousand strong, hurled back police firebombs and threw rocks to overcome the state's artillery, taking "scores of terrified officers" prisoner. The Associated Press photograph shows dozens of riot police kneeling in surrender as the students take away their shields and tear-gas. The cops' hands are clasped before their faces in an attitude of prayer and supplication. According to the press reports, "victorious students howled with triumph and applauded as they burned two piles of captured police equipment and weapons. A plume of black smoke rose into the air." See? It CAN be done! Let's make June 18 an Anarchist holiday! ●

THWARTIN' MORTON



MORTON THIOKOL is one of the top 50 companies involved in production of nuclear weapons, along with multinationals such as AT&T, IBM, Westinghouse, and General Electric.

Dozens of groups are challenging many of these corporations—with divestment, boycotts, demonstrations, and acts of civil disobedience. Many cities have gotten involved, declaring themselves Nuclear-Free Zones.

The Campaign for a Nuclear-Free America is urging individuals and communities to take action, and as a simple first step, to join in a boycott of Morton Salt. Morton Thiokol makes solid rocket boosters for the Midgetman, Minuteman, MX, Pershing and Trident missiles. Morton's aerospace division took in $864 million in 1985, which accounted for almost half the company's total revenue and 38% of its profits. "We are part of the defense establishment and proud of it," stated Charles S. Locke, Chairman and CEO of Morton Thiokol.

Morton Thiokol's booster rockets were responsible for the explosion of the space shuttle Challenger in 1986. Other accidents have destroyed the company's rocket fuel plant in Utah and a research lab—all the result of serious health nd safety careleness as well as the deadly business the company is in to begin with. Thiokol has also created hazardous waste dumps in New Jersey.

Consumer boycotts have been used throughout history to highlight injustice and to force change. A salt boycott may not end the nuclear arms race, but it will challenge Morton Thiokol and others to reconsider their role in the nuclear weapons industry.

Morton Thiokol is the largest salt company in the world, with subsidiaries in 15 countries. Many alternatives to Morton Salt are available, however, including most major store brands. (But avoid Acme, A&P, Grand Union, IGA, Red 'n' White, and Stop 'n' Shop brands, which are actually made by Morton. We urge you not to buy any Morton products and to let the company know of your reasons for participating in the boycott.

—Campaign for a Nuclear-Free America

(Editor's note: adding salt at all to your food is a dangerous health risk and should be avoided. Most foods contain far more salt than you require to sustain life and health, and therefore Morton's major product is one you can conveniently and beneficially discontinue using.)

But, let's not lean too far leftward. Remember—Morton is no worse than any other company; their product is just a little easier to boycott, that's all. The nature of the prevailing system is that abuse resides in no *particular* business or entity, but is diffused everywhere by the attitudes of authoritarianism and statism, which are the real enemies of us all.

SIGN OF LIFE

By M. Crater

They destroyed the prisoner, but he obliterated their civilization

OUTSIDE, wind thundered past, smashing grains of ice into the sloping side of the quonset. Flowing like a river in a smooth channel as it hurtled across the frozen continent, the frigid blast boiled up and shot over the tiny building, creating waves of turbulence in the scouring storm.

The metal structure vibrated slightly with the impact, but resisted the hurricane's fierce struggle to rip it from its moorings and send it crashing and spinning along the desolate surface. Not only had the quonset been bolted to the ice with huge screws through flanges along the sides, but over the years packed snow, frozen as hard as concrete, had formed a ramp partway up one side and almost to the very top on the other. The two flat ends of the building, parallel with the prevailing winds, had stayed fairly clear of drifts, although a close inspection would have shown that the foundation was settling inexorably, and had already gone down almost ten inches in its long, sinking journey through the 6,000-foot sheet. This muffled curvature of the walls and roof gave the shape a resemblance to the symbol, Omega, and a single door, tightly fitting in its frame, sat in the middle. It was padlocked shut with a heavy shackle that would never open again.

Inside, heavy insulation kept out the cold with the help of an oil furnace and a thirty-year supply of fuel. The space was one large room, with a tiny cooking range and sideboard at one end, a single bed at the other, and one chair and a table out in the area. A dozen cardboard cartons, on their sides and opened with the flaps turned inward, held books and magazines and served as shelves for the literature. A toilet, sink and bathtub stood in the back corner opposite the bed, while in the fourth corner on the kitchen end of the room reposed a wood-burning stove, used here to incinerate scrap from crates and boxes as they were used up.

Every other space was stacked with food and fuel, and out under the snow were reserve tanks, the water melting apparatus and the waste disposal pit, all connected through various lines and pipes to the small main building. A battery of long-lived fuel cells built into the floor provided the few watts of electricity for two unshaded bulbs, and it was expected that the cells would outlast the occupant, though nobody knew for sure. If he ran out of current somewhere down the decades, there were always candles, or— But he probably wouldn't make it far enough for light to be a problem.

A MAN lay on the bed, alternately reading a paperback book and staring at nothing in particular on the ceiling. He was a convict, and stencilled on the chilled metal outside in the Antarctic night there was a warning about him, in English, Russian, French, German, Spanish, and Japanese: "Attention! Execution-Alternative Cell. Not for Re-Use Until 2316. Do Not Open or Contact Occupant."

He was thinking again about being where he was; in fact, it was almost the only thing he did think about anymore. A moment of fright ran through him and his heart beat faster as he pulled up short, like an animal on a leash, against the unvarying and permanent tether of his situation. Then he breathed deeply and grew calm again at his virtual safety. Or was it safety? Not exactly—it was that thready kind of security that one feels in an airplane hundreds of miles out over an ocean; safe and snug, but with a bottomless pit waiting to open at the least failure. The heating wicks—were there enough of them to last his lifetime, or would they run out, or would some other accident deprive him of warmth so that the far sub-zero cold would begin to seep in and turn him to stone? He felt the wall and it was warm. Was there really enough food for a lifetime, or had someone miscalculated? He thought again of making a thorough inventory, but for the thousandth time realized how much work it would be to move all the boxes up from the pantry chamber beneath the floor where they were stacked solid, and decided to forget about it for the time being.

Then, in an abrupt swing of mood, the quonset room seemed unbearable. Oh, to get out! But where could he go? Under the law, these installations were always placed as far as possible from the few scientific communities operating on the continent, and at least 175 miles from each other. Being locked in was a hindrance, though not an insurmountable obstacle. It was the harsh and alien cold outside that barred his path to anywhere. Suppose he did hack a hole through the plastic and spun-glass wall all the way to the metal; suppose he figured a means for ripping open the corrugated skin of the cell—what then? His clothing was light, and there was purposefully little of it, certainly no jacket, nor even any shoes. He was not intended to get out. Ever.

Still, he was alive, and he felt, in an odd mixture of simultaneous contradicting emotions, hopelessness and the worrying sensation of having made the wrong choice, but at the same time almost an elation at having escaped death by electrocution. The choice had been his, and he had made it without the slightest hesitation, even managing to regard the terms, for a while, as amounting to being put on a kind of permanent vacation with all expenses paid. Only later had he begun to wonder. But there'd been plenty to do, getting used to his new life, unpacking his books, revelling in the luxury of having his meals whenever he wanted, and having no more shouts, curses or sickening smells of prison around him. After a time it settled on him like a pall that what he'd been regarding as leniency might just be one of the most hideous and unbearable tortures that anyone had ever undergone. His sense of self-worth had completely evaporated and he was, he knew, now nothing more than a package of refuse regarded by the whole human race as something to be thrown away and never thought of again. And thus the years spun by.

IT was more than a decade now since the prisoner had been dropped into his Antarctic hell, and his body had become fat and white-looking. Drifts had piled up around the hut, and the one viewport to the outside, a two-inch circle of quartz glass, four inches thick, had long since ceased to shed the faintest ray of daylight as ice and snow had climbed above its five-foot height. With the daylight had gone every semblance of time, and the inhabitant of the cell no longer knew of seasons and years, or even hours. The food was going fast, he dimly thought; much faster than it should. Look into it one of these days.

The books had held out; in fact they were mostly still unread. There'd been two basic lots of books, the first a random assortment contributed to the prison system. In it were all sorts of things ranging from classics to books on gardening and home fixup, murder mysteries to Berlitz courses (two of them, for Swedish and Portuguese). In the other lot were volumes specially selected from a humanitarian point of view by psychologists and medical doctors, along with works on the world's major religions. But the prisoner now felt himself to be so far from the living world and all that was in it, that nothing except perhaps the medical tomes seemed even worth keeping. The religious works and the do-it-yourself pamphlets he burned in the wood-stove during the first few months, saving only the blank pages at the backs of the books to write on and keep track of his solitaire games. There was no longer the slightest reason for him to want to learn Swedish or Portuguese, and after hearing the lonely sound of his own voice as he carefully pronounced, "Oo shah-PAY-oo esh-tah na MAYZ-ah," he tore out the endpapers and shoved the publications into the fire.

Even light reading didn't work, and he'd always been a voracious reader before. Now there seemed no points of contact. Who cared how the mystery resolved itself? Reading meant some involvement in the land of the living, whereas in his cut-off, hopeless state it was like trying to eat a birthday cake through a telescope.

The only thing that made life bearable was his penis. He stroked it and manipulated it, giving himself up to long, rapturous hours spent attaining exquisite orgasms. The orgasms were so good, in the dreary sameness of the cell, that it occurred to him what a marvel it was that unspeakably cruel humanity had forgotten to take this away somehow, too. Probably they would have, he thought, if they hadn't been too embarrassed. A snip of a nerve, an amputation... he shuddered.

EVENTUALLY the prisoner changed, after many years, into something much unlike anything he'd ever been or imagined. His hair grew long and dirty, and he paced restlessly from end to end of the hut, completely naked, whimpering and shouting raw phonemes just to hear some sound. His teeth had mostly broken off at the gumline, and abscessed, then healed over, a long and bitterly painful process. He gutted all the books and left the covers in the cardboard boxes, thinking with delight of the someone who might unlock the door someday and stumble upon this token of his estimation of the human race.

The batteries were still working, but the last of his lightbulbs burned out and he accidentally set fire to his entire store of matches, almost asphixiating himself until the air circulation pumps drew in new atmosphere from the intake pipes reaching far overhead, above the snow. He kept pacing in the darkness, or sometimes, as a flicker of his old self revived, he took candles to the furnace and lit the wicks off the flames. And in a rage one day at the darkness, about nineteen years into his confinement, he hurled a metal object at the mirror over his toilet sink, and a sliver of glass, shattering outward, struck him in the eye.

Mad with pain and fear, he tore wildly around, blood flowing from the ruined eyeball until, in the excess of his emotion, a shocking numbness ran up his right arm and down to the tips of his toes, and he toppled onto the floor, unable to reach his bed. The prisoner lay there for several days thereafter, still breathing, but unable to fend for himself or even to move the entire right side of his body. Finally, deprived of nourishment and motion, the functions of his body began to shut down until heartbeat and the last feeble spark of awareness died out at the same time.

But as chance would have it, the prisoner's role in the universe didn't end just there, although he himself did decay on the floor until he was reduced to a sunken, bony mummy.

For almost fifteen more years the furnace kept burning; and the batteries driving the recirculation fans continued to provide current until the motor bearings wore out and the system stopped more than sixty years later. Snow and ice piled higher over the quonset until it was lost forever.

Centuries and millennia rolled past and the earth whizzed on in its long path around the sun. Civilizations came and went, and over eons the entire shape of seas and continents remolded itself according to the urges of flowing molten rock and metal far down in the planet's core. Sometimes, in the growingly cold, dilapidated chambers of crumbling buildings, strange pale monkeys still appeared briefly to wonder at the works of their remote ancestors, but then the last of humanity died out and no one saw when the remains of cities, roads and machines finally vanished into random matter. After only a million years the pyramids were flattened down as if they never were. In massive buildings, structural members corroded away and everything toppled in huge heaps of material that, through geologic time, was battered, scraped, melted or pulverized until nothing was left of its temporary form.

Even the nuclear fires on the sun began to run down, and after several billion years the earth froze over completely and all life but a few lichens and insects was gone. Then as the two inner planets spiraled into the dying star, huge explosions pushed the earth outward and the colossal stresses broke it apart, some of its constituent chunks flying away into the depth of space.

In one dirty fragment, almost entirely ice, about ten miles long and wide, and several thousand feet thick, lay concealed the only surviving human artifact. No one found it immediately. In fact, since the cosmos is far more sparsely inhabited than anybody thinks, chances are it will never be found at all, and the crushed and icy metal hut, the pathetic dried body, and the scattered solitaire scores, a few rambling words on torn sheets of paper and the hundreds of gutted books will hurtle on into infinity as the spinning stars and chunks of dead mineral go about their uncaring, empty business.

The Chase

By Sam Colman

IT'S hard to say what Cass Corridor has more of: cops or hookers. Elton, in any case, was not bothered by hookers.

He was bothered by cops.

Not that he had broken any law. His record, in fact, was clear as crystal, including his driving record. His driving was impeccable! It's just that cops made him nervous.

Was this young guy paranoiac? Perhaps. Is paranoia ever justified? Sometimes. At least it is with the police here and there assaulting citizens for no good reason. Not that Detroit is New York, where cops killed a kid for writing graffiti on a subway window. Where they shot an elderly woman for being behind in her rent!

But Detroit, New York or wherever, a cop—at least with Elton—is a cop is a cop. And Cass Corridor, where he resides, is weighted down with both city police (13th precinct) and the Wayne State U. "Public Safety".

Does this double police presence mean double reduction of crime? Or *any* reduction? Are crime and police, in fact, somehow in terms of each other? Such questions Elton wasn't asking. His was a simple gut-feeling—to *steer clear* of cops, if he could at all help it. *Keep as much space as he could between them and him.*

One spring morning, like other mornings, he's into his old Chevy and off to the Cass Coop. For some food. Up a few blocks he notices—rear view mirror—a police car just behind. Are they, he wonders, *following* him?

He drives around the block. But there they are, still behind! No siren, no lights flashing. Just ...*following.*

A now-nervous Elton is driving faster—and so do the police!

Zooming past the co-op, Elton heads on up to the campus... and then on through it, running an amber light on Warren!

On goes the police *siren*.

Reaching Grand Blvd., the busy GM complex, Elton, feigning a left turn, suddenly turns right, barely missing some crossing pedestrians. And then another quick-right—to Woodward. And almost eluding the police behind. But not quite.

Zooming south on Woodward, the wail of the siren behind, a desperate Elton makes a quick right on Warren, runs a red on Cass, runs another red on Third, zooms past Fourth. On past the freeway, a frenzied right on Grand River... and CRASH! *Into a utility pole.*

A wailing ambulance soon pulls up. Elton is rushed to the hospital. But dead on arrival.

Hearing of his death, the two officers who'd chased him at first say nothing. Then at last murmurs one, "And all we wanted—all we wanted, was to present him with a Good Driver of the Year Award."

Dream World

By KENT WINSLOW

XXIV. *Adrift*

PUBLIC ATTENTION, or rather, pro-crucifixion uproar, shook the city after our arrests. Citizens wrote furious letters to the newspapers demanding we all be jailed on long sentences. Police spokesmen in interview after interview obligingly supplied a steady stream of prejudicial remarks about us "rioters" as TV reporters fed them easy, leading questions.

Hardly ever did we get any opportunity to explain what really happened, and if we did our strained, upset voices would be immediately followed by the easygoing, genial tones of the police chief who'd chuckle slightly and hint at the big surprise that would be in store for anyone thinking we were innocent, around trial-time. In one of the newspapers a full-column editorial stated that everyone who had been arrested in connection with these events was "filthy" and a "disgrace", and the columnist said that formal trials and legal procedure were far too inadequate to punish offenders like us. What we needed, he wrote, was to be rounded up (at least, those of us who were now out on bail) and issued cans of disinfectant soap and flea-spray; then the police should put us on flat-bed trucks or cattle-cars and ship us out of town or, preferably, to another state.

My own self-respect was at an all-time low, not so much because of the false accusations as because of the utter abandonment by what I'd imagined were the civilized sections of society. For instance, the American Civil Liberties Union not only wouldn't help us with our legal battles, but that organization didn't even raise a protest at the incredible editorial in the daily paper. But something else was troubling me, too.

The night the mob of cops had dragged us into the concrete passageway, we'd been utterly terrorized. Two men in uniform had struck me in the genitals, and as I doubled over in pain several of them grabbed my belt and picked me up off the ground, then, alternately carrying and pulling me along on my stomach so that I couldn't walk, they hauled me up a small stairway at the back of the building, forced me through an administrative area where dozens of men and women stared mirthfully at the event, and shoved me into a booking room where I saw my companions in arrest getting onto their feet and trying to compose themselves. The most savage cop, a man who'd said over and over, "We are going to have a ball-breakin' good time here, just a ball-breakin' good time," had held his club in his right hand and grinned as he swung it meaningfully into his left palm, several times flicking it out toward us so that we stepped back quickly, causing him to laugh. As we stood waiting to be brought before this first of all the coming bars of justice, this particular policeman at one point approached us and drew our attention to a small sign over the doorway to the next room: "No Weapons Permitted Past This Point". He then went over and placed his club in a basket near the counter where cops on administrative detail were processing paperwork. From behind the counter he picked up long flashlight, perhaps 18 inches in length, and walked back to us and held the instrument by one end as he methodically and significantly swung the other end, with a slap, into his left palm. "We are just goin' to have a bull-bustin' good time."

We'd waited about 45 minutes in this anteroom to the jail complex before a uniformed officer behind the counter motioned for us to approach. "Okay, git out of those clothes and fold 'em neatly and place all your personal belongings right here. Then go shower over there." He gestured toward two nozzles sticking out of the wall with a single faucet handle beneath each. We disrobed completely and stood for a moment under the freezing stream of water, then remained next to the shower drains to drip dry without any towels. About half an hour later another of the men doing administrative work got up from his desk, came around the counter, and gestured us ahead of him into the next room. Here we waited in the direct path of the air-conditioner's blast for some time until yet another cop finished his coffee break and retrieved from the supply room three prisoner-uniforms for us. And now we come to the reason why my self-respect was presently so low.

While awaiting the next step, the arrival of our clothing, after which we guessed we would be placed in a cell, we stood there fidgeting and shivering, completely naked, when from out of the depths of the prison there came three or four officers marching a little old man who was unshaven and looked as if he had no teeth—the type you look at and think immediately is a wino. For some reason one of the jailers asked the little man his name and he replied with a very faint mumble. "You motherfucker I asked you your name!" roared one of the policemen. He grasped the frail

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DREAM WORLD is a long-running serial feature of "The Match". In our next issue we'll print the final chapters of the work and begin accepting orders for the book publication of it, which should be completed by next summer. Meanwhile, back-issues containing chapters of Dream World are still available, including numbers 78, 79, 80, and 81 of this periodical, at $2 apiece.

figure by the shoulders and shook him fiercely. "What is your name?" he screeched, "What is your name what-is-your-name. WHAT IS YOUR NAME!" I still couldn't understand what the old-timer was saying and neither, apparently, could the cops. One of them produced one of the long flashlights and struck the old man in various places on his body. His brown, thin hands fluttered ineffectually to ward off the blows, and finally he had his arms wrapped around his head and was pleading and crying. Hearing all the uproar, several more policemen crowded into the small chamber until the shriveled wino was almost lost to sight in a mass of burly shoulders and heavy bodies clad in tan khaki or deep blue. I could hear the little man sobbing in the midst of the commotion, and I wanted to scream, Leave him alone! Can't you see he's sick or drunk? He can't talk to you! Please, please stop beating him! But, I am ashamed to say, I did nothing. I just stood there, naked, hair still wet, shivering with cold and fear as the crowd of police beat the old fellow with fists and flashlights.

SHIRLEY had suffered assault, too. When she refused to cooperate with some jail regulation, the door of her cell was unlocked and a crowd of eight or more police, men as well as women, rushed in and beat and cursed her. Hours later, as she still sat without medical attention or anything to eat or drink, several men in uniform crowded briefly outside the bars. "Is she the one?" asked somebody. "Uh, yeah, I think so. Yeah, that's her," said another, and then they all went away.

Our attorney promised to fight these bogus charges, but he wanted money to do it, so we handed over almost every penny we had, and it was barely enough to retain his services. Meanwhile, I got called in to the instructors' supervisor where my boss, Joe Bakalsky, asked me to sit down.

"Kent, we have a problem because of this recent incident, so we've placed you on suspension until it's resolved."

"You mean I can't teach anymore?"

"Not until this thing is concluded one way or the other."

"But look," I said. "I haven't been convicted of anything whatsoever. And I'm telling you right now I've committed no crime. You have my word on that."

He looked uncomfortable. "Well, see, our problem is, there's just too much noise and publicity about this, and the head of the department has given me the order to suspend you. It doesn't look good for the school for you to be going on here just like nothing has happened."

"Dammit, nothing HAS happened!"

"Well, what do you call those riots?"

"Hey, I don't know anything about any riots. I was never at any riot, unless if you count when the police shot at my car, dragged me out, kicked me in the nuts, and acted like a bunch of fucking bastards!"

"Okay, suppose you explain exactly what happened, including why you weren't in class last week during scheduled hours. Did you even realize that you were supposed to be giving the departmental exam that day? When it turned out you weren't there we had to get Laura Smith to come in and give the test, and we didn't even know you weren't gonna be there because YOU didn't CALL."

"I didn't CALL because I was in jail and they wouldn't let me use the phone."

"They have to let you use the phone."

"Well they didn't."

"All right, exactly what happened. I'll need to know in detail."

I paused. "I have a problem here. My attorney said to talk about this with no one."

"In that case..." Bakalsky shrugged. "What I said goes. You're suspended."

"Okay, wait a second. If I give you the full details is there any chance I can stay on, even just to the end of the semester?"

"I can't promise a thing. I'd have to take it up with the head of the department."

"Maybe I should just to talk to him myself."

"C'm on, Kent. There's no way he's going to see you right now."

"Okay, then you tell him that I have not been convicted of any crime. Until the time when, or if, I get convicted, I'm technically innocent. And if this institution violates my rights by taking reprisal against me purely for the actions of the police and not because I've even been found guilty by a jury, I want you to know I am going to sue him, the department, this school, and YOU!"

"All right, you do that. I think that's about enough of your profanity and disrespect. You can go now."

I got up and walked out, closing Bakalski's office door behind me. The corridor smelled of floor wax and paint, textbooks and new shoes. I breathed deeply for a few seconds, trying to let the rage within me subside. "Profanity", indeed! What kind of monsters were these people? You could be in eminent danger of being shipped off in a cattle car, but let you lose your temper and say one of a dozen forbidden words, and there it was! —Full justification for any treatment you'd receive. By god, I ought to tell him so! I turned back to the door, pushed it open again, and leaned in.

"Mr. Bakalsky," I began. "I just want to ask you which one is the real profanity, use of an angry word, or beating someone up and charging them with a crime for no reason? How would you feel if suddenly—" I trailed off, realizing there was somebody else in the room now with the supervisor, somebody who hadn't been in there a moment before. It was Cecil Taylor, another of the school administrators. Standing open on one side of the office was a small door leading to a tiny closet. Apparently Taylor had been hiding in there by prearrangement, to overhear and witness any statement I might give. The open cubicle was barely big enough to hang a coat and store a briefcase, and I stared in amazement at the fat, gray-haired man who'd scrunched his bulk into the space. Before I could help myself an explosion of laughter burst from my lips. "Jesus!" I howled. "Wouldn't it—" I laughed and wheezed until all the air was gone from my lungs. "Wouldn't it have been— more— comfortable—" I gasped, "under the desk?"

I guess I laughed myself right out of a job. And a career.

IN ANSWER to the newspaper editorial about shipping us out of town, I wrote a letter asking why the papers were so against us—what had we done? Were we worse than killers, armed robbers, rapists? People charged with those crimes were put in jail every day, and there was no raving lynch-mob hot on their trail. Mightn't it have been the fact that we were war- and draft-protesters that fueled the outcry? At any rate, I observed, if even a few of those in the local prison were there on as flimsy grounds as we had been, and were treated as inhumanly, there was an issue that eclipsed all others that the newspaper's good-old-boy editorialist ought to be writing about. Finally, I said, whether we were dirty or clean made not the slightest difference: there was no bath clause in the Constitution.

The newspaper printed my defense of us, or at least about ten lines of it. And then it followed with a response that used, over and over, the vocative form of familiar address: "No, Kent, there is no bath clause. But if you are dirty, our columnist has a right not to like it. If you disrupt the peace in this community and hinder the job of the police, our columnist has a right to say so. It's up to you, Kent, to take the brunt of responsibility for your actions. Our form of government guarantees to anyone the right to express any view or opinion they may hold. But when you attack other people, people who are hired by the community to do a job, society has a right to reject you."

Then Shirley's father visited us. "Kent, I'm gonna get right down to business. My daughter is facing a long jail term because of you..."

"Hold on. How do you figure that?"

"You got her mixed up in all this radical business, an demonstrations an' I don't know what all else."

"No I didn't. It was her own free will."

"Yeah, well, funny she wasn't of a mind to get mixed up in all this stuff until you came along."

"So what?" I deeply regretted the direction of this talk, since I'd liked my wife's father.

"So this: I'm tellin' you right now you get her out of this. You go tell the police that any of her mixing up in this radical business is YOUR doing, not hers. Tell them to drop those charges against her."

"Look, Mr.—"

"No back-talk, damn ya, just do it!"

"I hardly think the pigs are going listen to me and drop charges against anybody. In fact, I'd be crazy to even walk in there; they'd be likely to trump up some more of their charges."

"Okay, you let your conscience be your guide. But I'm gonna tell you one more thing. If MY DAUGHTER goes to jail because of you, I'm gonna make you pay. So help me, I'll beat you into the ground."

I grew furious. "All right, then, let me tell YOU something: I've been pushed around enough. I may take abuse from cops, but I'm goddamned if I'll take it from you. If you ever so much as lay a hand on me, I promise you I will kill you. I'll use a rock, a knife, my rifle, whatever I've got at hand at the moment, but I'll do the job. I'm getting awfully fucking ANGRY at you bastard American slobs. So you just be forewarned, too: carry out any violence against me and I promise you it will mark the end of your life."

I'm still amazed that I so easily threatened with death a man that I liked. I was rapidly being pushed over some kind of edge. That was pretty much the end of relations with my wife's parents, although we did see them a few times more together.

THE TIME of the trials was rapidly approaching, and Shirley's was due to begin in a few more days. But then came the first of a long series of continuances and delays; the state was trying to wear us down.

Financially it had succeeded. We couldn't pay our attorney another dime, so we worked out an arrangement that if we were acquitted and were able to sue, he would take most of any settlement from the city government if we won. In the meantime I was working at odd jobs and struggling to keep paying the rent.

Our local protest group had mostly fallen apart with all the arrests. Any leaflets we issued now came out of food money, and under the pressure we began to carp and snipe at each other. Soon there was an open breach between me and Fran, as he accused me of wanting to take over our tiny organization. To try and keep together and patch things up, we decided to put on a play, commercially, and charge admission to generate some cash for our various expenses. Our newsletter's expenses alone had eaten us into a serious hole.

Susan and Aldin in particular had had theatrical experience, so they found a script, set up arrangements to rehearse in the university auditorium, and began auditioning a cast from members of the radical community who were willing to donate their time. I handled printing for the production, running off handbills and posters, and eventually printing the programs and tickets. Over a period of several weeks the play came together so well that when it was finally presented it even got grudgingly favorable reviews in a couple of the local newspapers. The night after the play we celebrated, having taken in over $300—not a lot, but it would help to pay off some of our organization's debts; besides which it was the first thing we'd had to be glad about in some time.

The party was at Susan's house. Everybody who'd acted in the production was there, along with the stagehands, Clark Lohr and Dave Soma, our lighting expert Allen Rice, Fran, Aldin, Sheila and even a huge chunk of the audience—Jim Crosson, a joking, happy person with quips for every occasion, his wife Sunnie, Bill the philosophy grad student who was always wandering around itemizing glowingly the excellent points made by Wittgenstein in his "Tractatus". We had Socialists, Anarchists, even Libertarians packing into the little cottage and spilling out into the yard as they carried on their enthusiastic political arguments and drinking. Aldin, representing the Libertarian faction, was expounding at length, as usual, on the manifold advantages of running society via "free contracts", while Jim Crosson argued spiritedly on the pressing need for Third World peoples to rise up and smash the apparatus of the Catholic Church. Dave Soma was doing his "blowing" impression in which he represented himself as wafting along like a leaf in the wind—this was a stock item of his ever since the morning newspaper had mentioned him about a year before and stated that he'd "blown into town" (visible protesters against government policies didn't just arrive by bus, train, automobile, jet, unicycle or perambulation to live in a place; they "blew" into town where they were, ever after, "outside agitators"). Shirley was drinking with Sheila Laughlin in the living room while Phil Meers was making earnest efforts to pick up one or both. Fran was avoiding Sheila and Susan for personal reasons, steering clear of me for "ideological" reasons, and ignoring everybody else except one of the Communist Party's fake workers, with whom he was engrossed in a serious-looking talk.

I listened for a while as Aldin Latchmeed expatiated on contracts, then drifted off to the kitchen to see if I could round up a cola, as the liquor was beginning to do me in. Sticking my head woozily inside the refrigerator, I leaned against the ice compartment and was busy letting the coldness shock my mind into functioning again after hearing another of Aldin's endless, self-hypnotized harangues, when suddenly I felt a hand on the small of my back. The hand slid caressingly around my side and I drew my face out of the icebox and stared into Susan's lovely gray-green eyes. A long moment went by and I realized that for some reason I was holding my breath. I touched her small hand—it was as icy cold as the refrigerator—and felt the warmth of my fingers flowing into her. We stood frozen, inches apart. Somewhere a nerve impulse sped out of some functioning synapse and raced along toward the muscles of my neck. All I had to do was bend slightly and... Movement began. She grew a centimeter closer, closer, and with a swing the kitchen door flew open and Aldin Latchmeed tottered into the room. And then Susan was gone and out of my life forever.

SEVERAL DAYS passed and I ran into the Leech on the street. "Listen," I said. "Another bill just came in from Hi-Color this morning and they're talking about cutting us off if we don't pay."

"How much?" He wanted to know.

"Uh, I don't have the exact amount, but I think it was around $480. So why don't we just handle it this way: I've managed to collect about $60 in subscriptions to the bulletin, and from what I understand Fran has $30 or $40 to go toward this debt, so why don't we just give everything to you and you can put it with the $300 from the play and make close to full payment this afternoon."

"Well, mmm, no, I don't think so. That really won't be possible."

"Then do you want to turn the money over to Fran. I'm sure he'll be glad to run down there, but I'd prefer that you communicate with him since we aren't on speaking terms these days."

"Kent, I can't really see my way clear to spending a whole $300 on these debts."

"Huh? Why not? That's what the money was raised for."

"Not so. That's only your opinion."

"What in christ's name are you talking about? We all met and decided to do the play for just this purpose."

"Perhaps if you'd had a valid contract, you wouldn't now be in doubt about what the terms of the agreement were."

"We HAD a contract, dammit—a verbal contract."

"Maybe so, but it's I who have the proceeds from the play. I'll disburse them to whatever purposes I deem necessary."

"You mean to tell me you're seizing this money as your own private fund?"

"I didn't say that. I said I'd disburse it as I saw fit."

"Okay, would you mind telling me just off the top of your head what you're planning to do with this money?"

"I haven't decided yet. I incurred a number of expenses during the production of the play."

"Hold on. We all paid as we went on the whole deal. Supplies, auditorium rental..."

"You forget, I directed the play."

"Well, YOU forget, I printed all the promotion for the play."

"Hardly in the same category, I assure you." The Leech gave a short laugh through his nose. "As Director, Producer, Casting Director, Stage Manager, Script Consultant etc., I incurred a great deal of PERSONAL expense. My expertise in these many fields is a benefit that I'm willing to donate, but insofar as these activities detract from my productiveness elsewhere in the private sector, I require compensation. Just for example, I still have to pay my rent on my apartment even if I'm out directing your little play."

"You crummy little piece of shit! Those 'titles' of yours were JOKES. We all—everyone—worked just as hard as you did on this project."

"Mmmm, that may be debatable. In any event, I do not care to debate it with you. This money is not yours and I shall exert every faculty toward ascertaining that none of it flows toward resolving your private debts."

I was almost speechless. "Why, why... damn you, you lousy little Libertarian creep, these aren't my private debts, they're sums owed by the group as a whole."

"So YOU say."

"Typical LIbertarian word-games," I fumed. "Your RENT becomes an item for all of us to be forced to contribute to, while supplies consumed by our organization turn into MY 'private debts'!"

Latchmeed shrugged. "In the absence of signed, duly witnessed free contracts, such misunderstandings may occur. Be that as it may, I shall retain possession of the proceeds of the play, pending my decision on disbursement thereof."

This was the last hammer blow needed to

shatter our group. Reports of my encounter with the Leech began to circulate in distorted forms, and Fran supposedly said that Latchmeed actually should control the money. Then the rumor got started that I was a drug addict and needed the $300 to get dope or something, and we all held a last meeting that was an incredible circus.

Latchmeed and a recent arrival named O'Crotty, who'd never said much at meetings before, constantly shouted and kept the discussion in turmoil. Fran behaved snottily, refusing to discuss anything except through an intermediary. He'd withdraw and speak privately with his close friend Ernie, or with Allen Rice, then one or the other of those two would return and relay Fran's statement. Apparently the impression was now widespread that I wanted to "take over" the organization, so at last, as a rhetorical gesture, I said, "Okay, how does this sound? Let's write up a goddamn 'contract': I'll personally assume liability for half of all organizational debts as of one month ago, and 100% of all organizational debts contracted since then. You guys can start afresh; start a whole new group. I'll just go my own way and do my own thing." A gesture of such willingness to concede, I thought, would bring people's attention back to the real issue here—Aldin's misappropriation of our money.

But before anybody could think, and proving that radical and even Anarchist organizations are no more intelligent than the herd mentality that prevails everyplace else, Aldin whipped out a yellow legal tablet, wrote down the terms I'd just outlined. I read it over when he had done and said, sadly, "Sure, I'll sign this." Heavily, I scratched my signature on the pad and got to my feet. "At last you've got what you want, Leechmed—a goddamn contract. I hope you enjoy what you've done."

As I walked out of the room I heard the Leech begin talking excitedly to Fran: "But this isn't legal! What if he doesn't abide by the terms? See, we didn't date this or notarize it or witness it or anything! It's not really a free contract!"

"Aw, shut up, Aldin," I heard Fran pronounce, tiredly.

"But, but Free—I mean Fran—"

XXV. The Pause that Refreshes

OUR TRIALS were delayed again and again, and weeks and months gushed past like the streams of water that rolled down the sidewalk in front of our apartment in the monsoon rains. I went in to talk with our attorney, and he looked at me with a concerned expression wrinkling his lined face.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Oh, sure, thanks. Have there been any more developments in our case?"

"You don't look all right," he persisted. "Everything okay at home?"

"Sure."

"Is Shirley getting along okay?"

"Pretty well. She's worried about these charges against us. At least some of that damn publicity has died down."

"Yes, that's one reason I asked for a couple of these delays. The longer we can wait, the more people will tend to forget some of the outrageous libels against you in the newspapers."

"Mr. Messing, let me just ask you this: is there any way we could hold the papers responsible for any of this nightmare? I mean, Shirley and I could easily get convicted—I think if the trials had taken place right away we would have been convicted—just because of the prejudice those newspapers were spouting."

"That's true. But you'd never be able to prove it in court. You wouldn't even get your day in court, Kent. Legal counsel for those publishers would wrap you up with so much expense and delay that you'd have to have ten years and a quarter of a million dollars just to get in front of a judge where counsel would eat you alive anyway."

"Yeah."

"I know you're both worried. But aside from that how are you doing. Really. You have a job?"

"Yes, I've been doing some plastering and general maintenance. Shirley still has her job cashiering over at the Park Center."

"You'll be teaching in the winter semester?"

"No, they canceled my contract."

The attorney leaned over and made a note on a pad. "I didn't know that. You haven't been keeping me informed. Tell me, did they say in writing why you were fired?"

"Yes, they claimed I had neglected to meet one academic requirement."

He snorted. "What did they tell you in person, face to face?"

"That all the publicity and the criminal charges, grand-jury indictment and so on, made it embarrassing to the school to keep me on."

"Any witnesses?"

"As a matter of fact yes. One of the administrators, Cecil Taylor, turned out to have been hiding in a closet while I was talking with my supervisor, Joe Bakalsky." I briefly recounted the story of that interview.

Mr. Messing waved a hand dismissively. "Nope. Kent, you just don't have any witnesses. They'd just lie about what was said. Probably they'd lie about Taylor even being there, rather than admit in court that he was hiding in a closet. But, I'll tack on damages to the amount I ask in the lawsuit we'll file if you're acquitted."

"How much chance do you think there is of that happening—acquittal?"

"Not bad. Not good either. It could go either way. It usually can. That's in your case. In your wife's, stop worrying. They don't have a thing. In fact, I wanted to see you because the prosecutor has already suggested a deal for Shirley: she pleads guilty to obstructing justice and they drop all the riot, disturbing the peace, and felony assault charges."

"Yeah, but Obstructing Justice is still a felony, right? She could do up to five years for that."

"Chances are she wouldn't. Most judges don't like to sentence a woman to prison, and we jockey around to make the case come up on the docket of a favorable judge, or the most favorable we can get based on past records. I could just about promise she'd wind up with just a little unsupervised probation and probably a fine."

"And a felony conviction on her record."

"True."

"Well, I'll tell her about the offer, but I'm sure she won't go for it. She's mad as hell at the police for arresting her for nothing at all, and I really think she'll battle this down to the bitter end rather than cave in."

"Okay. Get back to me when you can. And let me know if anything else comes up that I should know about." The lawyer stood up to indicate that this interview was at an end.

"Say, how's that little car of yours running?" he asked as we walked to the outer office.

"It runs okay, but somebody egged it a couple of weeks ago."

"Egged it?"

"Yeah, they threw raw eggs all over it. I didn't notice until about noon the next day, and by then the sun had hardened the stuff up. I'll have to repaint the car, some day."

"Can't you just wash it off?"

"No, the egg white—albumen—changes to an insoluble compound as it dries. You can't even get it off with solvent, unless you want to take the paint off too."

"Kent, you have got to tell me about all these things, you understand? Any harrassment, any eviction, any loss of employment. Now you send me a letter with full dates and everything on this deal with your car." He stopped and put a hand on my shoulder. "Look, I know how you must feel. I wouldn't feel any better if I were in your place. Having your fate rest in the hands of a jury is the same as entrusting yourself to surgery with a mentally retarded doctor. But we can rig it our way. See, I know a trick or two myself. One of those cops that took you in was Bill Souza, and he's been a client of mine for years. He might just say something unexpected in court. See? It's never cut and dried, boy."

FREEZING WINDS were sweeping southward through the downtown area as I walked up Alameda St. away from Mr. Messing's office. His reassurances made me feel a little more buoyant, but I knew the outlook wasn't good in my own case. As long as Shirley would get off, though, it made the whole business a lot easier to bear. Besides, I thought, I could always become a fugitive, hurry away and disappear into the mazes of humanity.

I paused on Alameda and looked over at a windswept parking lot. That was where the jail van had stopped when we prisoners were brought into the legal district for arraignment. We were handcuffed together in a long line of men, and marched up Alameda to Pennington, then ordered rightward and marched two more blocks to Congress. Another hundred feet east and the parade of the criminals, in full view of the public, took us into a building where we eventually confronted a judge.

Along the length of the route cameramen had photographed us and some of the pictures had shown up in the newspapers with our names and grim notes such as GRAND JURY HANDS DOWN INDICTMENTS AGAINST RIOTERS. I shivered in the unseasonably cold early autumn air. What chance did anyone have for justice when pervasive forces arrayed to convict a person? It wasn't just the police, I realized, although they were the worst; it was the very society itself that had ceased to love freedom if it ever had. It was the ordinary American who had been trained to hate at the drop of a hat whenever the authorities of government and the information monopoly singled anyone out as an object for it.

Even decent men who worked within this system, such as Mr. Messing, knew that there was little hope of justice if cases were tried on their own merits. To offset the ponderous weight of built-in bias and automatic lying, the few decent men strove to manipulate schedules and dockets, kept computer files on judges and jurors and their past records in criminal trials. Meanwhile, prosecutors, police and the entire force of the powerful State apparatus aligned to push back the few efforts any private person could make in his own defense. Such officials had no real respect for the spirit of the law that they were supposed to uphold, otherwise they would never resort to anything extra-legal, or persecute people for spite. They clearly didn't believe that anyone was really innocent until proven guilty—police, who alleged crimes had been committed against themselves, knew for a fact that their victims were innocent but bore down anyway because, in truth, they didn't care at all for law and statutes; all they wanted was to use the law as an excuse to punish people that they happened to dislike. It came to me with a shock that I, an Anarchist, was expressing to myself within my own mind possibly more respect for the abstract concept of rule by law than did those who were well known and highly regarded as its primary defenders.

This disrespect for what they supposedly believed in the most had been articulated clearer than I've ever heard it before or since, when Shirley's hearing came up before a university board that was expelling her because of her arrest. She'd paid for the privilege of attending a few classes, had done nothing whatsoever that the university should be concerned with (even her unjust arrest occurring completely off campus), and furthermore her trial hadn't even taken place so that any alleged guilt of hers at this point remained unproven—yet the university stood firm in ordering her to remain outside its property boundaries, and it wouldn't even consider refunding her money. At the risk of sounding like the Leech with his insistence on "free contracts", I asked the Dean of Women if it was fair to take the product of someone's labor and then capriciously refuse to fulfill the agreement without making restitution.

"Mr. Winslow, I really don't have to discuss this with you, but let me just say that if your wife violates the rules of behavior in this society, we have a perfect right to eject her from this campus."

"But Mrs. Carlson—as yet she hasn't been found guilty of doing anything at all. Is it fair for you to take action before anything has been proved? What about the law that requires a presumption of innocence?"

Dean Carlson literally snorted. I've rarely heard anyone actually snort, so this made an impression on me. She made a burst of sound by drawing air in through her nose and expelling it in a short chuckling cough of derision, then threw her hands out sideways and down in a short, disgusted chop. She said, "Oh, the LAW!"

I've talked with Anarchists from all over the world who think the legal system is an abomination that ought to be put behind humanity forever. I've associated with Socialists who readily admit that most aspects of the present courts and laws incorporate tremendous injustice. I've spoken with Communists who dogmatically maintain that Capitalism is the root of all evil and that in the United States the Capitalist system so dominates the judicial setup that all rule is a farce of plutocracy. I've debated with Libertarians who despise "Altruism" and condemn the statutes for embodying that principle. But during many years of interest in hearing these points of view, I have never, NEVER, heard such an expression of boundless, total hatred for law as that laughing, contemptuous outburst by the university's Dean of Women. Perhaps she is the real Anarchist.

I stood on Pennington Avenue and stared at the courthouse as the late afternoon sun appeared briefly through swirling clouds. What did it represent to me—an ideal, or the embodiment of the farthest thing from an ideal, the mask of hypocrisy disguising criminality in action? It seemed like both, simultaneously.

We prisoners had appeared before one of its judges. Our friends had posted bonds and we were ordered released. Yet there was no hurry to release us. Our handcuffs were not even removed. We were marched back through the streets of town to the jail van, driven the many jostling miles back out to the jail and held for almost a day more—the day that had ruined my record when I neither called nor appeared for class. When the van parked behind the jail, two officers, one with a drawn gun, unlocked the metal cage at the rear, and our old friend who liked to play with clubs and flashlights climbed aboard to unlock our handcuffs from each other and shackle our hands behind our individual backs. Outside, rows of policemen could be seen lining up on either side of the walkway leading into the prison, their clubs across their chests in the ready position; and inside the van a lot of low-voiced comment from the officer with the keys as he went about his work: "So, you boys have a nice time downtown? I hope you did, because you won't have a nice time here. We're gettin' a little tired of seein' you boys come and go, and you never can tell what tired men like us are goin' to do. Hey, boys—no press down here, huh?" We prisoners had looked at each other and at the gang of cops massing outside, and one man, a shoplifter I believe, had begun pleading, "Please, man, don't beat us. We ain't gonna make no trouble." And they didn't beat us. But we were all thoroughly terrorized by the time we got inside the building. You can be as brave as you like, but sometime try walking with your hands tied behind you, down a long path between lines of hate-filled men with upraised clubs, and if you aren't filled with shock and terror then I can only conclude that you are one of my readers from the planet Zork who masquerades as a human only to investigate our queer customs and practices.

DESPITE THE REAL balance of terror, it was I who ended up being the terrorist. It happened this way: The date of Leechmed's trial finally came up, and it was necessary for me to testify. While I was tempted to let the creep take his chances with legal mercy, minus my remarks from the witness stand, I knew I couldn't live with myself unless I agreed to provide evidence in his case. So, one afternoon, I found myself being sworn, or rather affirmed, to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. What I stated was indeed the truth and nothing but, but was it the whole truth? Hardly. If I'd stated the whole truth I'd still be on that witness stand today, speaking year after year until my voice grew faint and my body cold as I still continued to whisper on and on, with the huge book of The Truth still barely opened.

The hour grew late as the defense asked what I'd seen. The jury watched narrowly and at times I almost thought I saw a flicker of intelligence in one face or another. Then court adjourned until the next day.

Bright and early in the morning, the prosecuting attorney approached my chair next to the judge's bench. "Please state your name."

"I am Kent Winslow."

"Your full name, Mr. Winslow!"

"That is my full name."

The prosecutor turned to the judge. "Your Honor, we ask that this witness be ordered to respond fully to questions and, failing to do so, be held in contempt of court for refusal to be responsive."

"Mr. Winslow, please state your name as requested by the prosecuting attorney."

"I have done so, sir. It is Kent Winslow."

"Have you no middle name?"

"Kent is my middle name, sir."

"Your first name, then. Please be responsive or I'll have to hold you in contempt."

"Your Honor, I dropped my first name many years ago as it was not a name I desired for myself and was one that I never used or permitted to be used by anyone."

"We'll have that name, Mr. Winslow. Please respond without further delay."

"Very well; my full name as it was assigned at birth was..." I uttered the hateful appellation. "My name as I have since made it to be, by which I am known to my associates and everyone else, is Kent Winslow."

"Your honor, we are dissatisfied with this witness's apparent hostility and unresponsiveness, and would like the record to reflect that he is grudgingly answering the People's questions from the very outset."

The PEOPLE's questions. Since the State is supposedly "the people", state prosecutions of PEOPLE are really "the People's" case, irrespective of the fact that people who are just as much part of the people as any people are being done to death by a tiny coterie operating in the name of the majority. It was another word-game like Leechmed's conversion of his rent to a public expense.

Now Leechmed's own attorney belatedly stood. "We object,Your Honor. This is harrassment of the witness."

"Sustained."

The prosecutor turned and smiled briefly at the jury and nodded as if in a knowing fashion, thereby giving the jury the impression that the judge's "Sustained," actually meant that the prosecutor's position was what had been sustained, and that I'd been officially censured. He swiveled back around to face me, and started on a new line. "All, right; Mr. Winslow, are you the editor of *The Free Society Bulletin*?"

"Objection! Irrelevant."

"Overruled."

"Please answer the question, Mr. Winslow."

"Yes, I am the editor."

"Now, I take it that the views of that periodical are your views."

I made no response.

"Mr. Winslow, will you please answer."

"I wasn't aware you had asked a question."

"I asked if the views of the *Free Society Bulletin* are your views."

"Yes, they are."

"I ask you to state to this court what those views are."

The defense objected, and the judge sustained the objection, stating to the prosecutor, "Please try to be a little more specific, Mr. Michaela."

"Mr. Winslow, what is your political belief?"

"I don't believe in politics at all."

"Do I understand that you don't believe there is such a thing as politics?"

"No, it is that I am in favor of no political party, candidate, or group attempting to gain power within any government."

"Would you characterize your belief as being against politics?"

"Yes."

"Is there a name for the political— excuse me, anti-political—philosophy you espouse?"

"Yes, there is."

"What is it, please?"

"Anarchism."

"Anarchism. I see. Now, would it be fair to say that you, as an Anarchist, hate the government?"

"Yes."

"–That you would like for there to be Anarchy in our country?"

"Yes—"

"Anarchy! Chaos!"

"—as long as you define—"

"That will be enough."

"–as long as you define Anarchy as I do."

"Your Honor, I ask that the last unresponsive statement be stricken from the record."

From the defense: "Object. Witness was qualifying his answer in a potentially important way."

"Sustained. You may state what you mean by Anarchy, Mr. Winslow."

"I mean the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary. Voluntary cooperation, rather than regulation, as the means of organizing society."

"I ask you, Mr. Winslow: has the defendant ever written for this ...Anarchy sheet of yours?"

"Yes, he has."

"Then it is fair to say he shares your views on government?"

"Actually no. I believe he is not an Anarchist at all."

"But you did print his articles, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do so if he did not share your views."

"I was, at the time, mistaken."

"Are you often mistaken, Mr. Winslow?"

"Sometimes."

"Are you mistaken more often than not?"

"I don't know."

"Is it possible that you are mistaken about any portion of your testimony before this court?"

"I don't believe so."

"Mr. Winslow, at the time you were arrested—"

"OBJECTION!!"

"Sustained. Mr. Michaela, you will not refer to the witness's arrest or pending charges. The last question will be stricken from the record. The jury is instructed to take no notice of the prosecutor's last inquiry."

Naturally, people are just the same as tape recorders or blackboards that you write on—remarks can be erased at will and leave no memory of any kind.

"Mr. Winslow, how far away were you from the defendant when you say you saw him arrested?"

I realized the prosecutor had the exact figure in feet on a piece of paper in front of him. Whatever number I named would be off, probably by enough so that he'd be able to produce the exact tape-measurement to claim that I didn't know what I was talking about, was lying, covering up, etc. So I answered, "I was about as far away as from here to the corner of this courtroom."

The prosecutor looked disappointed. Then: "Now, I remind you, you are under oath. Do you swear to that answer?"

"Yes."

"Then, Mr. Winslow, if you swear to that answer, why wouldn't you swear to tell the truth at the outset of your testimony?"

"Objection. Your Honor, Mr. Michaela is out of line to remark on a witness' affirmation to the oath."

"Your Honor, the witness' affirmation becomes an issue when he is allowed to swear to some facts later. We must know which way it is; does he swear or not."

"Overruled."

"Again, Mr. Winslow, why did you just agree to swear to your answer when you wouldn't swear on taking the stand?"

"I agreed to tell the truth in both cases. When I stated a moment ago that I would swear to my answer, it was a figure of speech."

"A figure of speech! Ladies and gentlemen, here is a man for whom swearing, giving a solemn oath, is only a 'figure of speech'! Mr. Winslow, does your Anarchy philosophy deny the existence of God?"

"Yes." I saw the jury stir uneasily.

"If you were to swear before God, it would have no meaning to you?"

"I never swear 'before god'."

"Is it true that you deny the existence of an afterlife or a punishment or reward in Heaven or Hell?"

"That is true."

"Then you have no fear of being called to account if you should lie during this testimony."

"I have no need to lie during this testimony."

"If you had a need, would you do so?"

"Possibly."

"Isn't it true, Mr. Winslow, that you never saw the defendant at all when he was arrested? Isn't it true that it was too dark for you to tell what was going on? Isn't it true that your Anarchy hatred of the police force makes you want to cast aspersions on these officers, officers who were just doing their job and trying to restrain an unruly, cursing man who had tried to run over them with his car?"

"I recounted events exactly as I witnessed them."

THE INSULTING cross-examination went on and on, coming back again and again to Anarchism, Atheism, to hatred for police officers (to which I readily admitted); to the equating of Anarchy with chaos and terrorism, to the denial of all civilized justice. All these high ideals of civilization being turned upside-down all the while by the snarling, vicious, abusive upholder of the Law, for whom the truth was only a rhetorical game, and jurors' emotions were like stacks of poker chips being bet on a pat hand. If there has to be this kind of justice, it seems to me that prosecutors should stand to lose something substantial if they lose the case—perhaps being forced to submit to the punishment that they so cheerfully asked for the defendant. At any rate, we who'd been terrorized and despairing were branded as monsters who tugged the world to the edge of a horrible precipice.

But, when the verdict came in, Leechmed was acquitted.

I knew after this, though, and my attorney knew too, that this was only a practice run for the real thing if I were to testify in my own trial. Next time would be even worse; I wouldn't be able to say a word in my own defense.

The reality of the situation was very plain—I was going to do time in prison. Once behind bars, it would be like a long, continuous version of the abuse, persecution, and fabrication of bogus charges that had happened in a few minutes at the county jail. Once in there, I'd never be released. Guards would swear to more lies, assuaging their consciences by self-assurances that they were in fact doing a service by punishing a godless vermin who was otherwise immune to legal action because of abominable oversights in Our Fine Democratic System. It seemed to me that my life was over.

I wanted to leave behind some record of what I'd believed, so I decided that in the three or four months I had left I would build up the little bulletin and distribute it as widely as I could. Until then, distribution had been tiny indeed, one or two hundred copies around town, perhaps 100 more through the mail. Now I mailed copies of the bulletin everywhere. I scraped together the few dollars for classified advertisements in national magazines, and tried to put together a magazine so cogent and persuasive that no one could fail to be moved by it. But, a few weeks before my trial was to take place, I realized I'd failed—circulation was only about 500 and I was just as far in debt as ever with the backlog of unpaid bills of the organization beginning to catch up with me.

Then a strange thing happened. Some time before, out of a sense of romantic historical sentiment, I'd joined the IWW, the old Industrial Workers of the World. The union was practically dead, but its long and colorful history, its stubborn clinging to life in the hostile modern world, and especially its prominent residence on the Attorney-General's list of subversive organizations, convinced me I had to become a member. I paid my dues and got the little red booklet that served as a membership card, and carefully pasted in the stamps that proved I was paid up to date each month and a functioning member of the Educational Workers' local number such-and-such.

One day as I was thinking about the failure of my bulletin, and my own coming demise, I happened to receive the current newsletter sent to all Wobbly members. In it was a letter for general information from a man with an Italian name. It was his sad duty to report, he wrote, that after many years of publication, the Italian Anarchist journal published in the United States, "L'Adunata dei Refrattari", had at last reached the end of its long journey, and would cease publication forever on a particular date. I was amazed—I knew of this paper through reading of history; I had no idea it was still going. What a shame to see it vanish after all this time.

I wrote, care of the IWW, to the spokesman for L'Adunata. Perhaps, I suggested, some regular columns in English would be of benefit and would raise a circulation among a wider readership. To that end I would be willing to provide a list of about 500 people who were subscribers to my own periodical which was about to cease because I would be unable to publish it after suffering conviction. I could also contribute all money collected toward current subscriptions. I urged the publishers to not give up their project.

A letter came back thanking me ruefully for my support. But support wasn't the problem, he explained. The problem was that the Italian Anarchists had all reached advanced years and none of them was physically able any longer to keep up the work of producing a regular journal. However, he said, the Italians were delighted to know of a paper in English that was attempting to keep the Anarchist ideal alive. He would see to it that word of my tiny bulletin got out to the still-numerous subscribership of "L'Adunata". Accompanying his letter was a check—a check consisting of the last assets of the old paper. Within days, subscriptions began pouring in and I was able to wipe out a large part of the outstanding debt and begin work on a new issue. Maybe, just maybe, I thought, Shirley could keep the bulletin coming out if I were sent to prison.

NEARER CAME THE DAY, and finally I looked up from some reverie to discover I was seated in a courtroom. Mr. Messing and his young assistant were examining prospective jurors, referring constantly to voluminous records contained in long sheets of paper typed by some automatic recording and sorting apparatus. Selection of the jury took hours.

Then came the prosecution's case. It was so airtight, I thought, I could almost believe it myself. I'd been told to leave after inquiring at the front-office desk at the jail; had begun cursing and making threats against personnell at work that night. When I wouldn't leave an officer had stood and approached and I then ran out the door like a frightened rabbit. Mr. Bowman had followed after a moment and stepped outside the front door to see where I was going, and he saw me look back and shake my fist and head toward the part of the lot where police vehicles sat parked. At this, he alerted the other officers on duty and they came out the front, saw me going around back, and ran after me, calling for me to halt immediately. But I didn't halt; I kept running, screaming obscenities at the top of my lungs, until I reached my own convertible, at which point I jumped over the back of the car into the driver's seat, gunned the engine in reverse so that the car scattered the small band of officers, then turned the wheel to aim the car out of the lot and began to speed away. Whereupon officer Gallagher fired a shot, missing my head, and I braked to a stop and looked around. The End.

Mr. Messing went over the events with the first witness, Bowman. He elicited the details again and again in varying ways, almost lovingly dwelling on my supposed actions at this or that point. I felt like laughing—jesus, wouldn't it be funny if I really was guilty and everybody knew it but me? I could tell that the jury knew it. The cops seemed like they knew it. Even Mr. Messing was giving me some odd glances.

At lunch he made it clear. "I pretend to believe anything they tell me, Kent. If one of those officers says you mooned him while traveling in reverse at 60 miles per hour on four flat tires, I just take it as it comes. I act like it's the truth. You don't get anyplace with the jury, showing disrespect for the police. I've been a lawyer for over 45 years, and I've never seen a cop on the stand who didn't lie. You have to just get 'em to lie more and more, and then gently point out some area where what they said is in conflict with something else, and still gently, gently, sort of try to resolve the contradiction for 'em. You're so nice and respectful, and they're so scared because they're lying and they're partially forgetting the story they're supposed to tell, that they topple right into your net. They don't even know what the hell's going on until you start roaring and screaming at them and threatening perjury and acting shocked and surprised as all get-out that one of them would dare to tell you one of these fairytales."

"Glad to know you're on my side. To be frank, though, I think you'd put on the same kind of act even if you thought I was guilty, wouldn't you?"

"My boy, I know exactly what you're thinking: You wonder if I really do believe you're not guilty. Hell yes I believe it. I know you. I know after all this time what's going on with my clients. If one of them was guilty and didn't tell me about it in advance, I'd kick his butt from here to City Hall. I ask for honesty and I can tell when I'm getting it."

"Good. I'll need integrity like that during the appeal."

"What appeal?"

"You know, the, the—" Suddenly I could tell we weren't bantering. I'd insulted the old man and his face grew aloof and hard. "Sorry, Mr. Messing. I know we won't need any appeals."

As the trial progressed, more cop witnesses stomped into the courtroom. Now Mr. Messing began to pick at their stories. One said the cops went out the door and saw me as I was halfway across the back parking lot. "Okay," said Mr. Messing. "Now lemmee see, what was I going to ask you— Oh, yeah; as you were standing there by the back door, could you actually tell if my client was trying to damage any police cars in the parking lot?"

"Uh, well, not at that point in time."

"So you could just see him running across there, as you've testified."

"Yep."

"Now, did you and your fellow officers stand there watching him to see if he'd commit a crime."

"Yep, you got it."

"All right. Now let's turn to what occurred a few moments later when my client was taken into custody. About how many officers walked over there and helped to bring him back to the back door of the jail?"

"Uh, I guess it was around six or eight."

"Actually, Mr. Robinson, the records show there were eleven."

"Okay, eleven."

"So you just stood there for a minute and watched him and when he wouldn't halt you all ran over there and when Officer Gallagher's shot caused him to stop you all assisted in apprehending him, is that right?"

"Sure is."

"Mr. Robinson, how big is the back stoop at the jail?"

A surprised look. A shrug. "I don't know."

"Well, I do know, Mr. Robinson, because I measured it. It's three feet by four."

"Okay, so what?"

"About how many men can stand in a space that big, Mr. Robinson?"

No answer.

"About how many, do you think?"

Pause. Then: "Okay, I remember what happened now. It was after some of us had started running across the lot after him that the others came out to see what happened."

"Okay. Sorry about the confusion, Mr. Robinson. I think I got it straight now. Let's go on here."

The witness seems to settle back in his chair in relief.

"Okay," Mr. Messing continues. "Now why was it that all you guys rushed out that back door?"

"Well, we were concerned that the defendant was going to blow up a police car or something."

"How was that? Did he seem to have some weapons or explosives on him?"

"Well, I really couldn't tell."

"Okay, Mr. Robinson, I guess that about wraps it up. So if I've understood your testimony, you just waited there by the back door with officers Bowman, Souza, and the others, some of whom were out on the porch and some of whom were right inside the back door, and then after a while you all had occasion to run over and arrest my client."

"You got it." The cop uncrossed his legs and seemed to prepare to leave the witness stand.

Mr. Messing placed his hands on the railing in front of the stand and leaned over slightly. "Oh yeah. Before you go I've got one more question. In here this morning Officer Bowman testified that he and you and the others ran out the FRONT door and chased my client clear 'round the building. But you've just told me you went out the back. Now it looks to me like one of you guys is mistaken. Again, now, you're sure it was the back door?"

"Uh..."

"Could it have been the front door, and you just got mixed up?"

"Uh, I'm not sure..."

"Now if it was the front door, I could see where you and Bowman, as HE testified, would be able to follow the defendant as he ran around the building toward those police cars."

"Uh, come to think of it, I guess it was the front door we went out."

"Well, then, okay! Now I think I'm finally starting to get this thing clear in my mind. So Bowman followed him out onto that front porch and saw him running around back, so he yelled back into the building to the others on duty, as he's testified, and the bunch of you ran out to stop what you all figured was vandalism or something to a police vehicle?"

"Yeah, I guess that was it."

"The only thing is, Mr. Robinson if my client was running around the corner of the building, and that was what caused Officer Bowman to yell back for the rest of you to come out, how could you guys still see my client going around that same corner? It just seems to me you wouldn't've been able to see him by the time you got out on the front porch."

"We can move awful fast when we want to."

"I realize that. I know you men are put through some of the most rigorous training there ever was. You're probably in real good shape, aren't you? Can run pretty fast if you have to?"

"You got it."

"Mr. Robinson, how fast can you run a hundred yards?"

"Well, last time I timed myself was in high school, and that was about twelve years ago. But I guess I could still do it in maybe twelve seconds."

"That's fast. I'm lucky if I can do the hundred in twelve seconds in my car." Mr. Messing grinned a little and a couple of jurors laughed. "Now, getting back for a minute to the inside of the administration office there at the jail, about how big is that room?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, we checked a little on that, and it's 35 feet from front to back. NOW! If you can run 100 yards in, say, 12 seconds, then you could probably run 100 FEET in around four seconds, am I right? And so even if you were as far as you could possibly be away from that front door, you'd only be around 35 feet away from it, so we could just divide by three the four seconds it'd have taken you to run 100 feet, and it looks like you could have been out there on that front porch in only about a second and a half, right?"

"Told ya we can move awful fast if we have to."

"Mr. Robinson, I want you to indicate to me by rapping on this railing the period of time about one second long."

Rap. Rap.

"Thanks. Now if you'll just look over at that corner of the courtroom. You see over there just past where the jury is sitting? See just right there, just past that last juryman? Would you take a look at that distance, please?"

"Okay."

"Now Mr. Robinson, that is exactly 32 feet. Please keep looking over there because I want you to think closely about my next question and to keep this measurement of distance firmly in your mind as you answer. Just keep looking over there." The cop was staring directly into the eyes of the jurymen. "Okay, here we go. Now what I want to ask you is, could you get up from here and run over there to that corner during the following amount of time—" and he rapped, once and again. Everyone in the courtroom could see it was impossible.

"Well, I might have been a lot closer to that front door."

"A point well taken. Mr. Robinson, can you describe the interior of that room for me?"

"Uh, yeah, it's just a room, fluorescent lights, ...uh, I don't know what else I can say..."

"Any desks in there?"

"Oh... YEAH. Uh, wait, well, there's a few." The cop could see the net closing now. There was no way out of his lies.

"So you'd have had to run around all those desks and dodge in between other people standing in that room, and then run around the front counter and THEN out the door before you could catch a glimpse of my client, is that right? And you'd have to do it so quick that when Bowman saw him going around the corner outside, he would still have not made it around the corner yet by the time you got out there, isn't that true?"

"Well, yeah, if you put it like that. But now I think of it, I was right next to the front door so I just pushed it open and raced right out there when I heard Bowman yell."

Mr. Messing looked over at the jury. He looked back at me and nodded forgivingly. The man was a master of projecting silent thoughts; he should have been in the movies back before they had sound. Maybe he was. As clearly as if he had shouted it out he was stating with his body and the expression on his old and honest-looking face, "Kent, I had you figured as guilty. Sorry. This guy here is lying like hell. Me, I'm so goddamn polite it would never occur to me to call this son-of-a-bitch a liar, but boy he is a whopping huge one. I can't bear to put the bastard through any more misery, so I'll just let him go off the hot spot now."

"No further questions."

Thoroughly disgraced, but without enough intelligence to recognize the full extent of it, the officer left the stand.

COP AFTER COP fell to pieces under this dismantling assault. Some swore I'd gunned my car at them, just after others testified they'd seen them standing at the front of the building, the back porch, inside at desks— all over the place. One cop claimed to have been injured when I actually struck him with my bumper. Then why on earth had he charged me with assault, a threat or endangerment, rather than battery, an actual dealing out of harm? The policeman sneered; maybe he just wanted to be nice. So he'd let his niceness influence how severely he charged a crime against a person? Yeah, he would. So maybe could the reverse be true, too? Could he charge someone with a crime that was more severe than what they'd done? Could maybe he be a party to charging someone with a crime when there was no crime? The question hung in the air, spontaneously generating a thousand responses in every hearer, as people began to see the shadows of bullies they had known coming out of time to appear as flitting images gauzily wafting across the reality before them.

The cop with the "injury" had missed no work time as a result. There was no hospital record or doctor's examination of the alleged bruise, supposed to have been inflicted by my back bumper. No one else at all had ever seen the injury. He hadn't even written it on his official report. And where was this bruise? About three inches over his right knee. My car's bumper is only 10¼ inches off the ground, over 7 inches below the average man's knee.

The picture that emerged was, in fact, the true one: I'd arrived to legitimately inquire about my wife's arrest, had had words with an officer; and he, to punish a "wise guy", had collected his buddies and gone out to kick ass. Whenever cops kick ass, they charge the victim with assault as a way of keeping lawsuits off their own precious selves. The jury adjourned and we barely had time for spaghetti at Caruso's before deliberations turned up a verdict: Not guilty.

The only reason the verdict even took 45 minutes to arrive at was that during testimony one of the cops, Bill Souza, Mr. Messing's acquaintance and client in other past business, had given a remarkable description of my physical appearance that was wholly unlike anything anyone else had said, and didn't match me at all. He painted a caricature of a wild man with a beard as the jury had sat and stared at me with my clean face, simple sweater, and calm demeanor. Later some old woman on the jury had insisted that Souza's testimony must mean I'd shaved and cleaned up considerably for the trial, and why would he do that if he wasn't guilty? The typical American pondering a question. So my attorney's little attempt to inject an outrageous note through this witness had partially backfired. Fortunately the rest of the testimony was so completely unbelievable that even the dull products of American education and life had been able to see through it.

I walked over to the prosecutor after the verdict. "I'd like to know why you really tried to have me jailed. You couldn't have actually believed I assaulted any of your beloved animals."

"I wouldn't have gone through with this if I didn't believe it."

"So do you now think I didn't do it, or do you think the jury made a mistake?"

"I believe in the jury system."

"Well, I know you can point to that as evidence that justice operates, but you and I both know that I only got off because the bully-boys you represented couldn't lie worth a damn. I hope you never have any more respect for yourself than I have for you at this moment."

And that was the end of my defense for a crime that never took place. A few days later we got word that the State was willing to drop everything if Shirley would plead guilty to a non-felony version of Obstructing Justice. She refused. Then they said they'd be satisfied if she'd just plead to disturbing the peace, a misdemeanor with a $50 fine. She stood firm: she demanded a jury trial even if it was on all the original charges because she was angry and determined to force these liars and thugs into the open. Finally the State offered the following—they'd drop every single count if she just wouldn't sue.

"Take it," urged Mr. Messing. "We've still got Kent's lawsuit and that's enough." So we did.

The lawsuit was for over a quarter of a million dollars. We sued for my lost earnings as a teacher, for humiliation and embarrassment, ruining of reputation, psychological suffering, physical injury and abuse, damage to property (my car; they'd driven my little convertible around for some time, then turned it over to a salvage yard man who had replaced the battery and tires with worn-out ones and then charged a fee to get the Sprite out of hock). We sued for legal fees punitive damages, and ours is the sort of suit you read about now and then and assume that the people have pretty good grounds and will eventually get something as a compensation for what they went through. You're right, too, we did get something, but it was a long time later.

It was several years later, in fact. Mr. Messing seemed to age a lot all at once. He went into the hospital for open-heart surgery and came out of it okay, but just worn out. One day he asked me to come down for a conference. "The insurance company for the police has made an offer," he said.

"Insurance company! WHAT insurance company!?"

The old attorney seemed amazed that I hadn't known. "Police are bonded, Kent. They are insured against any action being taken against them for false arrest, brutality—anything you care to name, they're insured for it."

"So no matter what happens it won't come out of their hides."

"By no means. And by the same token, they don't have to handle the expense of this lawsuit, so what you're really up against is, of course, a company with a lot of resources. Anyway, the company has made an offer, as I said, and while it isn't much, I sort of think you ought to take it because I am not going to be able to handle my caseload for much longer, and if you turn this over to anybody else my own claim for 50%, along with the other lawyer's, whoever you may get, will mean that you're conducting the case just for vengeance and not money. There wouldn't be much of anything at all left over for you if you ever did win—which could be as long as 20 or 30 years in a suit like this."

"How much are they offering?"

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"That's a lot of abuse and injustice to cover with such a small amount of cash."

"They're not going to back down, Kent. These are the most hard-nosed lawyers in the world. It's their job to keep their company from paying out these claims, and with you being known as an Anarchist and all, you'd have to say they didn't know their butt from third base if they let you walk away with the settlement you're asking."

"You mean my little *Free Society Bulletin* just cost me a quarter of a million dollars?"

He grimaced ruefully. "You might put it like that."

"Well..." I shrugged. "Take the offer, I guess. All this time I was hoping that someday those cops would have to pay for what they did, but whether or not I ever get any money out of this it won't be from them, so what's the point."

He handed me a check for $375. "Good luck, Kent."

"Good luck, Mr. Messing."

FOR A FEW DAYS after my trial and the dropping of Shirley's charges, we just reveled in the sense of having a solid door closed between us and the gibbering maniac, government. We figured the police would harrass us again, but not for a while because it might look bad if some new charges sprang magically to life too soon. The newspaper that had printed headlines on page one about us, accompanied by prominent photographs and repeated use of phrases like "grand jury indictment", "police warned that", "would not be tolerated", "more criminal charges expected", "attacks on the police", "convictions only a formality", "the public is reassured that", "prosecutors were confident", "grand jury deliberated only eight minutes before finding", "hatred for authority has no place in", etc.—now was silent. There were no headlines saying, "WE HAD NO CASE, PROSECUTION ADMITS, or COPS LIED ON STAND, or SADISM AND BRUTALITY COMMONPLACE AT POLICE FACILITY, or BEATEN MAN WINS ACQUITTAL, or PERJURY CHARGES EXPECTED AFTER OFFICERS LIE, RESIGN. If there had just been one article that stated, "Anti-war activist Kent Winslow has been found not guilty of attacking police officers last January 21 after trial evidence revealed no one had been attacked except Winslow himself, while five charges against his wife, Shirley, including three felonies, were dropped after authorities admitted they had no evidence and no cause whatsoever to proceed in the case," I would have felt that there was some grain of fairness and would have put the case behind me.

If there'd been an editorial that stated, "THIS NEWSPAPER WAS WRONG: Here at the Daily Blatt we make mistakes, and we apologize for saying that defendants in the recent spate of police-fabricated charges were dirty, filthy subhuman perverts who ought to be shipped out of town. In reality, for us to even suggest such a thing shows that we abandoned every standard we professed to believe in, and we are deeply ashamed of our expressed opinions. We regret behaving like an organ of the German Nazi Party during the 1930s. We promise it will never happen again, and we have fired every single reporter and editor who pandered to this incredible outburst of anti-democratic persecution so that, in fact, such a despicable episode in our history cannot ever be repeated. We've implemented a new policy of adversarial reporting rather than automatic accordance of respect and belief to statements and releases from the police department. We call for every single officer who had anything to do with these disgraceful false allegations and abuse to be discharged immediately and to face criminal indictments for perjury, assault, conspiracy, battery, and coercion. We demand an investigation of the city prosecutor's office to find out if there was collusion with the corrupt police force to deny citizens' civil rights..."— if I'd seen an editorial like that, I'd have had real respect.

But here's what I saw instead. It was over in the section D just past the sports news and right at the beginning of the classifieds and legal notices: "JURY RETURNS VERDICT. Kent Winslow, a local teacher who has been active in political causes, was found not guilty Tuesday evening after trial on assault charges. He had been arrested Jan. 21 following a scuffle with police officers in the parking lot of the county jail."

One day about five years later I noticed an item in the same periodical: "Such-and-Such, publisher of the Daily Blatt, has been awarded the John Peter Zenger award for journalistic excellence. The award is named after a newspaperman of the 1700s." There was an accompanying 4 x 6 halftone of three overweight men in suits handing some kind of a trophy to another overweight man in a suit.

I couldn't exactly recall the circumstances of John Peter Zenger, but I remembered he'd been jailed for some bogus offense during colonial times. Maybe he was an overweight man in a suit, too, but somehow I didn't think so. So I looked him up in Isaiah Thomas's *History of Printing in America*, published in 1810. "He was established in New York as early as 1726," Thomas says. "In 1734 he removed to Broad-Street near the upper end of the Long Bridge. It appears that his business for several years was confined to printing pamphlets for the authors of them, and some small articles for himself. In the latter part of 1733 he began the publication of a newspaper... His *Journal* soon assumed political features which excited general attention... He attacked the measures of government with a boldness that was unusual in those days. He was in consequence arrested, confined in prison for several months, debarred the use of pen, ink and paper, denied the conversation of his friends, and finally tried upon a charge of libellous publications; but he was acquitted by the jury, to the great mortification of the officers of government..." Oddly enough, another paper, *Bradford's Gazette*, attacked Zenger repeatedly, particularly while he was in jail and unable to respond for himself. In that paper a writer said that he published "pieces tending to set the province in a flame, and to raise sedition and tumults," (tumults being the old word for riots). Thomas says the general tone of the Gazette attacks on Zenger was "upbraiding", "deriding". The paper accused Zenger of threatening the police! Later, Zenger was able to reply that his "threat" came after an official "swore he would lay his cane over me... and other scurrilous expressions..."

Zenger was completely impoverished, and Isaiah Thomas remarks that he had to print with "worn types".

Those fat, complacent men in suits handing awards to each other stared out of the newspaper halftone. Of course you never know how anyone will react in completely different situations, but I had a strong suspicion that the faces I was looking at would've been far more at home on the staff of *Bradford's Gazette* than on the *Journal*.

WHILE ENJOYING OUR liberation from the shadow of doom, I produced another issue of the *Free Society Bulletin*, and it was even better-received than the past ones had been. A surplus of money came in, so we decided to accept the invitation of the west-coast Italian Anarchists who were asking us to attend their annual picnic and gathering in San Francisco. I tuned up the Sprite and put on new tires, and off we went.

We stopped in Los Angeles for a day and visited with a Jewish Anarchist who was nearly 90. He used to sell anti-draft newspapers on the streets of New York before World War One, and had met some of the almost-legendary figures of the old libertarian (not Libertarian) movement: Randolph Bourne, whose dictum, *War is the health of the State*, had become famous; Emma Goldman, who was deported for daring to disagree with official authoritarian society; Roger Baldwin, who'd started the Civil Liberties Union. Baldwin, according to our friend, was actually an Anarchist—he'd said so specifically in person. He'd detested statism, and wanted to fight it, so set up a sort of watchdog group of legal experts and volunteers to battle for the individual who might otherwise be crushed under the wheels of government.

"But I don't know if he was an Anarchist," our friend concluded. "Maybe he was just saying that. He got more like a liberal as time went on. Anyway it's like he said to me, 'Aaron, if I look at who somebody is, I want to know what they do, not what they say they are.' "

"Yes," I said. "Our attorney, one of the finest men I ever met, had a lot better view of how to work for freedom than certain Anarchists I've known." Leechmed's disgusting face appeared in my mind.

By the next afternoon we were in a suburb of San Francisco, puzzling over the maze of roads and freeways, at last arriving at the home of Lino Molin, a tall, thin man in his eighties who welcomed us to the city and the upcoming festivities. Regularly since before the turn of the century these picnics had served as a means of socializing and collecting support for libertarian projects. If someone was trying to publish a book that the mainstream publishers wouldn't touch, he or she might find assistance here. Collection was taken up to help fund small periodicals, or to send a few small gifts or food to prisoners in various countries who were behind bars for expressing an opinion. "It's a funny thing," one of the picnickers observed. "There's no longer any hope of having an Anarchist society anywhere in the world, but people who call for it, just following the dictates of their own hearts, wind up in jail everyplace, and the liberal-democratic countries are no different from the Communist dictatorships in hysterically cracking down."

I could see an attitude here that was close to my own, so I asked a question: "So you don't think there'll ever be an Anarchist society?"

He stared at me. "I wish there would, but I can't see any longer how it could happen. It's like looking at somebody whose leg has gangrene. You know that the leg could work, in principle. It could be healthy. Or it could have been healthy, once. But it's now too late. The society we live in is Anarchy in the worst sense as it is attributed to us, only it's really the way things are, all the time. But do you still hope for this? I shouldn't be depriving you of your dreams and wishes just

because I'm on the way out."

"Fact is," I said, "the only way I can see a stateless society coming about is in the aftermath of a nuclear war, and that doesn't seem like the kind of conditions that will contribute to ushering in an era of goodwil and freedom."

"Yah, atomica war," spoke up an elderly Italian who'd been listening. "You pretty young. You gonna see it happena. I wish, anybody survive, he killa those bastard, they try to set uppa new government."

"Better keep that quiet," I laughed. "If my hometown newspaper heard such talk it'd go mad."

ONE QUESTION I wanted to ask these people, but never did, was: how do you keep going, then, when there is no hope? But I didn't dare to formulate it, because it implied the next logical step, giving up. Anyway, the answer is apparent once you escape the reward-fixated theory of human psychology—you do it because it's right. You do it to satisfy something within yourself. You do it because it's the only way you have of slapping the Bastards in the face.

I thought a lot about what I'd seen, during the long drive back home a few days later. Here were people who'd spent an entire lifetime, not just a few years as I had, working at the extremely frustrating task of trying to propagate ideas they believed in. They certainly weren't discouraged. There must have been people like them, I thought, back in the days when mankind thought the world was flat; maybe they got together now and then to joke about the idiots who really thought the stars moved in a circle around their village, to wonder how many thousands of years and hundreds of generations would pass before the fuzzy-thinking masses would gradually awaken to the simple truth evident in so much of natural phenomena. The picture I'll always have of the Italian Anarchists is a group enjoying themselves, eating pasta, playing bocce ball in the little suburban park—happy people. I felt happier too, and more like facing outward at the world instead of my own inner bitterness.

The Sprite buzzed along the highways into southern California, and at Indio I suggested, "Why don't we head right on 86 down through Coachella and Brawley instead of taking highway 60 back through Blythe."

"Fine with me. Any special reason?"

"Yes, I lived down this way a long time ago."

An hour or so later I saw a sign in a desolate area of sand and scrub juniper: "Banner. Julian. 40 Mi. U.S. 78."

"Good god," I said. "It really does exist." It was Christmas day and the road was silent. I pulled to a stop and got out. You could see for miles, a sense of utter desertion and loneliness pervading the place.

"What's so special about here?" Shirley asked. "What a horrible spot!" An abandoned, one-story house was visible some distance off the road, its empty windows looking out on the desert.

I kicked at the dirt with the toe of my shoe. "I've been right here at this exact place so long ago I can hardly remember it."

"So what?"

"Well, see, other people have places they can point to and say, 'I grew up here. I was born there.' They have memories of childhood times locked into specific places that they can go to and visit. Just to be able to say, 'I used to climb that tree when I was four years old,' and to realize that it isn't much bigger now than it was then, and in fact seems laughably low to the ground instead of towering into the sky, is a way of taking the measure of yourself and your own sense of the passage of time. But I have nothing like that, mostly. I lived in places I could never find again in towns whose names I remember only because, in desperation, I used to say them over and over to myself to try to hang onto something from that moment.

"But here—" I touched a tiny plant. "I've been at this exact spot before, a long, long time ago. I couldn't even read. I remember that sign by its SHAPE. Do you understand? I never get a chance to tap into this kind of memory. I remember this intersection, the bullet-holes in that old mailbox. I think that house was lived in when I was here. We were somewhere up that road coming from Banner when my father said, 'You'll never see her again. Not ever. Not another time again.' I didn't know I was being kidnapped. I was too little to even understand what was going on. All I knew was that the concept, Never, was bigger than my own mind, and I was amazed. I was marveling at it as I stood on the seat of that old 1939 Ford and passed by this exact spot for the last time until now."

I looked out toward Superstition Mountain and the Anza-Borrego Desert. The landscape seemed inhabited by an eerie blight of unnatural *age*, as is often the sense one has of deserts. Photographs of the crumbling rocks littering the world's floor in deserts of Iraq or Persia have the same quality, a quality that places of forests or oceans never emit. There is the reeling sensation of unspeakable passage of time, everything imbued with oldness. There is nothing new in the desert.

"Do you want to go to Banner?"

"Would you mind if we did?"

"Of course not."

Certainly she minded. Anybody would mind. It was a hideous place in more than one way, and I could scarcely explain the attraction of the region even for myself.

The road must have been frozen in time; it looked exactly as it had when I was an infant. Near the start of the steep grade up to the gas station at Banner I saw a rusting advertising placard that I remembered, and knew that somewhere nearby was the spot where I'd lived in the tent, hearing the howl of coyotes at night and watching the whirling blades of the wind-driven generator by day. But I couldn't find my way back there; the sand that changes everything even here had drifted over it and hidden every trace.

Maybe that place there, at the break in the fence— or, no, that's not a trail leading anywhere; it's only a section of broken fence, the rusted barbed wire coiling down to the ground and burying itself in the dust. No trace, anywhere.

XXVI. To Each His Own

OVER THE COMING MONTHS I built the Bulletin into a newspaper, bought a small typesetting machine, and most of the time was able to make a living off my efforts. When cash grew short I'd turn to temporary work like plastering out at the Yaqui Indian salvage co-operative, a sort of cross between a school and a junk store. More often than not, though, I had enough money from subscriptions to the Bulletin and small printing orders.

In a last burst of enthusiasm for the academic life, I enrolled in a graduate-level course in Old English, having always been fascinated by archaic languages, but in my new-found freedom from career goals I discovered I had a much lower tolerance than previously for dogmatic academic pronouncements, especially if I knew or suspected that they were wrong. Mr. Carroll, the instructor in the course, was younger than I was, a grad student working on his doctorate. One class period we fell into a discussion of a certain exceedingly small point about language. Imagine taking a course in how to drive a car, and being told that your teacher places his hands on the steering wheel at exactly so many inches from the topmost point to the right or left. You might try it his way, then find some other grip worked better for yourself. But what if he then insisted, inflexibly, that you must do it exactly as he did?

For the next class period I mustered evidence that writers in Old English had in fact sometimes treated this small point in exactly the way I myself preferred, but these examples were dismissed as "variants". Then, a while later, the instructor gave a short examination that, I immediately noticed, led off with this very item presented as categorically true or false: "In Old English the syllable such-and-such, containing the phoneme blah-blah, could be written other ways than as here," and he followed with his chirography of the disputed word. The pettiness of this astounded me, but I decided to stick to my guns, so I marked the question as True.

When I found, next class period, that I'd been marked down for this response, I realized the university was no place for me. I didn't quarrel about the matter, I didn't discuss it. I just gathered my things and left. This wasn't science, where a decimal point misplaced could spell the difference between heat and an explosion; it wasn't mathematics, where *x* written outside the parenthesis might place you in Ulan Bator instead of on the moon, it was the remnant of a once-vital form of the language that we now speak. The old language had changed in a million ways over the centuries, but certain changes were approved because of having been discovered within the ranks of privileged academic explorers. Any other traveler who picked up an artifact in this fabulous realm was simply informed that, as a matter of fact, what he'd seen wasn't dogma and didn't exist.

The ideas being exchanged among the readers of the *Bulletin*, in contrast, seemed vital and alive. A real university would be as vivid and interesting as someone pacing back and forth telling you the story of their life and the conditions that give rise to their thoughts. Why settle for less? By comparison official education is a pale thing unless you're studying subjects that have a definite body of knowledge; anyway, I never bothered with the university after that because I could find the *real* university wherever there was a library or a store that sold books.

DEMONSTRATIONS and other radical activity ceased in the city as the Vietnam War drew to a close. Sometimes I still saw a few of the old crowd, and most of them had drifted by, one by one, to apologize for any past misunderstandings. Scott still visited occasionally, and Phil Meers dropped by to go off for tennis with Shirley. Fran was still acting sore, crossing the street to avoid a meeting now and then when we would otherwise have run into each other. One day Allen Rice stopped in to give me his last article for the Bulletin and to say goodbye.

"Well, Allen, I hope you'll keep writing whenever you get where you're going. At least keep in touch."

"I may write to *you*, Kent, but what you have here is my farewell to the alternative press. I'm going to lead a different life after this."

"Different how?"

"Frankly—I know this sounds crass and maybe even 'bourgeois'—but after Tanya left me I realized I was just an unimportant guy living on the edge of poverty in a run-down apartment. We did our best, or let's say anyway that I did my best, to improve mankind and the world, and now I get to improve me. I'm throwing in the towel on everything else."

"So what'll you be doing?"

"Well, I'm pretty well qualified in computer programming now, and for a change I want to go to work at something more professional than being a counter clerk over at the Circle K. I would like to actually be able to own a car, or have enough money to go to the dentist once in a while." He paused. "Pretty despicable, huh?"

"C'mon, Allen, you know I don't think like that."

"I know. See, I envy you, Kent. You've managed to find a second career out of all this, and I have no doubt that in twenty years you'll still be laboring to move the mountain—maybe in a more elegant and beautiful way than anybody has ever done before, but you'll still try to solve a problem that just can't be worked out. I admire you for doing it. But I just can't do it myself anymore."

"I don't know if I'm as dedicated as you think, but thanks for saying so. Let's face it, what else do I know how to do?"

"Yeah, that's how I felt before I got into computer programming. But maybe there'll always be your special niche in the radical movement, Kent."

"Christ I hope so."

"Gotta go." He stuck out a hand. "So long, Kent."

"So long, Allen. Take care." I never heard of him again.

People you wish you could get rid of, on the other hand, stay around indefinitely. The Leech was still in town and in fact rented a house right behind mine, so I started parking my car in the front where I wouldn't have to be upset by seeing his hippety-hopping walk which would set off in my brain the memory of his squealing verbiage about "free contracts—Professor Nozick says—but what if—?"

Another pest made himself evident in a mind-wrenching way: O'Crotty, the new member of our group who'd backed the Leech in that last yammering meeting, got out of a car down the block one day as I was walking to the postoffice, and came up to ask me about a lost dog. He was real insistent about the lost dog. He was sure I must know something. Maybe he should come break in the front door of my apartment and rummage around and see if just maybe I had that dog. Oh, yeah, the car he got out of had red and blue lights on the top and the word "Police" painted on the side, and O'Crotty had doffed the worn-out old jeans and shirt he used to wear, and now dressed in a spiffy blue uniform with a gold badge.

"You creep!" I said furiously. "You were a cop all along! No wonder you were so loudmouthed and troublemaking!"

He laughed and moved his face into mine, forcing me backward on the sidewalk. "Careful what you do now, Kentie Baby. I might get mad. You know what kind of offense it is to insult an Officer of the Law, don't you?"

"You fucking pig."

"Let's go down to the station."

"I'm not going anywhere with you, and if you try to force me or arrest me, I'm going to take out the accumulated frustrations of a lifetime on you before you can even get that gun out of its holster."

"That'd be Aggravated Battery."

"If I let myself be arrested by you, you'd charge that anyway—you lying police are all the same. So if I'm going to go through that crap again, at least this time I'm going to have the satisfaction of beating one of you bastards into a bloody pulp."

"Think you can?"

"We'll both find out in the next ten seconds, because I'm walking on now, and you can either stop me by grabbing me *right now* or shoot me in the back." I moved carefully around him and walked on down the sidewalk. At the corner I looked back and saw him getting into his cop-car again. I noticed he wasn't radioing for help, and nothing ever came of the incident.

Now that I thought of it, his behavior made sense. O'Crotty had paid close attention to details that no one else cared about: who was the actual president of the group (a meaningless formality we went through in order to comply with a regulation so that we could get rooms to meet in); who handled the bank account; how was the mailing list organized. Usually he just sat through meetings and didn't say much, but one time a few months before the group dissolved we'd been tossing ideas back and forth for a protest against Religion In Life Week, a bit of local hoopla designed to make sure that everybody thought that everybody else thought that religion had some kind of integral place in everybody's existence, instead of being a plot to keep people stupid as it actually is.

We were thinking of things like doing continuous public recitations from Johann Most's *The God Pestilence*, the usual leafletting and so forth, when O'Crotty came up with an idea: Why not, he'd said, make a papier-mache image of Christ on the cross, hang it upside-down next to the Student Union, and hold a spit-in? To my horror, several people thought this was a good idea, and I'd had to argue for 45 minutes to convince everybody, against O'Crotty's strenuous furthering of the proposal, that all it would do was discredit us and probably provoke violence. "You don't spit on somebody's idol," I insisted, "unless you want to make an enemy of that person. If we want to overthrow religion, we need to make people see us as rational beings, not loons." I won, but I had to exert every force of my brain to do it. Now I simply felt sick at the thought of an O'Crotty, and probably hundreds or even thousands of O'Crottys across the land, diverting organizations that tried to bring a little sense into life, so that they ended up looking goofy and having no impact whatsoever except to strengthen the very tendencies they opposed. Some craziness could be blamed on protesters, certainly. But I'm convinced that most of it was the deliberate effort of paid disrupters like O'Crotty.

WHILE the *Bulletin* continued on its merry way, Fran had started a new group. In many ways a protest organization was a definite necessity in the city, as all kinds of hideous, astonishing laws were being passed all the time. It had been made a crime to "carry gambling paraphernalia", but what gambling paraphernalia was, hadn't been spelled out. Conceivably a person with a coin in his pocket could be dragged down to the police station, since coins have two sides and people can bet on which one will turn up. While this probably wouldn't happen, enough of these incredible laws were on the books so that anyone in disfavor was bound to be in violation of some of them, according to a strict and coplike interpretation. The university had urged, and got, restrictive laws banning "non-students" from campus—again being deliberately vague about what a student was, so that people with many kinds of legitimate business on the grounds could, at will, be arrested. The purpose of such laws was to make sure that if any sort of protest mobilization ever again occurred, the legal mechanism would be in place to deal with it on a variety of pretexts.

I myself was arrested while placing copies of the Bulletin in a coin-operated newsstand I maintained in the center of the university campus, and only released after about an hour and a half of hassle at the university police station, an amazing little place complete with a jail. No charges were filed, however; it was just harrassment.

So Fran's new group might serve a very real need. They did some propaganda against the university's "conduct code" and outlandish laws, brought public attention to the case of Sunnie Crosson, who'd been arrested some time before on a charge of "desecrating the flag" (she ended up serving about a year at Terminal Island, so the prosecution was not a joke), and publicly attacked the reprehensible grand jury system. This last was particularly valuable work, as I well knew after having suffered from this system myself: grand juries met in secret so you had no opportunity to defend yourself or learn the nature of the evidence or sometimes even what the charges were against you. You might be told, "You're indicted for robbery," and that was it; you knew nothing else. It led to Kafkaesque situations.

I also missed socializing with like-minded people, but didn't dare try to join Fran's group because I was clearly not welcome. Also, many of the members were much younger than I was and seemed like a wilder crowd than I was used to, an impression that was confirmed when one of them got mad at Fran and sent him a bomb.

So now his second organization was dissolved, and had it not been for the directional nature of the explosion when the bomb went off, he might have lost his eyesight. Deciding to try to let bygones be bygones and bury the hatchet someplace besides in each other's heads, I contacted Fran and volunteered space in the Bulletin to tell what had happened, a way of warning the readership.

Fran was dumfounded that I of all people would come to his aid, but wrote the requested article, and soon, to the surprise of both of us, we were working together again. He had plans to start a strictly local paper, and I helped him to obtain an old composing machine to set the type, as well as map out some of the details of production. It seemed that out of the ruins of our original group, some productive activity was salvageable after all, and so, after about three years of palpable enmity, the friendship and cooperation that are supposedly the mainstay of Anarchism had again reasserted themselves. Things were looking up.

Then one morning I was awakened at an unaccustomed hour. Shirley was shaking my arm and I blinked sleepily.

"You awake?"

"I certainly am now. What's wrong?"

"Here, put on your glasses." She handed them to me. "There's something I want you to read." It was a handwritten letter about a page long. "I'll go out while you read it and be back in a half-hour or so, okay?"

"Sure." She left and I started to read. *Dear Kent,* it read. *I've thought a hundred times of ways to tell you this, and there is no good way, so I'm just going to come right out and hand you the truth. I am gay. I am a lesbian. There, I've said it and that makes it a little easier for me.*

I have to leave you because I've thought about this from every angle, and there is no possibility I will ever change or become anything different from what I am. I've tried to do it and always failed.

I love you and don't begrudge the years we've spent together, the same way I hope you feel about me. But I want to and must develop sexual relations with women; it's my nature and I can't deny it any longer. Goodbye, Kent. —Shirley.

I got out of bed and slowly put on my clothes.

(To Be Concluded)

NOTICES OF INTEREST TO ANARCHISTS

(Note: advertisements of a deserving nature will be entered in this column free of charge. No paid advertising ever accepted.

Rationalist Association

Send $2.00 to the Rationalist Association of New South Wales, 58 Regent Street, Chippendale, 2008, N.S.W., Australia to receive a copy of The Rationalist News, a quarterly journal of the association. Or subscribe now by paying $5.00 for four issues or $10.00 by air mail.

A Do It Yourself Guide to Printing

The Samisdat Method, by Merritt Clifton. This 56-page booklet is aimed at the user of printing who wants to break free of reliance on commercial shops. Contains sections on photocopiers, offset lithography, mimeograph, and even a bit on letterpress. (See the review elsewhere in the present Match issue.) $5.00 from Samisdat, Box 129, Richford Vermont 05476.

Films Available

From Merrimack Films, four classics, written & directed by Henry Bass: Loose Bolts, Taxes, Taxes; Crisis Bargaining, Givebacks; Union Democracy. For information, write Merrimack Films, 446 W. Main St., Wyckoff, New Jersey 07481.

Haymarket Postcards

Thirty-one glossy reproductions, finely printed in black on white and beige, from the Charles H. Kerr Co. Centennial Anthology, The Haymarket Scrapbook. Fifty cents each; $12.00 for all thirty-one. Truly beautiful cards commemorating this important event in Anarchist history. Charles H. Kerr Publishing Co., 1740 West Greenleaf Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60626.

Published Play

"The Anarchists" in two acts, by Sam Colman. Available from Dawn Press, Box 137, Lincoln Park Michigan 48146. Send donation.

On Sit-Down Strikes

"What Is A Sit-Down Strike?" —This 11-page pamphlet describes the struggles in auto and rubber factories, and the spread of such strikes through small shops across the U.S. 50 years ago. Covers direct action from the Wobblies to the 1930s, looks at the decline of the tactics, and questions whether there can be a new wave of sit-downs. Receive a free single copy by sending stamped envelope to W.D. Press, Sit-Down, Box 24115, St. Louis, Missouri 63130. Rates available for multiple copies.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE MATCH HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM THE FOLLOWING INDIVIDUALS AND GROUPS: John Baechler, Josephine Thomas, Rodger Hillin, David Ruth, Bound Together Books, Betty Backes, Dennis Stempler, Rik Winslow, Al Medwin, Wendy Duke, Alfred Schwenk, John Oddi, David Edelberg, Salve Santos, James Frazier, Dirk Swendig, Jyoti Shankar, James Henry, M. Fredette, Joel Smith, Goodbooks of Tucson, Tim Gibson, Timothy Fletcher, Stephen Streeter, J. W. Parker, John Vattuone, Frank Szabo, Erik Riese, Sidney Adelson, Armand Landry, Robert Carr, Bill Withers, Norval Baran, Angelica Deal, David Koven, Jay Kinney, Bruce Sloan, Ralph Preston, Tom Copeland, Charles Balzer, Hobart Wright, Alison Meyers, Bob Glenn, Joe Singer, David Barberi, Sixth & Washington News, George Neil, Allan Mundsack, Alon K. Raab, Pam Clarkson, John Sikos, Russ McCreedy, Michael Royal, Richard White, Nick Wolf, Joe Baumhaft, David Rosinger, Ken Brown, Norman Edwards, Keith Hailey, City Lights Books, Jay Aragona, Larry Shull, Henry Bass, Bill Peters, John Nelson, Robert Stannard, Andy Hudson, Juergen Kuhl, Keith Jeworski, Jim Parker, Jerry Gouge, Herb Starke, Steve Mullins, Stuart Gordin, Lewis Jose, John Trane, Steve Boveee, Bob Glenn, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Leo Nagorski, Frank Smith, Karen Pellow, Audrey Goodfriend, Tim Gibson, Bobby Sweet, Sam Skreen, Janet Reed, Y. A. Duck, Marvin Sieger, Merle Burns, Barbara Szombatfalvy, David Tharp, Matt Absher, Laird Wilcox, Fritz Ward, Juan Miralles, Barry Palombo, Bruno Pedrola, Brian Lynch, Valeri Wade, Federico Arcos, Don Johnson, Joe Disch, Carl Watner, Ian Gordon, Vernon Frazer, Hilary Zimmer, Joe Orton, Frank Zindler, Judson Jerome, James Henry, Patti DeAngelis, Gay and Lesbian Atheists, Flying Squirrel Graphics, George Draftan, Kim Wauters, Frank Tonso, Sam Colman, Frederic Chelminski, Horacio Sicre, Wendy Warrington, Erik Riese, Robert Hespe, Matt Absher, Chuck Varani, Dick Martin, Margaret Marshall, Herbert Shapiro, Euleta Usrey, Donna Richards, Bill Koehnlein, R. B. Markham, People's Bookstore, Ron Young, Dave Randall, Lon Risley, Leonard Kerpelman, Jeff Raspe, H. Rechten, Food for Thought Books, Hawin Associates, Robert Williams, Arnold Paglia, Broadside Bookshop, Barry Palombo, Richard Crow, Dina Fernandez, Tony Allen, Gary Brown, Chip's Bookshop, Rebecca Behrendt, Andrew Guthrie, Harrison Drinkwater, Christopher Renda, Sheldon Runar, Herbert Ault, Edd Bronson, R. F. Williman, Jeff Black, Pat Murtagh, Dick Ellington, Albert Baake, Arizona Archives, Mike Hall, Becki Frestedt, Elayne, A. L. Bartell, Ron Hartzog, Robert Silverstein, John Labovitz, C. Eisenbert, Pasqualino Assini, Ian Firth, John Schertzer, Rich Heiss, Brick Pillow, R. Marke, Chaz Bufe, Donald Alvord, Ben Trant, Lynn Olson, John Schertzer, Rachel Salmonson, Ben Tanner, Edward Dean, Bert Provo, John A., John R. Spessard, Plutonium Press, Thomas Duke, Jr., Timothy Wicinski, Philip Athans, Mark Giese, Josh Petrin, Elizabeth McNamara, Joe Williams, Gene Kuhn, Jeff Kimble, Carl Bettis, Rik Winslow, Ed McCravy, Julian Dow, Helen Kropp, Lawrence Mattis, Robert Spryszak, Apkar Apkarian, Netai Basu, Frederick Weldon, Brandon Milling, Graham Baugh, Geraldine Tasca, Henry Bass, Marshall Brucer, Larry Fama, Frank Hoffman, Peter Woodruff, I. J. Yablon, Patrick Harrigan, Greg Ryan, Paul Bilzi, James Tedford, Ron Sakolsky, Ernest Brooks, Paul Avrich, James Lee, Paul Zink, Joseph Palmieri, Charles Holober, Rick Harrison, Warren Mueller, Paul Buhle, Truce Quistarc, Tom Palven, Enrico Del Bianco, Edward Abbey, Andy Abrams, William Hathaway, Jerry Mohlman, B. Dodson, Alex Lowry, Felicia Narvaez, San Francisco Tenants Union, Ed Lawrence, Richard Schain, A. & L. Taylor, Eddie Wright, Mike Nardi, Patrick Kelly, D. Dane, Anthony Phillips, Pete Stidman, Naomy Green, Steve Dyke, Galileo Tobia, Andrea Chersi, Mark Doomkey, Perry Peckham, Dayle Thompson, Herb Jager, Robert Wedemeyer, Charles Ullery, Stanford University, John Sasarnt, James Watson, John Roman, Carolyn Hogan, Jain Noa, Edward Henry, Conway Daly, Maria Cadaxa, Dietmar Koblenc, Neal Wilgus, Robert Preston, Jamie Miller, Steve Harnsberger, L. C. Creighter, Eric Daigle, Noemi Maxwell, Lowell Naeve. —Thanks to all of you for making this publication possible.

LETTERS

(Please address to Post Office Box 3488, Tucson, Ariz. 85722)

Dear Fred:

I've been enjoying *The Match!* over the years: in prison in Mexico, in the jungles of Chicago... holding my breath at times fearing its demise.

With regard to the "unleaded controversy" a more important problem with new cars is that after the imaginary energy crisis the car companies got the government to enact *laws* to reduce the weight of cars to (supposedly) improve economy. The result is the biggest ripoff you can imagine. Besides making the cars out of cardboard and plastic, they switched to front-wheel drive—now, what used to be minor repairs cost a fortune. Brakes, axles, transmissions, steering joints, etc., are a total mess. An ordinary brake job often costs $300; a transmission $1200 and up.

On another topic, for about two years I've been clipping newspaper articles on the theme that "it's bad for your health to be religious". I now have a ton of proof. I haven't clipped articles about the so-called religious wars (such as the Sikhs, Irish, Moslem battles) as these seem more eco-political. I'm enclosing one clipping that shows the hysteria that's considered normal in this insane country. "Call the police! Some kids have some weird drawings and a non-christian book!" If the kid that was expelled doesn't sue he's got to be crazy.

Thanks for a bit of sanity I find so refreshing.

—Robert Green
Chicago, Illinois

The news clipping refers to a "Satanism inquiry" at a highschool in Corydon, Indiana. Authoritarian officials at the school raided students' lockers and found literature they deemed to be "satanic"; confiscated it and initiated action against several students, one of whom was actually expelled.

In truth, being expelled from such an idiotic institution is probably the best thing that could happen to any kid, from the standpoint of mental health, although the immediate emotional trauma is no doubt devastating.

Thanks for the information, Robert. Here's hoping I never have to send you The Match at a Mexican prison address again.

Dear Fred:

I think you're dead right on the issue of unleaded gas. Big business more often than not benefits from government regulations to "protect" the poor, helpless consumer, and they often insist on them. Some socialists such as Gabriel Kolko are even starting to realize it— his book, *The Triumph of Conservatism*, explains how big business engineered the "progressive" era, thereby protecting the very trusts the liberals thought they were destroying.

—Fritz Ward
Boise, Idaho

Dear Fred:

About my letter in the last *Match!:* I just want to say I'm no back-to-nature freak. I am somewhat of a "medium-tech" person (pre-personal computers, though I have nothing against them).

I am a quadriplegic who depends every day on the highest medical technology available just to live. I find most of this (except animal experiments) to be no contradiction with Anarchism.

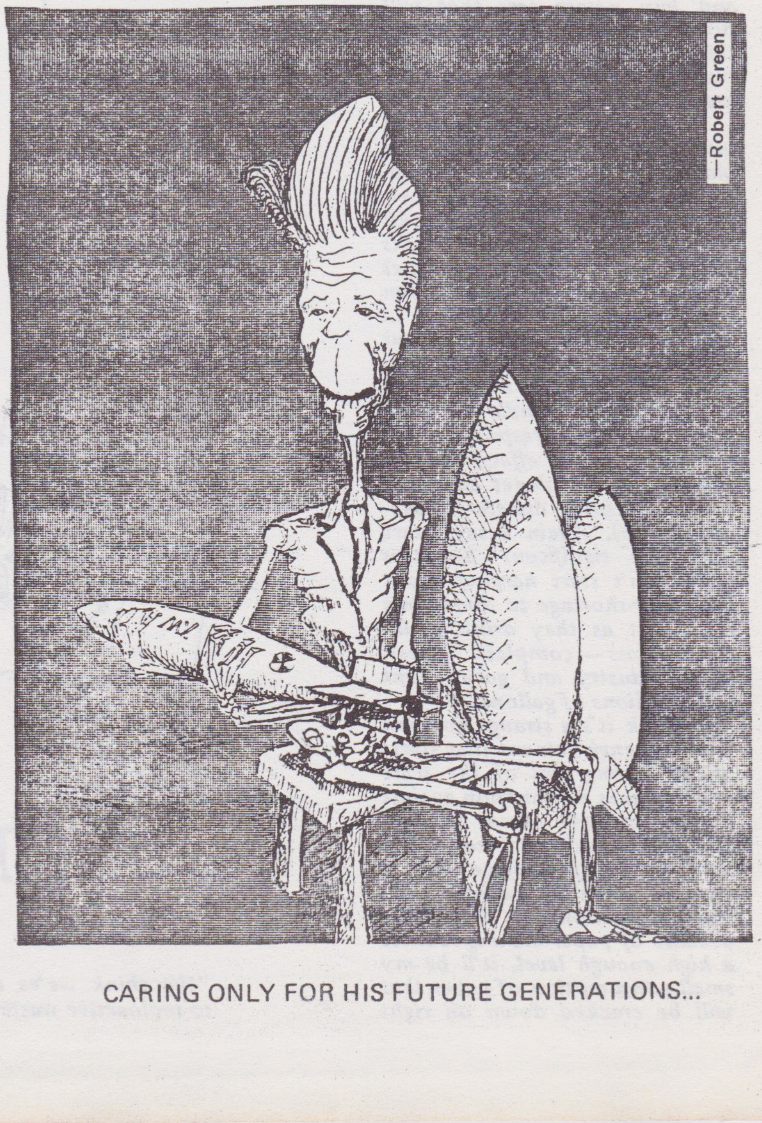
I even drive a specially equipped, older van, that runs on *leaded gas*. So being stuck without personal mobility on a farm is the last thing I can do or want to do.

Conspiracy theories generally leave me cold, but let us suppose your analysis of the automakers is correct. I still say a polluter is a polluter is a polluter. Go ahead and make the biggest stink about the big industrial polluters. But in doing so, if lead is a pollutant, then if we are to avoid being hypocritical, we must admit we are polluters, too.

Some time ago I wrote an article, *Confessions of a Meat-Eater*, about my difficulty in accepting a vegetarian diet, while at the same time supporting animal rights. Maybe my next project should be *Confessions of an Air Polluter*.

—Paul Bilzi
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

Paul, you certainly shouldn't feel guilty about driving a van that was built for leaded gas. For one thing, almost all the lead is gone from gas now, so whatever lead your van's engine releases into the air is a very small amount. Instead of guilt you ought to feel anger—without that added lead in the gas, your car's valves are now slowly but


—Robert Green

CARING ONLY FOR HIS FUTURE GENERATIONS...

surely pitting and burning away, and eventually the motor will have no compression and will no longer run. None of this is any fault of yours, nor is it mine or any other consumer's. All of us bought automobiles in, as the legal boys say, "good faith"; we reasonably depended upon the continued availability of the fuel that such transportation was intended to use. If we'd had a choice years ago, and could have opted for leaded vs. no-lead engines, maybe somebody could rightfully take us to task now. But nobody had any choice except the automakers. Now, years later, we're all supposed to beat our breasts and cry over the fact that we are "polluters", while the automakers go right on reaping huge profits from PEOPLE LIKE US who have to go out and buy newer cars that will function on the new fuel. Something is wrong with this: it places the burden on those who are not at fault.

People have been brainwashed into imagining that they are to blame for the overall contamination of the earth because of their tiny emissions of pollutants. All the while, gigantic smokestacks billow out thousands of times more of the same poisons than our small private uses create in an entire lifetime. It's as if our bodily exhalation of carbon dioxide was suddenly the focus of a massive propaganda campaign (after all, CO_2 is responsible for the "greenhouse effect" which is warming the planet and may eventually bring disaster in several forms). Again I say, start with the significant polluters first. Don't start harping about the water-shortage to diners in a restaurant as they drink a six-ounce glass—complain instead when industry and government waste billions of gallons.

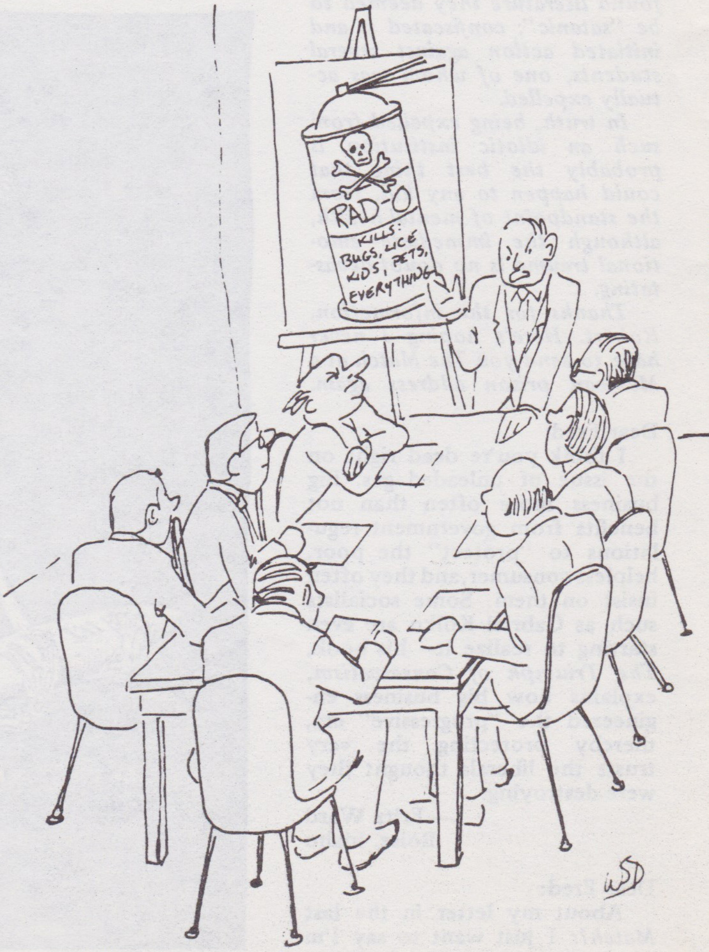
I think it's a strange concern with the environment that starts at the wrong end of the scale and enforces no sanction against the automakers whose original mistake caused the "lead problem" in the first place. But, I suppose, when the outrage about the depredations of the forests because of paper-making reaches a high enough level, it'll be my small consumption of paper that will be cracked down on right away. People who use two kleenexes instead of one to blow their noses will be painted as horrendous fiends of waste while, without the slightest impediment, the IRS will cause thousands of acres of trees to die so that they can be turned into income-tax forms. Jesus, I'm so sick of the hypocrisy of this society.

Dear Fred:

I just finished reading my first copy of *The Match.* I had no idea of what an Anarchist was aside from old cartoons of bearded bomb-throwers. It is astonishing to find such a rational publication in the Christian wonderland of the '80s.

On the left and right are almost nothing but fascists: republican theocrats and their neopuritan feminists; the sadistic expansionist Soviets and the facade of Gorbachev; Islamic imams and evangelical mythmongers; and (ugh!) moralizing liberals. With media controlled by religion and/or corporations that invent and orchestrate trends, sorting out the truth about our times can be impossible.

America as we know it is coming to an abrupt end. The insatiable black-hole of theocracy is growing more massive by the hour. These are the final years, perhaps months, of even the superficial liberties we take for granted. Given a chance, that snarling mass of ignorance called the electorate will gleefully hand America over to Robertson, or some other Reagan-clone just as dangerous. The Supreme Court is now within the grasp of fun-


RAD-O
KILLS BUGS, LICE, KIDS, PETS, EVERYTHING

"We think we've come up with the ultimate solution to radioactive waste disposal."

Wendy S. Duke

damentalism. I can only grimace in disgust as I watch my yuppie colleagues fret over their tans and tennis scores while their freedoms erode. Such vain apathy assures that America will enter the 21st century as a religious police state.

Speaking of feminists, however, I don't mean to imply that ALL of them are fascists, or even antisexual misfits. I recently learned of a feminist group in Ohio (though they prefer, actually, NOT to be called feminists) called Women FOR Pornography. They're headed by Melanie Holtzman, who represents their cause on radio and TV. These gutsy women openly admit they rent, purchase, and *enjoy* porn alone or with a mate. They are trying to put sexual liberation back into feminism.

Thanks for your brilliant and artful journal.

John W. Baechler
Lexington, Kentucky

Quick, where do I contact these women?

Dear Fred:

We greatly appreciate your putting us on your mailing list, and it will certainly augment the scope of our collection to have *The Match!*. If you or any of your colleagues are ever in New Orleans, feel free to pay us a visit. The Political Ephemera Collection is on the fourth floor of the library at Tulane's uptown campus, in the Special Collections Division.

Once again, many thanks, and if you have any back issues you would like to get off your hands, we'd be glad to accept them. You can rest assured that anything you send us will be well cared-for and open to the public.

—John Guidry,
Tulane University Library
New Orleans, Louisiana

Gentlement: (sic)

We find it necessary to cancel our order for *The Match!, an Anarchist Journal*. Please make the cancellation effective immediately. Thank you for your cooperation. Sincerely,

—Sandy Beerman,
Serials Dept.,
Bowling Green State University Library,
Bowling Green, Ohio 43403

The same thing happened at Yale University Library— some weaselly little bureaucrat with a "degree" in "library science" tried to cancel out a sub that was paid several years in advance. What did we do? We just kept sending The Match. Eventually the priggish censor moved on to another job (they always do.) We outlasted her and are now back in that library, just like we'll back in Bowling Green's, someday.

Also cancelling since last issue: the University of Arizona Library, where for years they've editorialized against us on the library card-catalogue entry, and compelled anyone wishing to read our paper to produce i.d.

Greetings, Woodworth:

Your new *Match!* is terrific—and much needed! This is for it:

Lord's Prayer
Our father, who's art's in heaven?
hollow be thy name
unless things change.
thy will, will be undone
on earth, as it isn't heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
at least three times a day.
And lead us not unto temptation
too often, on weekdays,
but deliver us from evil,
whose presence remains
unexplained
in thy kingdom of power and glory,
oh, man!

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti
San Francisco, California

Dear Fred Woodworth:

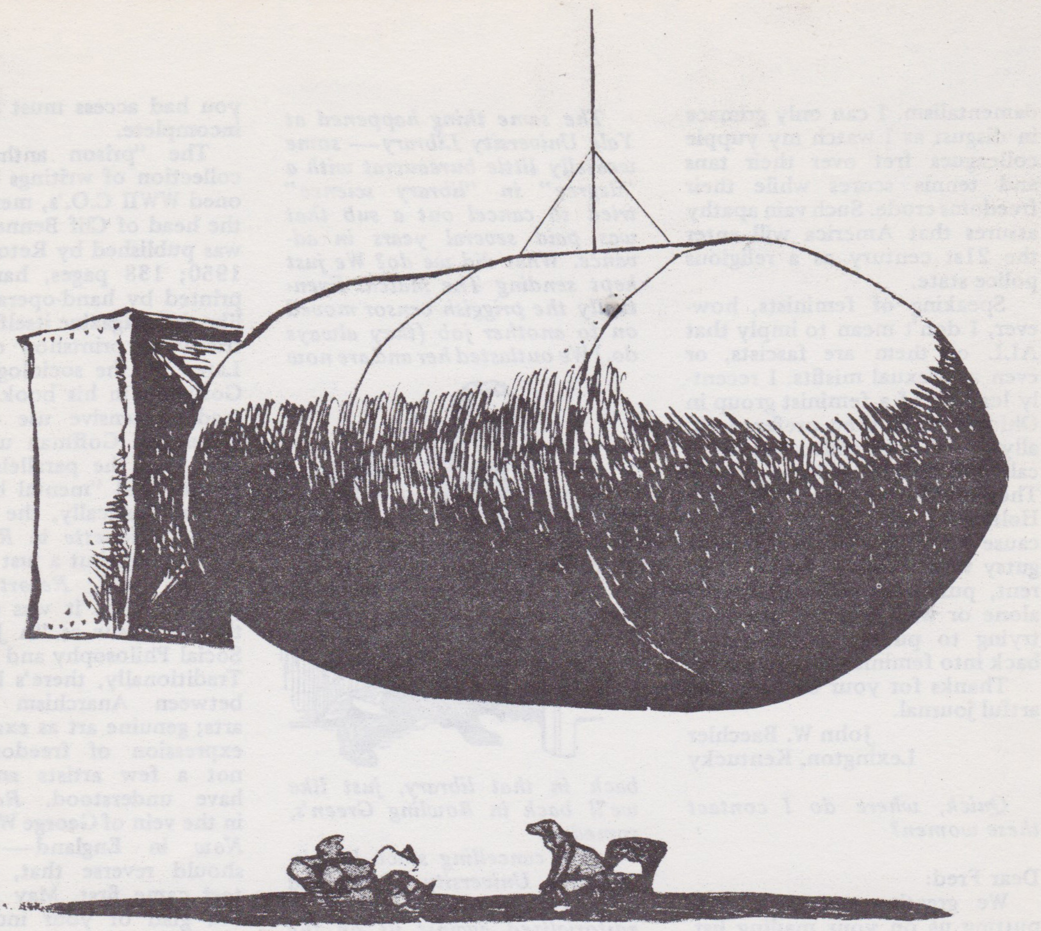
Just a few points about Holley Cantine and *Retort*:

Actually there were seventeen issues, not fifteen. Four numbers each of Volumes I to IV and one of Volume V. The file to which you had access must have been incomplete.

The "prison anthology", a collection of writings by imprisoned WWII C.O.'s, mentioned at the head of Clif Bennett's piece, was published by Retort Press in 1950; 138 pages, handset and printed by hand-operated press, like the magazine itself. (No electricity in printshop or house.) Later on, the sociologist Erving Goffman, in his book *Asylums*, made extensive use of *Prison Etiquette*; Goffman understood very well the parallels between prisons and "mental hospitals". Characteristically, the review of *Prison Etiquette* in *Retort* was not a blurb but a just appraisal.

Why did *Retort* publish poetry? Well, it was defined in the first issue as "A Journal of Social Philosophy and the Arts." Traditionally, there's been a tie between Anarchism and the arts; genuine art as example and expression of freedom, which not a few artists and writers have understood. *Retort* was in the vein of George Woodcock's *Now* in England—though I should reverse that, since *Retort* came first. May I say that I'm glad of your inclusion of Kenneth Rexroth's "Again At Waldheim," in your anthology from *Retort*— a beautiful poem by a fine poet.

In those years Holley lived in a cabin way up on a hill above the tiny village of Bearsville, New York (to which you refer). The nearest (small) town is Woodstock, later to become famous for quite other reasons, which had a long history as an art colony. This part of the Catskills, a hundred miles or so from New York City, was home territory for Holley. Son of a very wealthy father, Holley wanted nothing to do with the business or the money or the father and chose to live as "subsistently" as possible; he did not much like to work for wages. (Perhaps his mother, with whom he was on good terms, provided some occasional help but you could not tell it by Holley's way of living.) A very hard life, which he preferred not to live alone. I didn't know Dorothy Paul, Holley's companion and associate editor during the first half of *Retort's* life, but Dachine Rainer, from there on, contributed a great deal to the magazine.



"It's completely utopian to imagine a secure world without powerful armies."

Comunidad

Perhaps she published too much of her own poetry. But she was a talented poet and an extremely bright person who enjoyed being provocative.

Holley engaged in one more publishing venture. In the time of *Retort*, Woodstock was still a place of refuge for young artists and writers, some of them early-Beat types. But it had lost its village-character; the area was becoming more and more a summer home for the well-to-do, a habitat for established and commercial artists, and a tourist-mecca. Greenwich Village, of course, was going in the same direction—what else is new? But this region was Holley's—and serious anarchists, many of them, tend to be localists as well as internationalists, i.e., concerned with their own neighborhood. In the summer of '52, Holley and Dachine put out a four-page sheet, *The Wasp: A Weekly Review of Woodstock's Cultural Activities,* with the motto, "The wasp stings only in self-defense, except for its natural prey—which are spiders." (Perhaps it is too obvious to mention—but I would say that Holley was defining himself, not merely his present mission.) Inside, the paper covered nicely, giving praise where due, current artistic and musical events. Holley's editorials argued for the "bohemian republic"—the word "bohemian" still had some life in it—as essential to artistic/cultural vitality and demonstrated the pernicious consequences of business dominance of the town.

Two summers later, Holley and Dachine tried again. Now *The Wasp* labeled itself, successively, "The Smallest Paper in Woodstock," "The Paper Hardly Anyone in Woodstock Reads," "A Paper for People Who Read," "The Only Paper in Woodstock That Isn't Afraid." The first issue that summer was headed "Tourists: Go Home"; later, "Tourists! You Still Here?" What is now called an alternative newspaper, I suppose, but accepting no advertising, and offending every vested interest.

The voice you hear in Holley's writings is a steady, controlled voice, reasonable and thoughtful. My sense is that he was transmuting a powerful anger. A very wicked sense of humor does not reveal itself in *Retort*. He had a disciplined mind and a knowledge of anthropology that informed his criticism of Marxism.

—David Wieck
Troy, New York

Dear Fred:

Shortly after Holley had written *Double, Double, Toil and Trouble*, [reissued with the *Retort* in The Match Historic Reprint Series], he handed it to E.E. Cummings for criticism. When I asked what EE thought of it, Holley replied, "He said it was the best short story, by an American, he'd ever read."

Cummings had *Double,*

Double specially printed up. He mailed it out to his friends.

Some start-up money was raised to make a feature film of *Double, Double*. Four years later the money was returned for at least 27 reasons.

Holley did not say anything but, I think, he had become accustomed to thinking of it as a film and was disappointed that the project was abandoned.

Ran across *Double, Double* in an anthology once.

Your reprint makes me ask: Should I print it up and send it out this coming Christmas?

—Lowell Naeve
Canyon, B.C., Canada

NOTE: Lowell Naeve's 1949 illustration for the original Retort appears on page 6 of our reprint edition.

No need for you to print it up, Lowell; we'll send you some free copies.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE was an authentic part of the reading of my youth. I stumbled across the story in, I believe, about 1962. It had been reprinted in one of the anthologies from the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction. I was deeply impressed by the piece, and hung onto my copy of the reprint until 1971, when I loaned it to a fellow activist with the enthusiastic recommendation that he read the "obviously Anarchistic story". He promptly lost the book and I could never find another. In 1983 I managed to track the story down again, and was amazed to see that the author was Cantine, who by then I was familiar with as the editor of the Retort. I hadn't been aware of all the prior interest in DOUBLE, DOUBLE, and it's nice to have one's taste vindicated. It was a pleasure to make this excellent piece of writing available to an audience of Anarchists, after such a long time.

Incidentally, one of the new readers of this magazine gave me a strange moment—his check for the Retort anthology that he'd seen advertised somewhere, came in and it was made payable to Holley R. Cantine! So that's the name I had to sign...

Dear Fred:

I was delighted to receive your *Retort* anthology. It's beautifully done. You should send a copy to Dachine Rainer, who lives in England. I enclose her address.

One last, very important thing which Holley Cantine did do for Anarchism, after 1951, was of course to publish his two-volume edition of Voline's *The Unknown Revolution* with Freedom Press and the Libertarian Book Club in 1954-55. This shouldn't be forgotten.

—David Goodway
Keighley, W. Yorkshire,
England

Cantine's edition of this history indeed remains a monumental piece of work. I believe it is still available from Freedom Press (84 B Whitechapel High St., London E1, England).

Dear Fred:

Cantine's stuff is great. *Double, Double, Toil and Trouble* is the matter that says great fiction with an Anarchist bent can be written and written well. This was really inspiring. Keep reprinting material that is *impossible* to find anywhere else.

—Paul Zink
N. Aurora, Illinois

Dear Fred:

Cantine was short on rhetoric and long on common sense. Just what the doctor ordered.

—Robert Carr
Boise, Idaho

Dear Fred:

Back in CPS (the concentration camps for WWI conscientious objectors) I was introduced to Anarchism through Cantine's *Retort*, MacDonald's *Politics*, and *Why?* Over the years I have lost all of them...

—Harold Barclay
Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton
Canada

Mr. Barclay is the author of PEOPLE WITHOUT GOVERNMENT, a scholarly and thoughtful Anarchist work, subtitled "Anthropology of Anarchism", with preface by Alex Comfort.

Fred:

I realize that you are doing the best you can and that you are doing what you believe is needed, but I much prefer the regular *Match* issues to the Historic Reprints.

—Warren Mueller
Middlebourne, W. Virginia

Dear Fred:

I am very concerned about animals, especially those in so-called factory farms and in scientific laboratories. But I'm upset because I simply do not know how to help these beings. What can be our role in movements dominated by folks who are satisfied to ask the state for justice? What can we do to help the animals? Even the most radical tactics, those used by the Animal Liberation Front, seem a bit futile.

—Rik Winslow
Sacramento, California

Rik, your awareness of the plight of animals in our barbaric civilization is a rare and precious insight. The very fact that you have come to such realizations is a slap in the face of the society of censors and controlled attitudes. No matter how you put that to work, you will be doing good. But no matter what you do you will scarcely ever notice perceptible results. The important thing is to not burn out with a sense of futility.

Personally, I think that the Animal Liberation Front is doing necessary and justified work, liberating animals from labs, destroying equipment used for torture (excuse me, "experimentation"), and militantly sabotaging in all ways the dastardly criminals who destroy our fellow-creatures' lives. But whether or not you want to partake of the risks of such activity must remain a personal choice.

Many animal-rights organizations that refrain from violent or illegal methods are doing good work on behalf of animals, too. Sure, they're all more or less involved with, as you say, "asking the state for justice", while as we know, justice comes from the hearts and minds of the people. It seems that in every major transformation of a social wrong, there is some objectionable component that prefers to get down on its knees and beg. But mixed in there is always a certain number of people who take a principled stand and don't *necessarily endorse groveling before authority.*

Other people's slavish liberalism should never prevent us from acting in accord with our own consciences. If you are part of a group that advocates animal rights, you don't have to go along with actions that amount to a groveling before the status-quo. You make a difference by your presence and your activity. And the longer you are present in a group, the more your fellow members will take seriously your ideas. Don't forget that Anarchism is "catching".

To change anything that is broadly wrong in society requires more than one tactic. The movement to oppose the war in Vietnam, or the movement to overthrow segregation, operated on many fronts. Sure, some fronts were stupidly prone to begging the government. Others varied in degrees of militancy and direct action. In any case, what changed the course of events was, eventually, how the mass of society looked at things. Thus, propaganda does make a difference.

Oppression of animals is by far a larger evil than almost anything human beings have ever done. No individual can effectively fight it alone. My advice is: work with the groups, even if you disagree with part of their tactics. Never submerge your disagreement, but profit by the situation in any way you can and add whatever unique skills you have to the limping effort to thrust humanity in the right direction. —*FW*

Dear Fred:

I must say that I strongly disagree with you in the area of animal rights, which, I believe, is based on emotionalism rather than logic.

It seems to me that the concept of "rights" can only logically apply to human beings. Extending rights to animals must result, by your reasoning, in allowing our homes to be overrun by insects and rodents. The very act of building a house for human habitation requires altering the land to an extent that at least some small animals will be killed or displaced. On a microscopic level, millions of creatures are destroyed in our lungs and bloodstreams with every breath we take, and in our mouths and stomachs with every gulp of water.

There is no record of any primitive peoples, alive or extinct, subsisting on an entirely vegetarian diet. Our closest primate relatives are not the vegetarians they were once believed to be; they consume insects and even small animals occasionally. Despite claims to the contrary, there seems to be no proof that strict vegetarianism (veganism) is "natural" to humans. My own experience with the whole vegan/fruitarian/fasting routine was one of markedly diminished health and strength. (I might add that, as far as ethics are concerned, lacto-vegetarians are scarcely better than meat-eaters because of the "oppression" of dairy animals.)

You claim that humans are not superior to other animals, and I agree. But why call fishermen and hunters criminals? Are lions, wolves, and other predators criminals? Are herbivores who can't help but consume insects with each mouthful of grass criminals? Again, I think that emotion rather than logic is at work here. Virtually every insect and fish ever born has ended up in another creature's belly; nearly every animal in nature is either eaten or starves (or freezes) to death. (Not to mention the natural disasters: think of the billions of insects, fish, birds and mammals cooked by volcanic eruptions alone.) You decry the "human dependency upon death", but the fact is that all life—from microbes to whales—depends upon death. Human-inflicted suffering upon animals is infinitesimal compared to the overall scheme of things. You rightfully denounce the religious idea of man as a "special creation" while, at the same time, elevating non-humans to that very position.

If your logic is correct in justifying the acts of laboratory and butcher-shop vandals, then I fail to see why the same line of reasoning wouldn't apply to abortion-clinic bombers. Don't they feel the need to take extraordinary measures to protect "human life"? The concepts

If You Think Research Using Live Animals Benefits You, Think Again!

Other and More Precise Methods Do Exist and Must Be Used.

GET THE FACTS!

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801 Old York Road • Jenkintown PA 19046 •

"animal rights" and "viability of the fetus" both lead to unresolvable contradictions, and calling abortionists and meat-eaters murderers will only serve to further divide the Anarchist movement.

In many ways I'm like the animal rights activists; I deplore unnecessary experimentation and many factory farming practices. I don't buy leather products or use colognes and I catch mice alive whenever possible. I eat little meat. But when my dog is hungry, it's either commercial dog food or else I have to turn her loose to slaughter rabbits and squirrels.

—Al Medwin
Farmingdale, New Jersey

Al, no creature is a criminal for killing out of conditions over which it has no control. Where no choice is possible, no ethics are possible, and likewise no blame is possible. But often WE do have choice. And when our choice leads us to murder of a sentient creature, we are culpable indeed.

Of course we cannot avoid certain involuntary acts, such as stepping on insects when we walk, etc. However, I reject completely the idea that animals are either "placed" in existence, or simply "are" in existence, for our USAGE.

You're right, there's no record of any society in the past that didn't oppress animals. So what? Are we stuck with only options being modes of behavior approved by our ancestors? Look, there's no record of an atheistic society, either. So should we therefore shrug and decide to forget about overcoming the oppressive and false idea of "god"? For that matter there's no record of a modern-type society living in freedom without government. And until someone created radio and antibiotics they'd never existed before. It's possible and desirable to bring new, worthwhile ways of living into the world.

Even though it's impossible to get through life without inflicting pain and death, we ought to have compassion and solidarity with other creatures. There is no point in taking this to the absurd lengths you bring up, such as allowing our homes to be overrun with cockroaches. And it would be useless and meaningless to attempt to evolve ethics based on what happens to microscopic organisms that by chance enter our mouths and lungs. I think you've invoked a non-question here as a smokescreen.

What SHOULD be of concern is behaving more humanely and non-invasively toward the most highly organized and the most obviously sentient animals.

Sure, as part of the food chain we do depend on death. But our MINDS, which are according to all the human propaganda, our greatest marvel and asset, give us the ability to shape our own lives so that we can in fact approach ethical action. As an example, it is now completely within the realm of possibility to fabricate meatlike foods entirely from plant products, for those who have become accustomed to meats (a rather large sector of the populace). Who knows, maybe there IS some innate craving for the taste of meat—I like it myself and after over seven years as a vegetarian I had to give that up because I felt I was starving. So, then, use our knowledge to produce what we crave, in a manner that produces no enslavement, exploitation, or torture of animals. This could be done right now and only isn't because it's too profitable for the food industry to keep going as it has.

What lions and wolves do is up to them. To claim that we can't make an effort to stop OUR viciousness because of the behavior of some animal predator is to abolish every pretense that we are concerned with ethical action. In that case we might as well forget about working to end all the abuses of people by people, too.

Attempting to equate concern for animals with the fanatics' campaigns about abortion, is bogus because fetuses don't think. Animals do.

Why activism? Because it is the only thing that will work to change the direction of events. Hardly ever do boycotts have any success, except in extremely narrow, specific cases. Even if large sections of the populace shift to vegetarianism, the meat industry will still exist, and will merely sell a higher proportion of its animal products to non-food industries—animal oils to lubricant and dye-making companies, to companies that utilize collagens and hormones, animal hair and hides, to glue-works, fabric-makers, etc. Much of the carbon-black in ink comes from burning animal "leftovers", so the chances are that the words you see at this moment are compounded out of the burned bodies of cattle. The very pervasiveness of this industry makes it impervious to boycotts. (When I found out that there was animal carbon in steel and in tires, and bone-marrow in toothpaste, I gave up vegetarianism as useless.)

Animal rights are in somewhat the came category as Leonardo's television—if he had invented one, where would he have plugged it in? —If a small minority of people realize the truth, can they possibly take any action when the rest of the social context is against them? Thus animal rights depend on a long process of educating the people and performing dramatic actions designed to turn exploiters away from animal victims. In this particular case it may well be that violence against certain companies is the only answer.

Dear Fred:

Greetings from the 51st state! Since Ronnie & Maggie's marriage, things have felt pretty dangerous over here as regards what would happen in the event of war (U.S. nuclear bases, for example). So to find an American magazine such as yours (in the Greenfield at Glastonbury Peace Festival last year), was a refreshingly pleasant surprise. I picked up issue 81 for a quid and wasn't disappointed. I'd like to make an overseas subscription but don't know how much, or what currency to pay you in.

—Steve Dyke, reluctant, non-
patriotic Britisher,
Whiddon Down, Okehampton,
Devonshire, England

We accept payment in any national currency—please, no international checks, as they are too much hassle for us to deal with. The equivalent of about $10 for four issues of The Match *is an appropriate amount to send for overseas subscription. It has to be a little more than our rate for U.S. subscribers because we are not allowed to use our bulk-mail permit on anything but domestic mail, and copies to subscribers in other countries take a higher postage rate.*

Dear Fred:

In your last issue Don Holbrook, in a review, claimed to look upon investment as "sickening".

Now, I am just a wage slave on a factory assembly line, and nowhere near rich. If we don't save money in a bank or some kind of investment, what are we to do in case of retirement, getting sick, having accidents, or suffering the place we work for for years, closing down?

I look upon savings or "investment" as behaving responsibly, taking care of oneself in the future, and not forcing someone else to take care of us, or becoming dependent on government for handouts.

He calls this "unearned income". Well, when you stop and consider that the government is constantly inflating the money system by taxes, and corporate taxes that are passed off to the consumer as higher prices, the puny interest a bank pays you barely makes up for the inflation. If you don't put your money in a bank or investment of some kind, you take the penalty of inflation which the government causes to make your money worth less, and it's just like what happens to an ice cube on a hot summer day.

—Dan Chilinski
Toledo, Ohio

Don Holbrook replies: Becoming part of the system of economic exploitation, in order to have an income, is certainly an effective way to plan for one's old age. Buying a duplex, for instance, and then renting it out, could mean that for an initial outlay of $80,000 perhaps, you could then have an income from tenants, amounting to $700 a month (about $10,000 a year, so that in under nine years your expenditure would be fully repaid). Then, no matter how long thereafter, to the end of your life and for your successors and heirs until the end of time, the tenants would keep on paying into your fund and supplying an unearned income to you or somebody else.

Sure, it works. But is it fair? If you invest in the capitalist system (I hate to use a hackneyed expression here, but that's what it is), are you DOING THE RIGHT THING?

Any way in which you plug into that system hurts somebody else—other workers, other unemployed people, other individuals who are in their own old age and trying to get along.

I could conceive of some kind of arrangements one could make that would not involve exploiting anyone, and if these are "investments", it is in a decidedly different sense than the kind of thing I was reviewing (which was the quest for "good" corporations to buy stock in, etc.) You could treat your children with love and respect so that when you grew old they would assist you, rather than hating or disdaining you. You could take up a challenging kind of hobby or private work (restoring old cars, painting pictures, collecting books, building boats) that provided a valuable stock of your creations—something that would have monetary value (appreciating at that), but would not add to the sum of oppression in the world. Such activity might also lead you in a very healthy direction away from being a "wage slave". Realizing your condition, you ought to break out of it if you can think of a way to do so. A little creativity is infinitely to be preferred over the plodding acceptance of conventional ways of life and behavior.

Greetings, Fred:

While writing a letter explaining why I was not going to renew mysubscription, I became convinced that I enjoyed The Match too much not to renew.

What gives me hesitation is the appearance of what I'll call Big Tits Comix on the back cover of your last issue. Frankly I was appalled. Our history honors Emma Goldman and Lucy Parsons. Why should we portray women as primarily the carriers of mammary glands? It's pretty poor, reflecting an adolescent male chauvinism fixated on breasts. Please, no more Big Tits Comix. If I wanted that I'd buy soft-porn comic books, and not The Match.

Apparently the strip is in response to the mixed message we men get from sexy women who want us to appreciate their minds or peronality. But the "dilemma" is such a cliche and only shows our (men's) inability to enjoy the presence of a beautiful woman without thinking of her as a potential sexual partner.

—Bill Withers

Bill, I'm sorry if you were offended by the cartoon. I knew I was treading on thin ice by printing it, but I could hardly see myself re-drawing the breasts on the cartooned women to make 'em less prominent. Meanwhile I could completely share the frustration of the male cartoonists, as evinced in the message of the comic strip (cliche or not), as I've been cast off countless times myself, by women of intriguing intellect and voluptuous body, simply because of my rather impoverished economic state. Sexual and emotional companionship are definite human needs that we should not lose sight of in the current, rather prim, radical milieu of "struggle" against sexism.

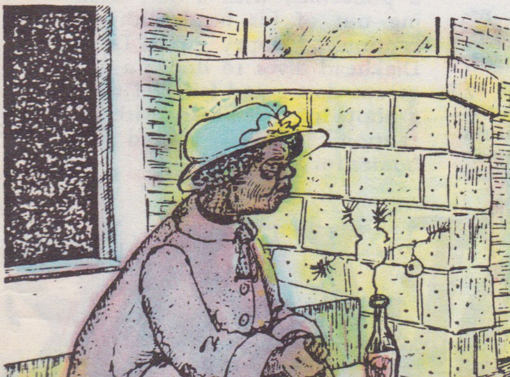
Yes, we honor Lucy Parsons and Emma G. as great Anarchist women out of history. But please, can we avoid the trap of creating more holy worshipped virgins? Seeing really old engravings of Lucy Parsons, or that early 1890s photograph of Emma, I have to tell you I wouldn't have minded going to bed with either of 'em myself—a statement that some will probably find shocking, but which as far as I'm concerned has an antidote value much the same as that cartoon. Finally, Bill, may I gently point out that your unhesitating, blithe use of the term "tits" reveals a not-altogether liberated attitude about feminine anatomy?

Dear Fred:

I've been embroiled in a debate with some feminists here. A woman I know received a packet of materials from a feminist group called Backlash. They mail out samples of violent porn such as dismemberment and torture in order to incite women to support censorship. So now my friend wants to pour paint on all the *Hustler* and *Penthouse* magazines at the local convenience store. Suggest to her that violent feelings toward women are developed at an early age from exposure to domineering and even brutal mothers and teachers, and she responds that if women are violent no doubt it is because husbands and fathers beat them up. In other words, we women can never be responsible for our own actions; we must always be victims.

The feminists, the moral majority and the government all want to protect me without ever asking if this is what I desire or need. Once a year, Take Back the Night marches a few blocks through the dark and empty streets of downtown Akron, stopping to screech at a few lonely old men patronizing the two adult bookstores on Main Street. I work downtown until 10:00 p.m. It takes me twenty minutes to walk home. I don't need anyone to take back the night for me—I've been walking at night for years in cities larger and far more dangerous than this ghost town. The few women I see on the streets, like me, are unable to afford a car. Where are the feminists? Driving home to suburbia. Sure, I get hassled on the street, but not as often as some would expect. Only once have I had to defend myself from violence, and I did so. No, he wasn't carrying a gun or a knife, but those weapons can appear at any time or place, not just the street.

Banning pornography will never lessen the odds of such confrontations. Banning the nuclear family might be more efficacious, but the pro-censorship people would never go for that one!



Wendy S. Duke

Enclosed are some of my cartoons, and I'm working on a couple of other things which might be suitable for The Match.

—Wendy S. Duke
Akron, Ohio

Some of Wendy's artwork can be seen in the present issue, and we hope to publish more as time goes on.

Dear Fred:

Yesterday (June 22) we gave out hundreds of your tracts on Anarchism at the tour that culminated four days of Conference on Building the Movement. Perhaps you were here, but after hearing my friend Larry Johnson (a.k.a. Ernest Mann, of Little Free Press) talk about looking for you unsuccessfully in Tucson, I assume you don't go for public encounters.

The march was a huge success with hundreds of Anarchists from all over the country, from Canada and from Europe, taking part here in Minneapolis. We exposed the hypocrisy of the police, by remaining calm as the cops rioted all around us. Eight people were arrested in several displays of police cowardice; after trying once to arrest someone from the center of the crowd and being forced to release the prisoner by the swift action of many demonstrators, the cops changed their tactics and grabbed anyone they could from the back of the march after most of us were too far ahead to help our friends. The arrest of two fifteen-year-old girls required several cops with sticks, and they were incredibly brutal and repressive, using mace and teargas liberally and filling the downtown area with a stench during the lunch hour. Our group remained nonviolent to the end.

The media here gave mixed reports ranging from lies on channel four and in the St. Paul paper, to a very positive and factually correct report on Minnesota Public Radio. The TV stations generally made us out to be the culprits, although their tape footage clearly indicated the police as the ones provoking violence.

The weekend activities have surely radicalized many people —especially those who witnessed the brutal actions of the officers.

—Erik Riese
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gentlemen:

I am very much an Atheist but not an Anarchist. I don't see how cooperation between people can exist without the agreement to obey certain rules. When enough people agree to obey certain rules so they can have cooperation, this set of rules IS a government. Everything else comes as a result of these rules. I am opposed to certain types of government, but not those that are truly of, for, and by the people. USA's government makes this claim but falls short thereof. So does Communism. Too much bureaucracy has tainted both systems. But I cannot say, "therefore all governments are bad", as you do.

If most human beings could be trusted not to try to better themselves at the expense of others, then Anarchy would work. But you know very well that that's not how it is. Where there are people there is greed. So a government is necessary.

Even though I am opposed to Anarchy, I am interested in seeing what makes you think Anarchy would work. Anarchy reminds me of what I've heard about the wild west in the cowboy movies, where the barrel of a six-gun was the only law. I don't think I'd like a society like that. Without laws, cocaine and heroin would be sold over every store counter to anyone with money. I can't think that would be a good thing.

But I am enclosing $6 for a year's subscription so I can find out what makes you people tick.

—Ed McCravy
Columbia, South Carolina

We live during the moral infancy of the human race. And this strange obsessive belief that only some power outside of ourselves can make us behave the way we think we all want to behave, is a large part of the reason why humanity remains at the stunted point that it is at now.

If people are "willing" as you say, to obey certain rules, why on earth do they need someone to force them to do it? Obviously what you really believe is that they are in fact NOT willing, and they must be compelled to act in a certain manner. But then, since those who do the forcing are just the same old human beings, who either will or will not adhere to decent standards voluntarily, doesn't your cherished government simply rest on the hope that people WHO ARE THE RULERS will behave decently? And if you can make the assumption that they will, why not simply assume that society at large could behave peaceably and sensibly, if given the chance?

Stated the way I just stated it, it would seem that there would be equal likelihood that either society as a whole, or people acting as a government, could behave decently. However, there is a further point that reveals the true nature of this situation—government and power are unstable entities. They unerringly, in every single case, burst their bounds and attain bloated dimensions. They come to invade every corner of human activity. Their "protective" nature becomes such a burden and menace that THEY actually turn into the kind of dangers that make us yearn to deal directly with the tiny problems of social life, and banish the enormous monster of government that oppresses everyone.

Why do you think the governments of the US, Soviet Union, et al, are so "tainted"? Is it just an accident— or is it an inescapable tendency that is built into the nature of the beast?

I don't think it's a good idea to base your conception of Anarchy on "the wild west in cowboy movies". In fact, may I recommend that cowboy movies be disregarded completely as sources for fact or philosphy?

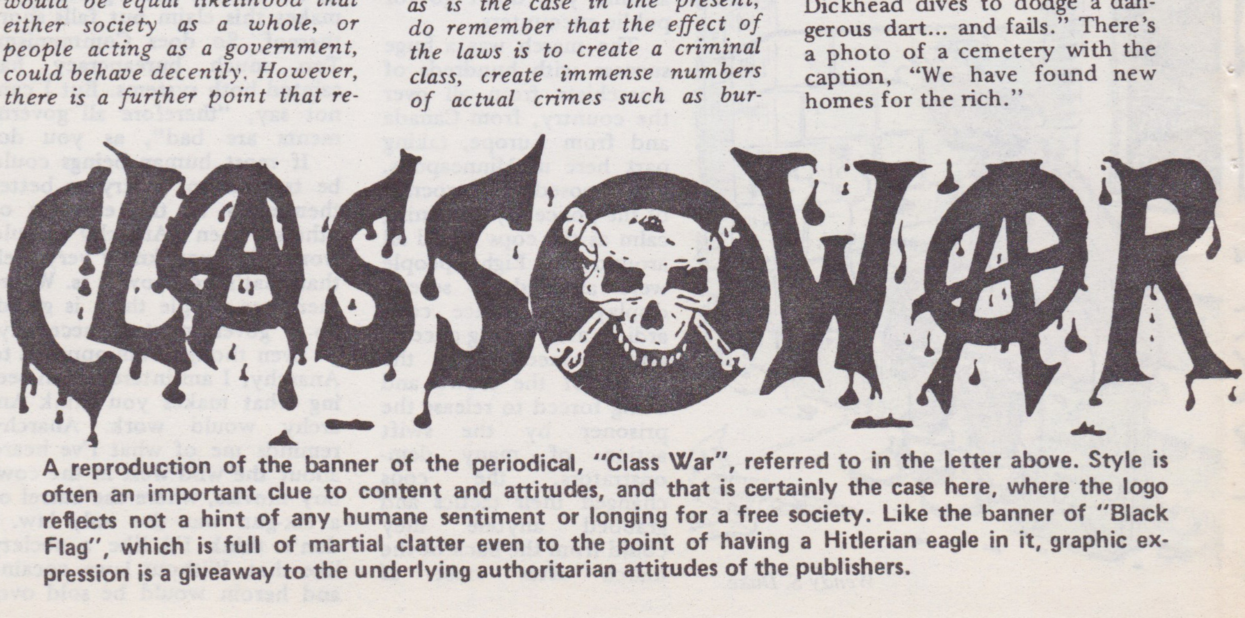
A society in which "cocaine and heroin would be sold over every store counter" would in any event be one in which anybody could choose to buy the stuff or not—only the authoritarian, busybody mentality assumes it has the right to dictate what substances other human beings will put into their bodies. And if you want to see a society in which heroin and cocaine are NOT sold openly, but are repressed to furtive transactions, as is the case in the present, do remember that the effect of the laws is to create a criminal class, create immense numbers of actual crimes such as burglary and robbery to pay the high prices of the illegal drugs, and then to preach sanctimoniously about it all.

I'd far prefer to see the stores carrying heroin on their shelves, than to wake up dead in an alley with my throat slit because some desperate, criminalized addict wanted what little I possessed, in order to pay law-inflated prices.

Dear Fred:

I was glad to see your condemning of the so-called "Anarchists" publishing the *Black Flag* in England. It appears at present that the Anarchist movement has been partially infiltrated by neo-fascists claiming to be Anarchists (possibly the name helps their credibility on the street). Even worse than Black Flag, in my opinion, is the Class War group—one that is built on pure class hatred.

Their violent hatred of anyone who does not share their beliefs is illustrated in their newspaper. In the issue for last Christmas, shown by the fact that there is a Santa Claus hat on the skull-and-crossbones of the cover page, and by the snow cover on the letters of the title (from which blood appears to drip), *Class War* conveys its ideologies with "witty" cartoons—one shows a policeman with a dart sticking out of his head with the caption, "Dopey PC Derek Dickhead dives to dodge a dangerous dart... and fails." There's a photo of a cemetery with the caption, "We have found new homes for the rich."



A reproduction of the banner of the periodical, "Class War", referred to in the letter above. Style is often an important clue to content and attitudes, and that is certainly the case here, where the logo reflects not a hint of any humane sentiment or longing for a free society. Like the banner of "Black Flag", which is full of martial clatter even to the point of having a Hitlerian eagle in it, graphic expression is a giveaway to the underlying authoritarian attitudes of the publishers.

Of course we all hate the police force in Britain (which, contrary to its popular British Bobbie-image is trigger-happy, prejudiced, and protects the establishment against striking miners, for instance), but I doubt if there are many of us who find such crass attempts at humor enjoyable.

The "anarchist policy" of *Class War* is equally objectionable. Their sole strategy is mindless violence against the police ("filth"), and the rich ("vermin", "bastards"). I don't see how scratching up a Mercedes or burning down an office (*Class War* policy) will do anything to achieve an Anarchist society. In fact, these actions mirror those of neo-Nazi groups in Britain, the only difference being that they are directed at Yuppies rather than at Asians. Don't misunderstand me; I am not recommending Tolstoyan pacifism, but I do consider that violence directed at the naive and indoctrinated is unjustified and ineffective.

Moreover, *Class War's* emphasis on violence is counterproductive in that it provides a biased media with an up-to-date stereotype of an Anarchist as being a violent terrorist. It is no surprise that Class War's violent actions grab media coverage, while the constructive achievements of real Anarchists such as Freedom Press and the anarcho-syndicalist Direction Action Movement never get a mention.

The *Class War* leader (strange, I didn't think Anarchist organizations were supposed to have permanent, self-appointed leaders) has alienated his group from virtually all other Anarchists in the country by his condemnation of all those who don't share his views—to him, *Freedom* are just a "bunch of liberals", yet *Freedom* has successfully published hundreds of Anarchist books for over a century whereas organizations that the Class-War leader has run in the past have tended to rapidly collapse due to personality struggles. His views on freedom of speech are likewise violent and authoritarian: "We are not a bunch of liberals who believe in freedom of speech; the idea that freedom of speech is an Anarchist thing is a load of shit."

Possibly I am being unproductive in my condemnation of this "Anarchist" group; after all, unity amongst Anarchists could be a great source of strength, but it is irritating that people with such vicious and authoritarian attitudes can claim to be Anarchists. Not only does *Class War* provide an appalling stereotype for the biased media to grab hold of, but it also helps to prevent people from adopting an Anarchist belief. I consider it the worst group in Britain that masquerades as Anarchist.

—Richard Hejer
Tewin, Herts., England

Dear Fred:

I was in prison at Somers, Connecticut and was transferred to a New Jersey prison early this year. A couple of years ago you printed my address in an issue and two people replied—people with whom I still correspond. Thanks very much. I'd appreciate anyone interested in Anarchism writing to me at my new address.

William J. Johnson
P. O. Box 150/ 207286
Delmont, New Jersey 08314

Say, you boys must not be up with the current word. According to Bob Black, if I'm not a cop at least everybody in jail thinks so. He recently stated in a published letter: "One widely circulated rumor, especially prevalent in American prisons, is that Fred Woodworth is a police agent. I cannot say if this is true, but it is plausible. No one has done more to discredit anarchism by espousing it than he has. His editorial antics are so wildly irrational that if he is not a provocateur he is, in a field of dummies... the stupidest of the stupidest, so stupid as to defy credibility."

Duh, I guess he doesn't like me. I read this to the woman I live with, and she remarked, "At last. Now maybe as a cop you can start getting some benefits for a change—medical, dental... Or even a paycheck."

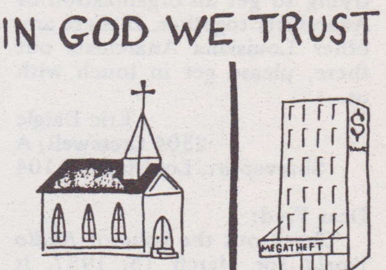
Question: if I'm so bad, how come Black didn't think so until I differed with him? And why does he keep sending this "cop" self-written reviews of his crummy book to publish? Anyhow, prisoners can add this, if they want, to all the other things they have to worry about—unless, of course, they figure that a guy who's been providing them with free subscriptions to The Match since 1969 probably is more credible than a creep lawyer who needs to have his butt kicked. —*F.W.*

Dear folks:

I enjoy the views you expressed on religions. Shreveport is the buckle on the Bible Belt and your journal was a breath of fresh air in a place polluted with fundamental fascist smog.

Enclosed is a cartoon you might want to use...

—Ben E. Trant
Shreveport, Louisiana



Dear Fred:

I really don't know much about Anarchism, but anti-authoritarianism sounds good to me. I've got a strong case of what is commonly known as "bad attitude"—I get ticked off at everything from seat belt laws to mandatory insurance to welfare to state funding of transplants to local vets trying to charge me $25 a dog for a $1 rabies shot!

I've yet to find much of anything that involves people, that I can believe in—human nature being what it is. I do believe, however, that power corrupts, inevitably. Democracy is no cure—where the majority are stupid and / or unscrupulous, majority rule is hopelessly rotten.

Maybe there is something innate in people that makes them want to control others... so what can be done? But I am beginning to see that things are horrible now, with massive government and institutional regulation of everything. Perhaps getting rid of the institutions would help matters on a cumulative basis, at least...

—Donna Richards
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Fred:

I noticed that Chaz Bufe writes for *The Match!* Please pass the word to him that I read his *Listen, Anarchist!* and felt that what he had to say was right on target. I have long felt that the Anarchist movement is riddled with would-be dictators and ideologues. We may be our own worst enemy. I would encourage other Anarchists to read Bufe's pamphlet.

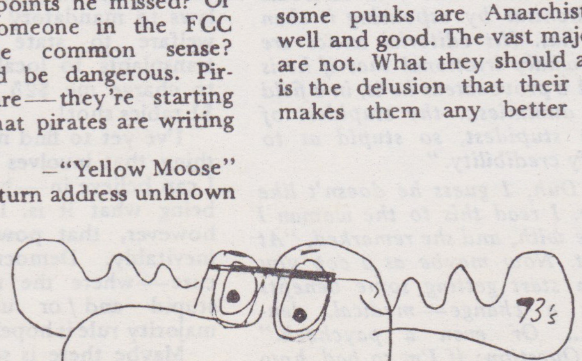
Here in Shreveport we are trying to get an organization of Anarchists together. If there any other Louisiana Anarchists out there, please get in touch with us.

—Eric Daigle
2304 Cresswell, A
Shreveport, Louisiana 71104

Dear Fred:

Check out the issue of *Radio World* for March 15, 1987. It contains an article on pirate radio. "Broadcasters will often strike against pirates when they find out that the pirate has *too professional* a sound..."(!) It almost sounds like the author, Jeff Young, reads *The Match!* He even predicts a growth in TV piracy— educational band, "low power" or "sporadic" transmission. [Some points mentioned in previous letters columns.—editor] Hey, are there any points he missed? Or is there someone in the FCC with some common sense? That could be dangerous. Pirates, beware—they're starting to read what pirates are writing for pirates.

—"Yellow Moose"
return address unknown



Dear Fred:

A few comments on issue 81 of *The Match!* The literary and historical features have been well written and very welcome. "Dream World" remains my favorite, mostly for the incredibly incisive humor. The historical pieces are also real history, something that is sorely lacking on the left these days.

Love the letters. Every magazine should follow this policy. I also approve of your tendency to personally answer various scribes. The exchange of ideas is what keeps a paper vital. To comment briefly on some matters raised by your correspondents I would first like to say that I have little objection "in principle" to Loom John's attempt, writing from Thailand, to justify a *very* restricted form of Buddhism as compatible with Atheism. It is at least not contradictory to Atheism or Anarchism, but it is unlikely to be complementary. The practical objection I would raise, however, is that saying "buddhism" in this part of the world means saying "new age", with all the mindless kindergarten pop-spiritualism that this implies. That is the real world we live in.

The punks: I admit a great personal liking for these people. I think, however, that debates about the "political significance" of *any* subcultural style somewhat miss the point. Politics is not all of life. A politics that attempts to pronounce on all human interactions is nothing but secular Catholicism. That some punks are Anarchists is well and good. The vast majority are not. What they should avoid is the delusion that their style makes them any better than other people in the wider sense, or more "politically correct" in the narrower. Similarily those who criticize the punks should not be under the illusion that each and every little oddity contains overwhelming political significance.

—Pat Murtagh
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Dear Fred:

Whenever I pick up a copy of *The Match!* I get a feeling I've walked through a curtain back in time. Not to a time that ever existed, at least in the memory of the living, just a place that might have been. I see the dreams of an incomplete cynic who doesn't want to admit he's still hoping.

Despite what others may say about yourself or *The Match* from time to time, there is one thing you consistently recognize—namely, the primary evil in our world is not money, or even political power. It is the immovable, unchanging, unimpeachable stupidity resident in large sections of the general public. Why, why do so many Anarchists place their hopes on the totally hidden virtues of people who will repeatedly vote for the Reagans, Thatchers, and Mulroneys, ad nauseam? People who prefer TV soap operas, monarchical circuses, and the bourgeois press to anything that requires them to think! Surely the best argument for Anarchism in this day and age is that the absense of authority means the dismissal of that inverted meritocracy which allows the simple-minded to rule over the intelligent.

Noam Chomsky remarked once that if we wanted examples of how an Anarchist society should operate we need look no further than to those people doing advanced work in the natural sciences. Complex knowledge requires a free interchange between co-workers, teachers, and students, or things just don't get done. Conversely the effects of businessmen on scientific work are almost always detrimental, (Witness IBM—Big Blue's influence on computer software, especially their operating systems, is a standing joke among programmers.) And it's not just a matter of profits or militarism although these play an important role. It has more to do with the debilitating influence of 57 varieties of management interfering in the operation of what are sometimes efficient, occasionally even useful, undertakings.

Several years ago I tried to get a job with the local telecommunications monopoly, i.e., the phone company. This was one of several attempts. I wasn't successful despite the support of several references from within the company. One of these, a night-school instructor loaned out by the parent body, expressed surprise at the outcome. Again and again I have applied for jobs for which I am more than qualified with very little luck. I could understand it all if this were merely a matter of police agency interference, but most of these guys are local small-fry and I'm hardly the center of the political universe.

It seems everywhere there is some jackass of a businessman or commerce student who has trouble doing grade-ten algebra telling technicians, engineers and tradespeople how, when, and where to defecate and how much paper to use afterwards. Since as Anarchists we recognize that one variety of management is about the same as another, *is it little wonder* there is so much animosity toward our ideas from members of the educated working class? Can't we appreciate the many thousands of individuals with the ability to comprehend the inner workings of the beast? They need us. We need them. But we won't get them until we learn to stop wasting time on the hopeless. Increasing the outflow of psychology students and marginal capitalists just ain't the way to go. The liberal left has its organizations; why can't we develop our own versions of Engineers for Social Responsibility, Physicians for S.R., Electronics for Peace, etc.?

Thanks for the space.

—M. Kronstadt
Regina, Sask., Canada

Dear Fred:

The number of Dial-an-Anarchist has been changed. We'd appreciate it if you could publicize the service and the new number, (608) 244-3641.

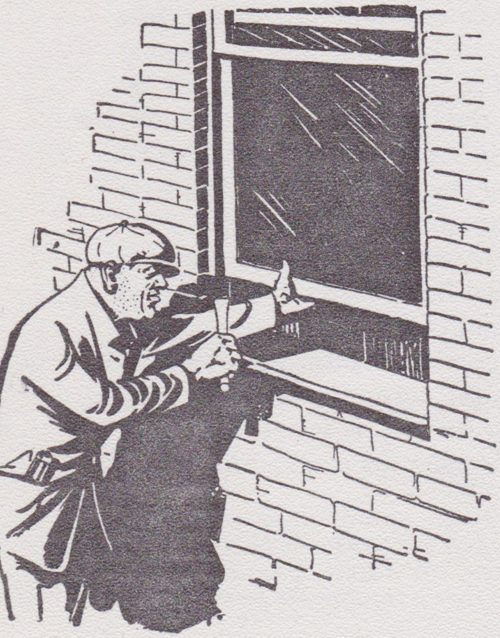
—Joe Disch
Middleton, Wisconsin

Dear Fred:

I am one of the very few people left who supported the group *L'Adunata dei Refrattari*. After the end of the first World War, we had hoped that society would develop for a better way of life. But instead today it has become worse.

—Frank Tonso
Indialantic, Florida

This is not a burglar.



This is a picture of *The Match* publisher entering a library or bookstore to leave off copies for the public. Even then, as soon as the censors spot them, the stacks of our publications will vanish.

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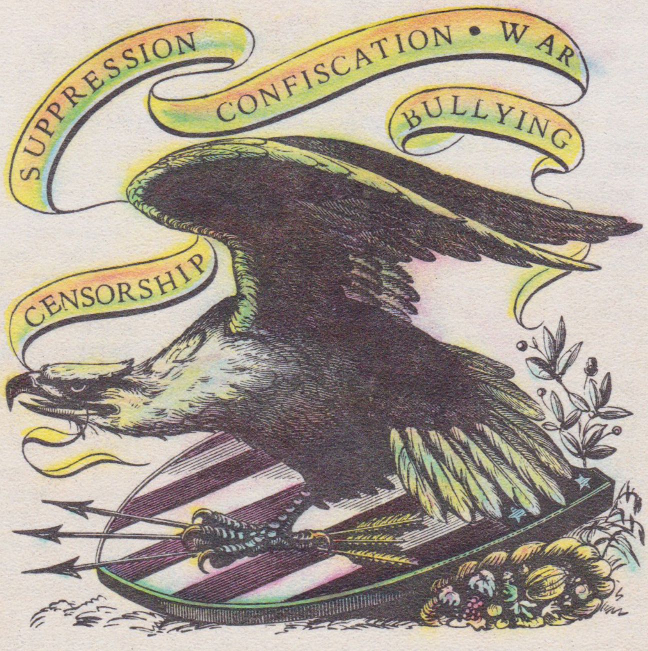

FREEDOM VERSUS AUTHORITARIANISM

ANARCHY IS FREE SOCIETY where there is no concentrated or centralized power, no state, no king, no ruler, no president, no magistrate or potentate of any character whatever. Law is the enslaving power, a rule of action, prescribing right and wrong. But Anarchists hold that it is wrong for one person to prescribe what is the right action for another person, and then compel that person to obey that rule. Therefore, right action consists in each person attending to his business, and allowing everybody else to do likewise. Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, an enemy of liberty. This is precisely what every statute does.

...The ridiculous nonsense that human laws are sacred, and that if they are not respected and continued we cannot prosper, is the stupidest and most criminal nightmare of the age. Statutes are the last and greatest curse of humanity, and, when destroyed, the world will be free, as statute law is the means by which the few trample upon the many. —A. Parsons

(For no other reason than the opinions he held and advocated, Albert Parsons was hanged to death in Chicago on November 11, 1887 along with fellow-anarchists August Spies, George Engel, and Adolph Fischer. Crime is legal for the State.